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# HENDRICKS COUNTY

## HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME IV

NUMBER II

APRIL 1973

PUBLISHED BY

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

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Happy Birthday, Hendricks County !

The act organizing the county of Hendricks was approved December 29, 1923, and Section 2 of that act reads: "The said new county of Hendricks shall, from and after the first day of April next, enjoy all the rights, privileges and jurisdiction which to separate and independent counties do, or may properly belong and appertain."

We should all, therefore, be looking forward to 1974 as a big milestone for Hendricks County. This occasion should have especial significance to members of the Hendricks County Historical Society. We are proud that one of our members, Mr. Scott Hosier, has been appointed by the County Commissioners, to act as chairman. It takes much time, great effort and complete co-ordination and co-operation of individuals, business, professional, religious and service groups to plan and execute the kind of occasion Hendricks County should have on this 150th birthday.

I have assured Mr. Hosier that he can count on our Society to take the lead in carrying out his plans. Let's all get behind Mr. Hosier and give Hendricks County a grand and glorious birthday party!

Dr. Sherman Crayton  
Pres. HCHS

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The following is a brief report of our Centennial Celebration:

Centennial Day is  
Great Success

Thousands Pay Tribute  
to County of Their  
Birth

Wealth of Old Time  
Articles Holds  
Crowd

May 29, 1924 - People of Hendricks County are indebted to Wa-pe-de-way Chapter, DAR, for a wonderful celebration of the county's 100th birthday.

The crowd was the largest ever assembled in Danville, conservatively estimated at 15,000. The day's program was opened with a concert by the Police and Fireman's Band of Indianapolis.

The formal address of welcome was by Judge Z.E. Dugan ... James M. Ogden replied ... Jesse D. Hamrick, of Indianapolis, concluded the formal speech making ... Mrs. Thos. R. Barker, on behalf of

DAR, presented awards to those high school students who had written prize-winning sketches of Hendricks County history.

Then followed the great parade, beautiful beyond description, reflecting the pride of a people for their county ... prizes were awarded ... one for historical floats and one for floral or decorative floats. The pitch-in dinner served from tables along the north and west sides of the square was not sufficient to feed the thousands, but it was wonderful to see thousands breaking bread together. The 500 pound cake ... was among those present ... One hundred candles adorned it in the rotunda of the Court House. Badges to the number of 1,080 were given to those who traced their relationship to settlers who came to the county prior to 1830, and the supply of badges was insufficient.

The rain began to fall ... increasing in intensity ... ruining the pageant to have been given in the Danville Park. The Pioneer Evening concert at the college chapel drew hundreds in the evening. The Hendricks County Band is one of the wonder organizations of the Centennial. It is composed entirely of musicians of the county including the Plainfield and Brownsburg bands... Over 75 band members lead the parade.

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Mrs. Julian D. Hogate, wife of the publisher of "The Republican" wrote a 26 page Pageant of Hendricks County, involving more than 550 people, only to have it rained out.

She prefaced her program with this quotation: "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants."



April 1972

## The January Meeting

Sixty-three members and twenty guests gathered at the meeting house of the Danville Society of Friends, January 14, to hear Mrs. Ida Mae Miller tell of the origin and development of the old fashioned singing schools. Ida Mae is always a drawing card, and she didn't disappoint us this time. Before the talk, Mr. Gerald Jones, with Mrs. Jones on the accordin, led us in singing some of the old songs ... "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl that Married Dear Old Dad", "When You Wore a Tulip", "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet", and "Blue Tail Fly", to mention a few. It was a thoroughly delightful program.

In the business session, Mr. Hufford explained the Membership Trophy, and it was voted to raise the dues to \$3.00 per year, to take effect October 1, 1973. In order to relieve the budget pinch immediately, a free will offering was taken, amounting to \$56.34. Mrs. Winkleman and Mrs. Pritchard tied for bringing the most new members, and Mrs. Pritchard won the toss. Let's keep up this fine attendance!

H C H S

Welcome to Our Ranks!!!!

We are happy to welcome the following new members:

Mrs. Mozella Alexander  
Mr. and Mrs. Dan Alig  
Peter Ford  
Harmon H. Hathaway  
Mrs. Beatrice Leish  
David E. Newberry  
Mr. John Kendall

Mrs. Alison Seger  
Mrs. Allan H. Stratton  
Mrs. Helen Walker  
Mrs. Mary Canganelli  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carter  
Mrs. Geneva Cook

H C H S

## A Bad Good Friday

Anniversaries are occasions usually filled with nostalgia and many happy memories. Although our next meeting bids fair to being one of our most interesting, it may, to many, bring back memories that aren't so pleasant. For the subject of our program will be the Good Friday Tornado which roared through Hendricks County 25 years ago, March 26, 1948. In a matter of a few minutes, Coatesville was reduced to rubble, Hadley and half of Danville were flattened, and when the twister moved out of the county, it left death and devastation in its wake.

Sunday, April 8, we will revisit the scene when the HCHS meets at the Coatesville United Methodist Church at 2:00 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Fleenor of Coatesville have planned the program which should be of interest to every one in Hendricks County. Several will relate their personal experiences, and Mr. Harmon Hathaway, who was Editor of the Coatesville Herald at the time, will talk. He will also present to each member present a miniature two-page reproduction of the pictures that were used in The Herald the following week. A member from Danville will tell of the effect of the disaster there.

Mrs. Joe Davidson of Coatesville will supervise a display of pictures of the destruction by the storm. Members are invited to bring pictures for display. An organ recital by Mrs. Maurice Wingler will precede the meeting. The Reverend David Lindsay will give the invocation and the benediction. Mrs. Fleenor is chairman of the committee of Clay and Franklin Township ladies who will serve refreshments. Dr. Sherman Crayton, president, will preside at the business meeting.

H C H S

April 1972

Mrs. Melvin E. Cox, R.R. 6, Box 210, Martinsville, In. 46151, sent us a copy of the following interesting letter. The spelling and punctuation are like the original. It was written by Richard D. Plummer when he was 13 years old to his cousin, Joseph Plummer Chiles, who was 17 at the time. Richard lived with his father Joseph Plummer near North Salem. Joseph Plummer Chiles was named for his uncle, Richard's father. We thank Mrs. Cox for her contribution, and we know she would be happy to correspond with anyone concerning this family.

Page 1

March the 4th 1861 Dear Cousin I seat My Self this Evening to Pen you A few Lines to Let you know how we Ar geting Along we ar All well But Father he has Bin Sick Some time I Dont Remember jus when he took Sick Some time Last fall But I think the Prospect is talerable good At the Present time of his Recovering his Disease is of the Spinal Column And dispepsior he was very Bad off Some Six Weks A gow Health is talerable good At Present with the Exception of Small pox Some of hour Neighbors have got the Small Pox But they were geting A Long verry well the Last time I herd from them you May think Strange of this Letter when it Comes to hand But I thought I would Rake up Acquaintance with you My Name is R D plummer I Am At home Still with My Father I intend to

Page 2

work At home this Season if god gives Me the power to work Atall I And Levi is the ownly ones that Ar Single yet we intend to Live old Batchelors My to sisters Anna And hannah Ar Both Married Anna Married to Mr Marison of Iowa Hannah Married to Mr Scott A jentle Man worth Some ten Thousain Dolers with Eight Children And five Grand Children But she is treated very well By All She Seams Contented the Neighbor hood I Live in Beats Any thing I Ever Seen For weddins it Seams As though the People ar Getting Crazy About Marrying with the Exception of My self I Dont Let Sutch thing Bother Me Mutch I want to start to School in September And gow About ten Ar Twelve Months Iff Istill Am Permitted My Life And health And Meat with Now Bad Luck the winter has Bin verry

Page 3

warm Inded we May Say that it hasent Bin to Cold to work out of doures But five Ar Six days this winter But we have had Some snow And Plenty of Rain And Some Mud on the out Shirts of the Irth But God our heavenly father knowes Best About that hour County is improveing verry Fast At the Present time their has Bin A Gravel Road Built with in the Last Eight teen Months Runing By the way of North Salm And Also A Railroad Runing From Crofordsvill to Indnaplis It Comes With in three Miles of us I hird From uncle Brantls Some three weeks A gow they was All well then one of My Brothering Laws was in to see us this winter From Iowa he Almost Looked Like Another Man he Gives Iowa More Praise than she Disservs he says he would Not

Page 4

Move Back iff A man would Give him A farm hear Cousin Levi Jones is Married he Married to A girl upin Boon County By th Name of Beckelhamer Sow I heard Well It is geting Late Sow I Must Bring My Imperfect Letter to A close By Asking you to Right soon And Excuse My Bad Righting And All Mistakes From your Affetionate Cousin Richard D plumer to

Mr Joseph  
Cilds

H C H S

April 1972

From the Editor .....

Dr. Crayton handed me a letter from Mr. James R. Sims, whose address is in the Query Box. Mr. Sims has taken the time to make some constructive criticism of The Bulletin and to offer some suggestions to improve it. We appreciate his interest and would like to hear from other readers.

Mr. Sims feels The Bulletin should devote more space to "records and maps, land owners and cemetery records." If we really want to hold down the cost, we could do without the cover, fold, staple, address, and mail without an envelope. These are all good suggestions, and we would like to know what others think of them. If we know what you readers want, we will endeavor to give it to you. So we need to have more members like Mr. Sims who will let us know your opinions.

Mr. Sims went on to say, "Enjoyed the article on the Civil War by Mr. John Oliver. It enabled me to determine where my great grandmother Hanna (Fox) Adams was buried." Thank you for writing, Mr. Sims. We hope you will stay with us, and little by little we can make the Bulletin a magazine that will have something for every member.

Margaret Baker  
(Mrs. C. Rawleigh Baker)  
Editor

H C H S

Hoosiers in Hendricks

Query Box

Hoosiers in Hendricks

Mrs. Ivan Russell, Earlham, Iowa, 50072 wants information on ancestors of George Washington Curts, b. Butler, Co., O. 1832; to Ind. 1840. Wants to correspond with descendants of above and of Enos and Rhoda Benson Tuttle.

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Mr. Mike Davis, 3159 Maine Ave., Long Beach, Cal. 90806 wants information on the Garr family of Hendrick Co.- Oliver P. Garr. (Mike may be our youngest member ... is 18 or 19 now. Was 17 when he joined. Glad to have you, Mike! Ed.)

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Mrs. Mabel C. Robbins, 901 N. Keystone, Indpls., In. 46201 desires information on parents and siblings of Nancy Frances Hardin who lived near Danville about 1860-70.

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Mrs. Fred Brust, Sr., RFD 1, Union Mills, In. 46382 would like to contact descendants of Matthew Jones, a Rev. War veteran, buried in Valley Mills Cemetery. She has much history of the Jones family to share. Mrs. B. is genealogist for N.W. Ind. Genealogical Soc. and would be glad to help anyone with family ties in Lake, Porter, St. Joseph, LaPorte & Jasper Counties.

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Mrs. M. McGregor Kerns, 4020 Galt Ocean Dr. Apt. 109, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33308 would like to correspond with anyone having the name Hollett or Hallett in their In., Ky., or Md. ancestors. My mother, Myrtle Whinyates (Mrs. Alexander McGregor) was b. in Brownsburg, Nov. 18, 1874. Her parents- Thos. Wm. Whinyates and Mary Matilda Hollett, d. of Thos. and Sarah (Aker) Hollett of B'burg and buried in Ligeman cemetery.

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Kenneth Hammill, 1205 N E 77th Ave., Portland, Ore. 97213. Who were the parents of Elizabeth Hardwick who m. Thomas Ballard, 1763, Hanover Co., Va.? Later went to Surry Co., N. Car. Her son, William Ballard, was an early pioneer of Morgan and Hendricks Cos. where he died 1824.

James R. Sims, 1367 Co. Rd. 128, Fremont, O. 43420 seeks knowledge of Eli Fox, living in or around Lizton, In. in 1850's.

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H C H S

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April 1972

### Who Gets the Membership Trophy?

You have all heard of the floating lone at a euchre party. Our membership trophy works a lot like it. Many of us have never won any kind of a trophy, but it's not too late to be a winner. The member who gets the greatest number of new members to join Hendricks County Historical Society at each meeting will take home the prize and keep it until the next meeting. Then you must bring it back, and if someone gets more members than you, they will have charge of it until the next meeting.

Don't lose hope ... keep asking and working. The member who signs up the largest number of newcomers during the year will get to keep the trophy after the January meeting.

Let's all go to work on our membership drive!

Floyd Hufford, vice-president  
Chairman Membership Committee

H C H S

### Things You Should Know About Some of Our Members

Mrs. Ruth Hall, Lizton, was returning from Oregon, via Texas, when she realized 375 miles separated her from Danville where the January 14th meeting of the HCHS was being held that afternoon. So she hopped in her car and ticked off those 375 miles and made it to the meeting on time! 375 miles is a long way to go for a meeting. Some of us find it inconvenient to go two or three miles. She has to be voted the most loyal and dedicated member in January!

H C H S

Mrs. Ida Mae Miller, one of our most active and capable members, has accepted a position as historical librarian with the Indiana State Historical Library. We know this is a blow for the Plainfield Public Library, but won't it be nice for us to have one of our very own members at the State Library? Instant Assistance for us. Congratulations, Ida Mae, and much happiness in your new position. But please don't let this change or interfere with the great contributions you have always made to HCHS.

H C H S

Dr. Sherman Crayton, our president, is a native of Hendricks County. Born in Plainfield, he received his A.B. from Franklin College, his Ph.D from Indiana University. His years of teaching included, among other colleges, The U. of Buffalo, 1937-65. For 20 years he was editor of the Torch Club Magazine. The Torch Club is an organization of prominent men from professional and educational circles. Upon his retirement, he and his sweet Lois decided to come back to the county of their birth, and how lucky can we be! Incidentally, we hope their tentative plans to attend a national meeting of their beloved Torch Club in Texas soon will work out for them.

H C H S

Mr. Floyd Hufford, vice president, is another native of Hendricks County. Born in Brownsburg, he operated a hardware store there for 18 years, worked for the Green-castle Christian Home, The Brownsburg Record, and is now employed by the Brownsburg Guide. He has taught a Sunday School Class for 30 years, has been a director of the bank, president of the Lions Club, and an active participant in all community activities. Recently he was written up as Man of the Week in the Brownsburg Guide.

H C H S

Mr. Joe Davidson, one of our most talented story tellers, accepted an invitation to talk to two Danville High School folk lore classes recently. Mr. Davidson, a school teacher 44 years, is a graduate of DePauw University with a masters degree from Butler. In his inimitable manner, he spun tales and sang songs to the utter delight of his listeners. The Editor would recommend him highly to any class which is studying folk lore.

April 1972

Another member who has made headlines is Mrs. Roy Fisher who was given a two-page spread in a recent issue of "The Brownsburg Guide". Mrs. Fisher, who with her husband, was instrumental in getting this organization started and going well, graduated from Butler with the highest grades on record at that time. The team of Roy and Frances Fisher has been a great force for good in this area for many years, and they certainly deserve a two-page spread in this publication, but space does not allow it. Suffice it to say that we would give them highest grades on record in all their endeavors.

H C H S

### MAKING MAPLE SYRUP

by Floyd B. Hufford

"Grandad, may I go with you to make maple syrup tomorrow? I'll be good and won't get in your way. Please let me go."

Six-year-old Andy from the city had never seen how they get maple syrup from trees, and everything was an adventure for him. But grandad's going to the woods to make syrup was something he couldn't figure out.

"Andy," said grandad, "if you go it will be for all day and will get cold, tired, and hungry. You will have fun for awhile, then you'll want to come back to the house, but you can't. You'll have to stay. Do you still want to go?"

Although Andy was too young to be a boy scout, he held up three fingers and said, "Scout's honor. I won't cry. If I get cold or tired or hungry, I'll be just like an Indian. I won't tell you."

With a promise like that grandad told Andy that he could go but that he'd have to get to bed early and eat a good breakfast the next morning because he'd have a big day ahead.

With two large wooden barrels on a mudboat, which is a big sled, old Maude, the horse, grandad, and Andy went to the woods to gather sugar water.

Yesterday grandad had bored small holes in the old sugar maple trees, driven the spiles into the holes, and on each he placed a two-gallon galvanized bucket with a lid.

Drip! Drip! Drip! The cool clear sugar water filled the buckets.

Late February in Indiana is maple syrup time and the best weather is when it's real cold one day and warms up quickly the next day.

Old Maude still had a heavy coat of black hair and nature was rubbing that off in spots getting ready for the spring ahead.

Grandad gave the lines to Andy and said, "It's time you learned to drive a horse, son."

It gave Andy a great feeling of power to guide the horse and sled over the light coat of black mud, through piles of brown leaves, over pieces of fallen limbs, and patches of snow.

"Now, Andy, when you want Maude to stop, pull back on the lines and yell, 'Whoa!' and she will stop. When you want her to go, you just holler, 'Gid Up!'"

"By the way, son, you do know your left hand from your right, don't you?"

"Of course I do, Grandad."

"Well, which ever way you want to go, just pull the line on that side and old Maude will turn."

What good is it to know how to drive a horse if you don't use what you know, thought Andy. So in a loud voice he yelled, "Whoa!" And it worked. Old Maude stopped. Then, "Gid up," and off they drove to the first tree. Grandad lifted the bucket off the tree and Andy could see that it was almost full. Then he emptied it into one of the barrels on the sled.

April 1972

Andy drove to many trees stopping as close as he could so grandad didn't have to carry the bucket so far. He noticed that some buckets were quite full and some almost empty. He asked grandad why this was.

"Well, Andy, out here in the woods there are animals. Coons, possums, and squirrels live here, and they sometimes find a way to lift the lid and drink the sugar water. It's like candy to them. So, what little they drink, we can say we're kinda dividing with them. Do you think that's fair?"

"I Sure do, Grandad. I like animals."

Both barrels were almost full and Maude had all she could pull, so grandad took the lines and headed toward the sugar camp.

"What's a sugar camp, Grandad? Is it like an Indian camp?" Andy asked.

"No, it's not like that, son. It's just an old shack of a building with boards nailed up on the north and west sides to keep the wind out. That's where we make the syrup out of this water we're gathering."

"When did the sugar camp start, Grandad?"

"Well, son, it probably started when these trees were young. I know your great-grandfather used it and every generation since, and now you are helping."

"Whoa! Andy, run and get that large bucket, will you?" Andy watched grandad dip the sugar water out of the barrels and pour it into a vat which was about three feet wide and eight feet long set directly over a trench dug out of the ground. Many long hours had to be spent tending the fire to boil the sugar water until fifty gallons were boiled down to one gallon of good maple syrup.

"Grandad, can I Help you tomorrow at the sugar camp?" Andy asked.

"It's all right with me, son, if your mother don't care. Tomorrow it will be getting thicker and you can get a taste of syrup that we have worked all day for."

Rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, Andy was ready by the time grandad had the chores done.

They didn't need Maude today, so grandad and Andy walked; they followed the path around back of the barn and on down over a thin crust of frozen ground that crunched under their boots with almost every step.

Building a fire in one end of the trench out of dry boards, grandad pushed the fire to the far end under the vat and added limbs as big as telephone poles. Soon the sugar water was bubbling and steaming. To Andy, the good, sweet smell was really mouth-watering, although sometimes the vapor got so thick you could hardly see.

Noon came and grandad dropped four large eggs into the boiling sugar water.

"What's that for, Grandad?" Andy asked.

"They're to eat, son. They'll be hard-boiled in a jiffy and it won't hurt the syrup a bit. Aren't you hungry?" In a matter of minutes he dipped them, peeled them, and put salt and pepper on them. Andy thought they really tasted good.

As the hours wore on, the little fellow got tired of standing around and watching the syrup boiling, so he went down the hill to a little brook. He looked for fish but didn't see any; he picked up some rocks and threw them. It was fun just watching the water splash.

From time to time, grandad skimmed the foam off and soon the job was done--two gallons of delicious maple syrup.

It had been a long day and grandad sensing that a six-year-old must be pretty tired and weary, said, "Well, boy, we'll be gettin' on home now. You just climb up on my back, put your arms around my neck, and you can ride piggy-back. You can tell grandma all about it in the morning." Andy wouldn't admit it but he'd been sort of dreading the long walk home. The smile on his face was one of relief. It sure was great to have a grandad like his.

H C H S



April 1972

## LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO SATURDAYS

By ZONA WALKER

Weekdays and Sundays are, for the most part, still very much like they were 50 years ago. Schools and churches have changed almost beyond belief, but most of the younger generation still goes to the one during the week and the other on Sunday.

Of course, they no longer plod through mud, dust or knee-deep snow to get there. And changes, just about as drastic, have been made in how their time is occupied after they get there. Still, in the main the basic routine of those days hasn't changed too much.

But Saturdays--!

Saturday began at twelve noon by the clock. The kids had their tub bath, and they were ready for the trip to the streets. The town marshal with his push cart and broom had swept main street clean.

The teenage girls were in town by that time and would be promenading up two blocks, then down the other side. And no one would have on jeans, hot pants or be barefooted. They would have one of their most becoming dresses, patent leather slippers and a nice hand bag. Now this promenade would last until eleven or eleven-thirty that night.

The country boys would come to town with their rubber tired buggies clean and shiney. And what was as stylish as a cut-a-way buggy with rubber tires and a well curried driving horse? These boys would group together to talk to the girls or even maybe join in the promenading. The farmers, clean shaven, would come to town to talk over the farm situation, get a cold drink from the town pump which was located by Hope's Cafe.

All the weighty problems of the day would be cussed and discussed. And you can bet that taxes was bitterly torn apart and more cattle was raised on the main street than ever on the farm. Conflicting opinions were argued until milking time.

Now was the time for the high lights of Saturday. The band stand was pushed to the center of main street (and whatever became of that bandstand?) and the North Salem Band would gather around under the leadership of one of the Waters musicians. Any of the Waters family could and did fill in on any instrument. There were Fred and Ed Hadley; Lee, Warder and Walter Huckstep, Brewer Clay, Charley Fleece, Glen and Ardith Waters and we could go on and on down to the present generation with the same names. There has been no dearth of good musicians in North Salem. They played all the old time favorites with gusto such as "Poet and Peasant" along with "Stars and Stripes Forever."

The kids played, visited and fought the entire evening. The townspeople and the farmers filled the stores to get their week's staples with no thought of shopping in nearby towns. This went on until after World War I.

Now the movie craze had come to town. The merchants banded together and each Saturday night a free movie was given on the street. We will have you know that everybody brought his own stool to sit in comfort. We watched them all. It was the only time the kids were quiet. We saw every movie that was seen in Indianapolis. We just saw it at a later date. That ran its course.

Then the annual dance craze struck the town. Not to be outdone, young Ed Ragland rigged up a record player along with an amplifier and they all danced right on main street. You could hear the "Beer Barrel Polka" and "The Merry-go-round Broke Down" clear down to Barnard and even the "Guitar Rag." People came from far and near. The streets would be filled with laughing, happy folksy people. And believe it or not "Ding" Smith, John Beeson and even Emmons Clay could shake a wicked hip. Sophisticated couples from Danville would come to enjoy the fun. So it was decided to build a dance platform (Wonder whatever became of that dance floor) to be used in the streets and every couple in town used it.

Then along came the Great Depression. We had to look for ways and means to furnish entertainment. So we arranged out-door fun for everybody. With a piano on a platform the Stewart sisters, Ina, Ethie and Juanita sang just about as good as the Andrews sisters. A Dillon family came from Lebanon who were equal to a good

April 1972

vaudeville act. The well-liked and respected Russell Wynkoop, a bass singer whom we thought was as good as Harry Louder would lead group singing and Charles Clay and Crit Waters could really enhance the singing.

And while all this fun was going on there usually would be a good poker game in an isolated room somewhere. Each to his own! We don't suppose anyone was hurt by the games of chance. We just happened to mention this so our readers will know that Saturday night could be fun when we are with congenial company.

All in all, anyway you look at it the Saturday of that age certainly doesn't hold much resemblance to the Saturday of today. Since yesterday, all these things are gone. And so have the free movies and the five cent ice cream sodas.

Now the Saturday nights are so quiet you can hear a whippoorwill call and long about three o'clock of a morning one hears the automobiles slowing moving toward home.

H C H S

#### BROWNSBURG JUNIORS

This year we have twenty members in the Brownsburg High School History Club.

We started this year's activities off by decorating a car for the Homecoming Parade. Two officers and a club member attended the annual I.J.H.S. workshop at Springmill. They met many people and got numerous ideas for club projects.

We have had two speakers this year. The first one was Mrs. Ray McClain, who spoke to us on how you do an architectural survey. Some club members visited her home so they could become familiar with what they were looking for.

Our other speaker spoke to us about the Civil War. Indiana in the Civil War is our project for this year's I.J.H.S. convention. We are also making plans for the model United Nations, which we sponsor each year.

We are proud to have one of our members, Mike Lynch, running for office in the I.J.H.S.

Cindy Brabec  
President

H C H S

#### AN UNSUNG MARION TOWNSHIP SOLDIER

By JOE H. DAVIDSON

When I was a youngster starting my first year in a rural, red brick school, I passed the John Martin orchard and "wasn't it pleasant brother mine" to clamber over a high rail fence as we went and came and fill coat pockets and both hands full of autumn Rambos, or white Pearmaine that had a faint green skin but to bite into one there was pure gold and a delightful flavor. John was our nearest neighbor. His house sat on a hill and ours on a hill a quarter mile east and a wide creek valley of pasture land was in between.

John Martin came years ago out of Kentucky. He was a short man with a pleasant face, the keenest dark eyes I've ever known and he always wore a thick gray mustache. He had a by-word that he used when he talked and he was an interesting and rather excitable talker. To start his conversation on most any subject he started with "By-Dogs" or "Dog-my-Cats". That always tickled my brother Frank and I and mother put a stop to us using John's words at home in our talk with each other.

John was a Civil War veteran and as we boys grew older we loved to hear him talk of his experiences. At one time as we sat on a grassy bank in pleasant sunshine I asked him what it was like starting into a battle. He laughed and started his talk. "By Dogs boys, I can tell you something what it was like. You've gone in swimmin' 'fore now and the water was cold. Ever step you went in a little deeper and you caught yer breath and waited afore you took another. Well sir, a goin'

April 1972

into battle was about the same way with me. A Meine ball would whine overhead and I'd dodge, and catch my breath like I was saddin' cold water and stop a minute. After a time when firin' came close a feller got over his scare." In John's first big battle he found himself at a cross roads and in a corner sat a small white church and cemetery. About the lot was a plank fence. He, with dozens of other Union men stretched themselves out behind the fence and as the Johnny-Rebs came closer heavy firing got under way. John and others about him had heavy Springfield muzzle-loading rifles and in that first battle John as well as others fired a volley and then reloaded. John slapped his pants leg and said, "Dog my Cats boys; you know I was so excited I forgot to pull my steel ram rod from the gun and shot both ram rod and bullet. Well, the Rebels was just as excited for when the battle ended that plank fence was filled with ram rods bent, straight and ever which way."

"I'd been in a half year or more "he once told us" and we had a pretty severe skirmish. I seed the Rebs a commin' on the run and I knew I'd better git. Me and a dozen other fellers started and I could run like a deer and blamed if all of us run into a whole line of Confederates. That was a hard day fer me, one of the worst in my life for not long after my capture I was sent to Andersonville, Georgia and here I lived and starved for 13 long months."

After six or eight months a prisoner his clothing was in rags and he had lice. His food was a pint of corn meal a day and it was up to him and others to eat it raw or wet it and bake it over a camp fire. John was put on a detail to help pick up those who had died during the night and haul them to a wooded field, then on the return bring limbs and chunks to keep up their fires.

When John was ready to leave this stinking prison he had his army cap on his head and not a stitch on his body. As he once said, "I was as naked as the day I was born."

He came home to tall, dark eyed Jane and boys but he was so near a walking skeleton it was hard for them to know him as husband and father. He told Jane that for countless days and nights in Andersonville he had longed for and dreamed of a particular food. He asked that a dozen goose eggs be soft boiled for him to eat with corn bread and Jane, the simple soul, did as he asked. Long before he had finished half of them he became sick and was about to die when the doctor arrived. He and wife found that in his starved condition he would have to take food in small quantities until used to it.

He was a south Marion Township, Hendricks County citizen. For years he lived in a moderate brown house and farmed his small acreage. He swapped work with the neighbors about him his age. Jane and all his boys died save one. His last days as I recall were spent at the Soldiers Home. I can see him yet today; short, bow-legged, working beside grandfather Harris shocking wheat, and as they set up shocks I can hear him say, "By dogs Joe, when you and I were growin' up there was no binder to cut and bind the wheat we had to cradle it and tie it by hand, remember?" Grandpa smiled and remembered.

H C H S

BETHEL LUTHERAN (SCHERER) CEMETERY

Township 14N Range 2W Section 12 SE quarter

Daggy, Polly Ann - June 30, 1846 (Died) 21-0-10  
in memory

Marshall, Louisa - June 16, 1829 (Born) Jan. 14, 1857 (Died) 27-6-28  
wife of A. Marshall

Reitzel, Deborah - Aug. 6, 1849 (Died) 41-10-16  
wife of David Reitzel

Reitzel, Eli F. - Mar. 7, 1850 (Died) 5-1-3  
son of David and Deborah Reitzel



*April 1972*

Sanders, Martha Ann - Sept. 14, 1862 (Died) 25-8-11  
wife of D.S. Sanders  
Scherer, Flora Ettie - April 11, 1863 (Died) 3-5-10  
daughter of Luther and Catherine  
Scherer, John - July 27, 1799 (Born) Dec 26, 1891 (Died) 92-4-29  
Scherer Margaret - July 13, 1860 (Died) 59-0-0  
wife of John  
Soots, Dayton F. - Dec. 16, 1862 (Died ) 0-9-24  
son of A. and N. J. Soots  
Soots, Nancy J. - Jan. 6, 1863 (Died) 43-0-0  
Soots, Tobias F. - Dec. 24, 1861 (Died) 21-11-0

Co. A 51 Ind Vol.

H C H S

1973 OFFICERS

President

Sherman G. Crayton  
R.R. #2, Box 299  
Danville, Indiana 46122  
Tel. 539-4213

Vice-President

Floyd Hufford  
33 West College  
Brownsburg, Indiana 46112  
Tel. 852-4161

Secretary

Mrs. Ruth Pritchard  
R.R. #1, Box 209  
Clayton, Indiana 46118  
Tel. 539-6890

Assistant Secretary

Mrs. Pearl Edmondson  
806 South Tennessee Street  
Danville, Indiana 46122  
Tel. 745-2655

Treasurer

Mrs. Blanche M. Wean  
249 South Wayne Street  
Danville, Indiana 46122  
Tel. 745-2573

Historian

Mrs. Dorothy Templin  
R.R. #2, Box 86  
Danville, Indiana 46122  
Tel. 539-4311

H C H S

BELLEVILLE ACADEMY

About the first thing that engaged the thought of the primitive Hoosier, after he had felled the forests around his cabin, and scared the wolf and bear from his door, was the education of his children. With his full share of that noble trait of American character, self-sacrificing devotion to posterity, he set about to build a shelter wherein the spiritual nature of his child might keep apace with the muscular hardihood acquired in clearing, improving and cultivating the virgin fields of our State.

The primitive Hoosier school-house with its gaping fire-place, stick-and mud chimney, puncheon floor and seats, greased paper windows, bunch of beech switches, and all of the paraphernalia that went to make up the school organism of early days, was, doubtless, not the most inviting place for the spiritual development of the child, yet it was the best the times afforded; it was as good in its way as this splendid building is at this time, the best under the circumstances.

*April 1972*

Away back in the '30s or '40s the good Hoosier fathers of this community began war upon the strongholds of ignorance by erecting a fortress of learning like the one described above; later this log house was supplanted by a frame building which stood in the southeast part of this town, about a square east and a few rods north of W.C. Swindler's saw mill. When the Academy was built, this frame building was moved to Cartersburg, and now stands in the northeast part of that place--just as you go down the hill toward the bridge.

Early in the '50s--'51 or '52, perhaps-- the question of building and maintaining an Academy agitated the minds of the people of Belleville and vicinity, and through the earnest efforts of a number of public-spirited men, such as Dr. L. H. Kennedy, John Miles, Thomas Irons, James Hadley, Dr. R. C. Moore and others, a stock company was formed. This was entirely a private enterprise, as there was no law at that time for building and maintaining a public school. The entire capital of the association was to be \$5,000. a single share \$25.. The articles of association were written by a lawyer of Danville named, Witherow. Through the earnest and persistent efforts of Dr. L. H. Kennedy, now of Danville, enough shares were subscribed to make the erection of a building sure.

One of the largest stockholders in the association was John Miles who subscribed 12 shares of \$300. Early in 1853 the work on the new building was begun, and on the night of July 23, 1853, the structure was dedicated by Gov. Joseph Wright with all the ceremony incident to such occasions. But school did not open in the new building for four months after its completion.

A few days before the dedication, a young Kentuckian named L. M. Campbell, who had come to Indiana to seek his fortune and his fame, opened a school in the frame schoolhouse, mentioned above. This school continued under Mr. Campbell until November following when a partnership was formed with Prof. J. R. Woodfill of Ripley Co. Indiana, by which Messrs. Woodfill and Campbell were to conduct a school and each have equal responsibilities and equal profits. So on the 21st of November, 1853, Mr. Campbell marched his entire school from the old frame to the new brick building and with Mr. Woodfill began the first term that was ever taught in the Old Academy.

After teaching eight days, Mr. Woodfill had to return to Ripley County on account of sickness in his family, and the responsibility of the entire school rested on Mr. Campbell, then a youth of twenty years. With that energy and self-reliance that rides over difficulties, young Campbell put himself to the task, held the school intact for a number of weeks--though the number of pupils was constantly increasing-- and on the return of Woodfill the term of three months was finished, after which Mr. Campbell repaired to Danville and hung out his shingle as a lawyer.

Prof. Woodfill again had charge of the school in 1854, assisted by a Mr. Reece and Capt. W. C. Mitchell, of Clayton. The attendance was constantly increasing, the enrollment having reached nearly 200, 40 or 50 of whom were from other parts of the county and state. The course of study widened also. Latin, Greek, ancient, medieval and modern history, higher arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, philosophy and chemistry were all taught, besides the common branches.

In 1855 or '56 the school was in charge of Messrs. Bassett and Davis, and still maintained its reputation.

From '56 to '58 Mr. Davis and Samuel Banta, a brother of Mrs. Dr. Moore, conducted the school and carried a heavy course of study.

Mr. Bonney, now a Baptist minister of Plainfield, assisted by Miss Allie Banta, now Mrs. Moore, had charge of the School, and was followed in 1860 by J. N. Scearce, afterwards county examiner and editor of the Hendricks County Union. Nathan Scearce, now of Danville, had charge in 1861.

But already the mutterings of war were heard in the land. John Brown, that forerunner and pioneer of one of the greatest reformations that has occurred in the last eighteen hundred years, together with his 21 companions, had been murdered in Virginia. The torch that was soon to touch the first gun that was fired on Fort Sumpter was already in traitor hands.

April 1972

Secret plots for the destruction of the Union were rife. The life of "Honest Abe" who held malice toward none, and charity for all, was threatened.

With this condition of affairs the school waned. The integrity of the Union and the honor of the flag must be maintained. Many a noble youth who might have made his mark in the field of science or letters, turned from his study table and offered up his life on the field of battle. He changed the student's coat for the soldier's suit of blue. He turned from the flickering flame of the student's lamp to the red glare of the campfire and the cannon. He turned from his assaults upon the strongholds of ignorance to an assault upon the fortresses of slavery. The lessons of patriotism and loyalty which had been inoculated into the minds of the students of the dear old Academy during the decade preceding were now turned to good account. The school waned--but slavery died.

The school was in charge of Oliver Lindley in 1862. And in 1864 Edw. Lotshar, son of our respected townsman, Samuel Lotshar, had control. Ed Lotshar was afterward a prominent business man in Cincinnati, and is now deceased.

Prof. A. J. Johnson, the son of Mr. Johnson who lives about a mile and a half north of here, was principal from '65 to '67. Prof. Johnson was afterwards county examiner, and is now, I believe, superintendent of the schools of Milton, Ind. The school has never had a more faithful and thorough teacher than Prof. Johnson. W. C. Banta was principal in 1867, followed by J. H. Orear in '68 and J. A. Thomas in '69.

Prof. Boisen and Brovard had control in 1870. Prof. Boisen had been an instructor in Harvard University, and Prof. Brovard is now president of the State University of California.

Mr. William Short, now a prominent farmer and stockman near Webster City, Iowa, was principal from 1872 to 1874. Mr. Short was one of the best disciplinarians the school ever had, and he was respected for this and his thorough instruction. Many of the men of the present day will vouch for Mr. Short's ability to handle large boys.

In '74 and '75 Miss Rachel Holten, afterward wife of Alfred Hadley, was principal, followed by a Mr. Weaver in '75 and '76 and Dr. Thompson of Monrovia, Ind. in '76 and '77.

One of the best thinkers that was ever in the school was James R. Ragan, a graduate of the State Normal School and afterwards principal of the Richmond Normal School. Mr. Ragan served in 1877 and again in 1879. He is now a lumber dealer in Nebras

Mr. A. E. Rogers was principal in 1878. Mr. Rogers has since served in this county two terms as county superintendent, and is now a teacher in the Clayton schools.

Robert A. Bayne, at present superintendent of the schools at Hoopston, Ill. had charge from 1880 to 1882. Mr. Bayne's ability as an instructor and his courteous manner added much to the usefulness and attractiveness of the school.

Mr. Bayne was followed by G. W. Brill a lawyer now of Danville and once deputy prosecutor of Hendricks County.

Next came G. W. Peyton in 1883. Mr. Peyton is now in the insurance business in Indianapolis.

The writer of this paper has had charge of the school since 1883, except one year 1887, during which W. J. Shirley, now deceased, was principal. The writer also served as assistant to Mr. Peyton in 1883, and taught a select school in the spring of 1884.

We have now traced a line of the teachers of the school, with its periods of prosperity and adversity, but we have almost neglected the dear old building. But there it stands, ever fresh in our memories; there it stands with its honest front, its wide, glaring windows, its large, airy, inconvenient rooms, the sheltering place of many a noble thought, lesson, and principle; there it stands with its moss-grown, tottering walls, cracked and decayed, still clinging together as if loath to give up the conflict. Well and good had it done its work; tenderly, piece by piece, the old



April 1972

shell was taken down during the bright days of early summer and laid quietly away. The fittest eulogy that can be pronounced upon it is, that during the frosts and storms of nearly a half century, it was the sheltering place of hundreds of young men and women, who went forth from its portals, quickened and energized by that spiritual strength that fitted them to face the stern realities of life.

Ere I close one thing must not be forgotten. In yonder belfry hangs the old bell, bought nearly fifty years ago by the ladies of this town and vicinity with the proceeds of a festival given by them on the night of the dedication of the Academy building.

Year after year it cleared its rusty throat and sent forth its glad chimes through frost and snow, rain and sunshine, to call the youth together in the old building. Soon again it will begin to work for this new structure.

I have somewhere seen the statement that the vibrations emanating from a sounding body never cease moving, but go on and on, farther and farther, widening and widening, forever. May the influences, lessons and principles given in this new building be like the chimes of the old bell, not stop with our own community, but go on and on, out into the furthestmost parts of the earth, doing good wherever they go.

The old building lived a life of usefulness; may the completion of this new one, so economically and substantially built, usher in an era of better thoughts, than with Holmes we can say:

"Build thee more, stately mansions, oh my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past,  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last  
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

Edward Barrett

H C H S

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