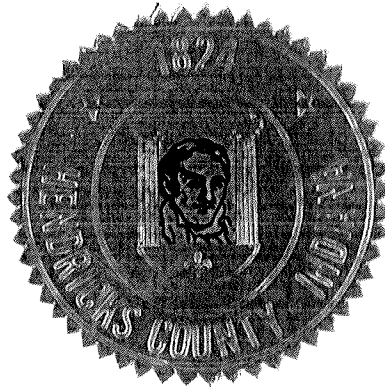


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HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME VII

NUMBER II

April 1976

PUBLISHED BY

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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H C H S

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

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H C H S

Welcome, Sweet Springtime!

Spring is God's way of saying, "All right, let's try it one more time."

The Birth of the Flowers

God spoke! and from the arid scene
Sprang rich and verdant bowers,
Till all the earth was soft and green -
He smiled; and there were flowers.

Mary McNeil Fenollosa

President's Message

Our president seems to be so happy "On the Border by the Sea" that we have no message from him for our bulletin. From what we hear, however, he will be back for our next meeting, and we will be happy to see both of the Shockleys. We must pay tribute, however, to Mary Jeanette Winkleman, our vice president, who has really gone through the mill for us this winter. Many important and difficult problems have had to be decided, and Mary Jeanette has given us excellent and dedicated leadership. Since the Society voted to take over the publication of the Hendricks County History, we doubt that there has been a day that she didn't give much thought and work toward it. So here are our thanks to you, Mary Jeanette, and welcome back, Mr. President!

H C H S

Next meeting . . . April 11, Sunday, 2:00 P.M. at the Pittsboro Methodist Church Middle, Eel River and Union Township ladies will be hostesses for this meeting with Hazel Reiss as chairman. The subject of the discussion will be "What Happened to Free Enterprise?" and our president, Mr. James Shockley, will expound upon it. Maybe he has picked up some new ideas from "the border by the sea." Let's keep our display table going with pictures and artifacts pertaining to early examples of free enterprise.

H C H S

It is difficult to explain why, but perhaps one of the most interesting meetings we have had took place in January when, at the last minute, the speaker, who had been engaged several months earlier, begged off sick. Panic!!! What shall we do? No program!!!

But Mary Jeanette, who is probably the most unflappable executive any organization could have, assembled her forces, and the program turned out to be most enjoyable. Uninhibited members who could gab without too much warning told interesting vignettes about their forebears. These free spirits included Frances Fisher, Blanche Wean, Carolyn Kallum, Ruth Pritchard, Zona Walker and Margaret Baker. Following that, other members contributed their pickie's worth, and we all decided it had been a good meeting. We got along very nicely without a speaker, thank you!

In the business meeting, it was decided, by vote, that the Society would assume responsibility for publishing the Hendricks County History that has long been promised the people of the county but which has never materialized. It is a big step for our organization to take, but since that meeting, many, many dedicated people have spent hours preparing the book, and at this "point in time" we can say that we think it is going to be a big success. Mr. John McDowell, lay out manager of the Indianapolis Star, is editing the book, and things are beginning to fall into place.

While we are on the subject of our forth coming Hendricks County History, you should know that the following committees are hard at work; and new names are being added to the list every day:

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORY BOOK ORGANIZATION
March 1976

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H C H S

In Memorium

Our Society has suffered severe losses during the last three months when the Grim Reaper visited six of our families. All of these people will be greatly missed, and our group extends deepest sympathy to their families.

Mr. Herbert Smith, Brownsburg, leaves his wife, Mildred, one of our most valued members. Mildred served as our first secretary during our organizational year, and was our second president.

Mrs. Harmon Hathaway leaves her husband, a former newspaper editor at Coatesville.

Mr. Ansel Wallace, who will be remembered in Danville for his association with Central Normal College, and later with the First National Bank of Danville, died suddenly in his home at Sheridan ... the home in which he was born. He leaves his widow, the former Ernestine Blair, a Hendricks County native.

Mr. Chester Parker passed away at his home after spending time in Hendricks County Hospital. His contributions to our Society are so great that they will be mentioned elsewhere in the Bulletin. He leaves, a son and a daughter in addition to his daughter, Ruth Dinsmore, a valued member of our Society, who was closely associated with her father in business.

Mrs. Charlotte O'Brien, who, because of her age, could not take an active part in our activities, belonged because she believed in our cause and wanted to help as much as possible.

Mrs. Elizabeth Leachman Hopkins, Lexington, Ky., wife of Mr. Howard Hopkins. Mrs. Hopkins was formerly of Lizton. Mr. Hopkins, a member of our Society, is a brother of Mrs. Eloise Castetter and Mr. William Hopkins, both of Plainfield, and Mrs. Frances English, Brownsburg, all of whom are members of our organization. We could almost designate them the HCHS Family.

To the grieving families of these dear ones, we would like to quote some comforting lines written by Charles Kingsley:

It is not darkness you are going to, for God is Light.
It is not lonely, for Christ is with you.
It is not unknown country, for Christ is there.

H C H S

We thank Mr. Claire J. Sellars, of Mooresville, and Mr. Samuel C. Craver, also of Mooresville for the following interesting information. Mr. Sellars compiled the list and Mr. Craver submitted it to the Bulletin.

POST OFFICES IN HENDRICKS COUNTY

In 1890--30 post offices

In 1965---11 post offices

NAME	ESTABLISHED	POSTMASTER
Danville	April 1, 1825	James M. Buckner
Belleville	December 29, 1831	Milton W. Hensley

POST OFFICES IN HENDRICKS COUNTY (Cont)

In 1890---30 post offices		In 1965---11 post offices
NAME	ESTABLISHED	POSTMASTER
Stilesville	July 6, 1832	Sanford Crouch
Plainfield	Sept. 5, 1835	David G. Worth
Brownsburgh (Spelling changed to Brownsburg, April 25, 1893)	Mar. 17, 1836	Benjamin M. Logan
New Winchester Discontinued Aug. 25, 1853 Re-established Dec. 17, 1853 Discontinued Dec. 31, 1904	Feb. 15, 1837	Job Turner
North Salem	July 5, 1839	Matthew Mark
Amo (Springtown)	Dec. 21, 1843	James Wright
Pittsboro	Feb. 9, 1848	John W. Vaughn
Coatesville	July 28, 1851	Wm. H. Shield
Morrisville (Changed to Amo Aug 13, 1855) Discontinued Oct. 5, 1859	June 1, 1852	Joseph P. Morris
Clayton	June 21, 1852	William A. Ragan
Pecksburg Discontinued August 6, 1862 Re-established Sept. 17, 1863 Discontinued Nov 15, 1913	Oct. 7, 1852	James G. Kendall
Cartersburg Discontinued Dec 12, 1855 Re-established June 8, 1858	Oct 7, 1852	Simon Hornaday Nathan Swain
Lizton (New Elizabeth) (Changed to Lizton May 1, 1973)	July 9, 1854	James Gibson
Center Valley Discontinued Oct 31, 1902	April 30, 1856	Jesse Craven
Friendswood Discontinued Oct 30, 1909	Feb 27, 1868	Andrew B. Leffler
Avon (Smoots Dell) Changed to Avon Nov 28, 1870 Discontinued Oct 31, 1902	April 17, 1868	Robert M. Bartley
Reno Discontinued Oct 31, 1912	Nov 1, 1870	Solomon Lentz

POST OFFICES IN HENDRICKS COUNTY

(Cont)

Hadley (Mimosa) Changed to Hadley Mar 23, 1874	May 1, 1871	William Nichols
Rainstown Discontinued June 15, 1914	May 6, 1872	Stephen Fowler
Toll Gate (East of Danville) Discontinued June 12, 1900	Mar 31, 1879	Barney Gassett
Joppa Discontinued Oct 23, 1893 Re-established June 26, 1897 Discontinued Feb 28, 1903	Feb 24, 1880	Joshua Cook
Tilden Discontinued Jan 31, 1913	April 13, 1880	Henry L. Parker
Progress Changed to Maplewood Mar 11, 1881 Discontinued May 31, 1912	May 6, 1880	Jacob Hoerner
Montclair Discontinued ?	June 21, 1880	James L. Singer
LaClair	Oct 11, 1880	William B. Brown
Gale Discontinued May 14, 1906	Jan 20, 1882	Andrew J. Gibbs
Hazelwood Discontinued?	Jan 25, 1884	W. D. Barnes
Messona (In Morgan Co) Discontinued Dec 31, 1908	Nov 16, 1886	Thos B. Alexander
Euphemia Discontinued June 20, 1896	Oct 23, 1888	A. H. Clamson

H C H S

We have been impressed by the writings of Mary Ann Moore, of Brownsburg, so your ed up and asked for a contribution to the Bulletin, and she very graciously obliged with the following:

The following is a portion of a chapter from my book Up Ladoga Avenue. The place--North Salem, the time--the early 1930's. Mary Ann Clark Moore

The Social Life

We always attended Sunday School and Church services each Sunday. Mother was very active in all the women's groups so we attended regular pitch-in-suppers in the Aid Hall up over Wynie's Meat Market. Her women's class, the Gleaners, had a monthly party and sometimes we went with her to these, too. One Halloween party

was really hilarious; held the fall after the big Centennial celebration, the committee carried the seats from the long outhouses up to the party and appropriately decorated with corn cobs and catalogs. Mother, rather straitlaced, frowned and wondered if they had gone too far and if perhaps it might be sacrilegious at a Sunday School affair!

The Gleaners had an awful lot of fun, but on Sunday mornings paid attention to their teacher, Mrs. Goldie Wynkoop, as she faithfully taught the Bible lesson!

The American Legion Hall was the scene of much of our social life. They held a meeting every month and had so much fun at the parties. Once we had a weiner roast and swimming party out at a swimmin' hole in Boone's Woods. One piece, wool bathing suits had to be changed in the back seat of the cars, with blankets held over the windows for privacy. Inner tubes were fun to play on, through, under and protect the dummies like me, who never learned to swim, from drowning.

One time we all went out to the Gossett's farm for homemade ice cream and another to the Walton's for a picnic. The Christmas party was always exciting with the anticipation of the gift exchange. Many of those ten to fifty cent gifts had been purchased at Trotter's Variety Store. The Legion Hall was up a long flight of stairs over Wendling's Hardware Store. There were no kitchen or restroom facilities but we managed. There sure were a lot of baskets of wonderful food carried up for those suppers.

There was a player piano in one corner so we kids listened to that; we were a small group, probably never more than a dozen. We had to be relatively quiet while the two business meetings were taking place so stopped the running games and settled down! We were a close group and sometimes had serious discussions of our own.

One year my sister, Pauline, and I had matching sailor dresses for the Memorial Day program and parade. Mother usually made all of our dresses so we remember the few times we had store bought ones. They were white with navy blue braid and red ties. We really enjoyed wearing them as we knocked on doors and walked Main Street selling the bright red, paper poppies.

Fairview Cemetery is out of town on another hill. Fresh flowers were placed on all the veterans' graves the Saturday preceding the parade. The Legion members went around early in the morning and placed the small American flags so it was an easy task to help in the flower decoration. That is if it had been an early spring and plenty of iris, peonies, and other early bloomers were in plentiful supply. There were times when the flowers were scarce and the Auxiliary ladies really had to search for enough to even place one posy per grave!

Sunday afternoon the service was held, one year in the Methodist Church, the next year at the Christian. After the Memorial service, the parade formed for the march out to the cemetery. In those days, the World War I veterans were young, for the most part, and some enjoyed wearing their old uniform. How proud they were if it still fit and how fine we thought our father looked in his. (No one could know then that he would once again wear another uniform, that of a Chief Warrant Officer in the Navy Seabees and serve in the Pacific in World War II)

The Legion members led the parade carrying the flags and guns; the band playing march and patriotic tunes. The men marched in strict military fashion with the women and children walking along behind them, followed by some of the older members

of the community, riding in cars, and slowly following the procession. The route was down the brick street and on out past the Gas Well, over the bridge and on into the cemetery where the one specific lot was chosen as the site of the military tribute to the war dead. The bugle and gun salutes made chill bumps chase up and down my spine and a tear or two trickle down my cheeks with the warm, patriotic, love-of-country feeling!

H C H S

The author of the following interesting account of a Civil War battle, Captain James P. Catterson, has four grandchildren living in Hendricks County: Mrs. Ellis Burnell, Danville, RR, Mr. William Hopkins and Mrs. Robert Castetter, both of Plainfield, and Mrs. Lester English, Brownsburg, RR. He also has 15 great grandchildren who are Hendricks County residents. We are indebted to Mrs. Castetter for this article.

THE FIGHT AT CHAPLAIN HILLS

By Captain James P. Catterson

The fight at Chaplain Hills -- the heroism and horrors of a battlefield at or near Perrysville, Kentucky, Oct. 8, 1862:

I propose to relate, partly as an eye witness, the incidents of this dark and bloody ground, which, I am confident, will surpass both in heroism and horror those of the old "Indian days" of Herrod and Boone, or of any other stricken field, at this, our battle of "Chaplain Hills," fought on October 8, 1862.

General Buell having completed his preparations of the Federal army, had been pressing General Bragg of the Rebel army, invading Kentucky, from within ten miles of Louisville, by the different roads leading toward Frankfort, Taylorsville, Bardstown and Shepherdsville, since the first of October, driving in the rear of his army and cannonading on each of the roads, with more or less skirmishing each day as we marched forward for 70 miles.

Bragg moved his main army from Bardstown to Springfield, and as Buell's troops converged near that place on the 6th, Bragg made a stand to check us east of the town. Heavy cannonading and shelling took place and the fruits were several slaughtered men and horses, some prisoners and a devastated country -- barns and houses, haystacks and fences being wiped away by the fire enkindled by bursting shells. Bragg was compelled to fall back.

Again that day he made a stand on the eastern bank of Pleasant Run. Another engagement took place, Bragg being compelled to recede, leaving the same desolating marks -- the face of the dried-up country being again swept far and wide as by the bosom of destruction. He tried to burn the bridge after passing, but was pressed too hard to effect it.

On the morning of the 7th, Bragg's rear made a stand and prepared for battle, at an almost impracticable hill for our cavalry and infantry, east of Lick Run. A few field pieces of ours proved the position to be untenable, and Bragg drew off his pieces and men. On the afternoon of the 7th he made another stand, with his rear on the crescent-shaped hills of Chaplain's branch of Salt River, and planted his artillery, shelling us. Our battery dismounted one of his pieces and we forced them over the hill. He and his troops gave it up (I presume in a mistake), and a great mistake it proved to be for them, as it was the central stronghold and

the very key of the whole position, proven by the obstinacy with which it was fought for the whole of the next day.

Our army had been marching since Oct. 1st, through a country that afforded but little water for man or beast, and that of a very impure quality. There having been no rain for many weeks (I may say months), rivers and creeks were dried up. I saw not one drop of running water on the road from Louisville to the battlefield, 70 miles. In the lowest places of the beds of streams were larger or smaller pools of impure water, tasting and smelling of the odor of the cattle of the country, and our horses and mules that had been ridden in to drink the filthy compound were frantic to get that as they would in the desert of Arabia.

Where the shallow pools were rocky the soldiers were fain to fill their canteens far in the night after the cavalry horses had done stirring it up. Where there was gravel bottom they made a natural filter by scraping holes with their hands near the edge of the water and you could see a long dark line waiting patiently through the long hours of the night for it to trickle in, and filling their canteens, carry them two and three miles to camp. The Rebel army had drained all the wells on their march and we could only get the slow trickling as we marched along, crowds of our men were waiting around them all the day and night.

It will be understood that on this march of two great armies over the same road, the horrors of thirst were aggravated by the condition of it. Each column of troops could be traced many miles away by the clouds of dust rising at least half a mile high in the air from their march. The dust was instep deep to the infantry. Our front moved in the day and encamped as far as the eye could see the fire on the hill sides at night; the rear moved at night to encamp in the day. Men and horses were choked and strangled, and dust, dust, dust, and no relief of rain or water to check the suffering. It is over now, but I have a recollection of it that will last me to my grave. The enemy knew they had us in the "dry valley" and were determined to keep us there at any expense of blood and men. They boasted at Harrodsburg on the 8th and on the day of the fight that water was fifteen miles in our rear and that thirst would be our destruction; that they had the springs in front and would hold them. They proved to be not pertinacious enough to make good their boast, or thirst would have been our destruction.

At 2 o'clock a.m. on the 8th, the Rebel army forced back on our cavalry pickets on the central crescent-shaped hill. Our cavalry sending for re-inforcements, two regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery were sent to make the position good during the night. Rifle firing continued until day dawned, when "flashed forth the red artillery" on the enemy advancing to retake the position he should have kept the evening before. Battery was opposed to battery as they threw themselves back on the roads from Perryville to flank us toward Lebanon on our right and toward Bloomfield on our left, and crush out our advance before our center or rear could come up, until the line of battle was extended one mile on our right and four miles on our left, in shape like a gigantic reaping hook.

Their artillery was of the best construction and was handled in the most admirable manner, as witnessed the murderous precision of their fire; smoothbore and rifled guns and the unerring and far-shooting "Parrott" of all calibers, from six to twenty-four-pounders, raining on our heads and around us storms of shot and shell, shrapnel, grape-and-canister, and every conceivable projectile invented by man to slay his fellow man.

The earth was literally covered with iron and lead for miles and miles that was thundered forth by both armies from before dawn until the second hour of the

moonlight. And horror of horrors! Men who had nursed at the same breast, took deadly aim at each other in this state of Kentucky in this civil war. And, comrades and citizens, would you think it strange if God's peculiar curses should be rained down on those who inaugurated this fratricidal strife for nothing but lust of political power or an abstract idea?

We held our ground firmly all day and night on our center. On our right our tide of battle prevailed, and the enemy was swept back past Perryville, and there we captured a large number of prisoners and ammunition wagons. On our left were his most determined attacks in the endeavor to force us south, cut off our supply trains from Louisville and force us into a country more desolate than the one we held. His attacks there were fearful. His skirmishing infantry took every advantage of tree and stump, stone wall and fence, as he came on. He was repulsed and driven back, but came up again and again to the charge in the most gallant and determined manner, and at last, at a fearful cost of life to himself, his army was so badly cut up that he was compelled to retreat before the dawn of the 9th.

A great part of the men who fought in this battle were those of Shiloh who were used to scenes of blood and unwilling to retreat on either side, which accounts for this dreadful struggle.

The bravery and the heroism were unparalleled. Of scores of instances I will give a few, as related to me by those who were eye-witnesses. One Illinois regiment of Federal troops stood on the crest of a hill until all the field officers had fallen, and there was no one to command, their ammunition was all expended, and that they died like Romans at their post, is proven by the fact that the next morning after sunrise he counted forty-four of them lying shot dead in the forehead or through the heart, in the exact straight line of battle, with their arms at their sides. There were seventy-five more guns lying in the same straight line, proving that number had been too severely wounded to carry their arms to the rear when ordered back. There were fifty more lying dead in the same field with their arms beside them, shot before they gained the cover of the next hill and the enemy checked by the reserve regiments.

One regiment from Michigan stood in line awaiting the storm of battle. At the first close volley their standard was shot away and the flag torn to shreds. The soldiers beside the standard-bearer caught and flung it up in the air, until there was quite a number shot on the spot. When the broken remnant of the regiment fell back, they carried the tattered fragments of the old symbol as carefully as a mother bears her child. In front of the destroyed Illinois regiment was a worm fence from which the Rebel soldiers took such deadly aim, that in nearly every fence corner lay a dead or wounded soldier. The fence was fired by the bursting shells and in the morning a fearful sight met our eyes. In the ashes of the fence lay a scorched and blackened mass of humanity, roasted men, and to all appearances, from the struggle, many of them only wounded when the fire caught them.

The death of our men, in the scorching sun and the chilliness of the long cold October nights, was merciful compared with the torture those men met in the slow but sure approach of the flames creeping along the fence to the spot where they lay writhing.

A flock of sheep was in the field, the dead ones were scattered about and the wounded ones crept into the same fence corners with the men, and man and beast were roasted and charred together. The terrible inhumanity of the commanders of the Confederate forces is proven by the fact that they allowed our dead and wounded to be stripped of all their coats, hats and shoes, and some of them of pants, and

in the morning they raised their heads, with ghastly chattering jaws, unable to speak, and fell back senseless. There were many wounded men who were stripped and who had the life frozen out of them on that bleak hillside when it required a blanket to keep a sound, well-clothed man comfortable. The enemy carried many of their dead and wounded into Perryville and vicinity, and every farmhouse, shed and stable, garden and orchard were strewn with them.

As usual, the heavy cannonading brought on a rain. The evening of the 9th was cold and chilly, piercing to the very bone. I went to one of their hospitals at night (where mules had been corraled) and there found crushed and wounded Tennesseans, Kentuckians and Georgians strewn around on the cold wet straw and earth by the hundreds, with a poor tattered blanket for covering to keep off the peltings of the pitiless storm through that bitter night. I asked them if they were provided with rations; they answered "No." I then went to guard headquarters and related their destitute condition to the guards who, without any contention, gave up their rations to be distributed among their fellows. On the morning of the 10th, I saw two rows of corpses awaiting the soldiers' hasty burial, and I was confident from the looks of the survivors that the necessity of attention and the cold night air had slain as many as our bullets had.

The miserably weak hospital force left to cope with the awful work before them was totally unable to attend to the wants at any of the hospital, but death was fast making their work less.

On the morning of the 10th it was estimated that two thousand Rebel soldiers were lying on the right, center and left, in an extent of six miles of the line of battle, their comrades and commanders marching off, leaving them unburied -- never even sending in a flag of truce asking us to give them sepulture.

They were left upon the battlefield, mangled and torn, festering the putrefying, and the hogs devouring them. The citizens of Perryville then began to bury them to prevent a pestilence but many of them, perhaps, were never found, where they had crawled to die between the logs and in ravines and ledges of rocks, that will perhaps never be found until the last trump shall sound, when, if their conscience does not smite them, those gaunt skeletons will rise up in judgment before those unchristian and inhuman men -- the chiefs and leaders of this bloody rebellion -- who turned their backs on their suffering and unburied men and held high church at Harrodsburg next day, where, with backs well clothed and stomachs well filled, were congregated Bragg and Smith, Hardee and Cheatam, Buckner, Marshall and Morgan, and last but not least of this list of names, Leonidas Polk, late Bishop, not even asking for their dead "a little earth for charity."

We learn that the righteous Lord is long suffering, but for all these things, these men will be called to judgment for leading these misguided men to whiten this land with their bones. Truly this land is made a darker and bloodier land than the Indian made it in days of yore.

Were these poor men dogs even, they should have been better cared for by their leaders and not have been left to the mercy of the elements. If this is the Southern chivalric idea of treating your fellowman who has served you faithfully to the death, God save me from chivalric honors. I fear they would press me to perdition. That their common soldiers are brave and true our own wounded and dead too plainly attest in characters of blood.

One of our battery officers said to me that they swept up (while their leaders kept at a safe distance) again and again to our batteries and were disseminated and

driven back repeatedly ere they silenced two of our guns on the left.

Our artillerists, when close pressed, filled the cannon with infantry cartridges by the shovel full and swept scores of them to destruction at each volley, and all in front they lay scattered around like leaves swept from the trees.

Of those engaged in said battle some fourteen or fifteen thousand were either killed or died in over-crowded hospitals, many of them yet to die of their wounds, or travel to their graves through long weary years of pain from wounds never to heal, or with amputated limbs, and some of them begging their bread from door to door.

H C H S

We have been negligent in giving Elizabeth Bryant credit for a fine contribution she made to our society. She had a number of picture postcards made and gave them to our society, so that they can be purchased at a nominal cost. These cards are pictures of familiar Hendricks County scenes ... the old sorghum mill, the corner stone laying ceremonies of the Hendricks County Court House, the Twin Bridges, south east of Danville, and the old Court House. These post cards will be collector's items, some day and we would be smart to invest in a few. They are at Blanche Wean's office.

Blanche also reminds us that we still have a supply of the reprint of the 1885 Hendricks County History which are available for \$16.50. These, too, are at the Wean office. These make excellent gifts and are a must for those who want to keep their Hendricks County history library up-to-date.

H C H S

THE PITTSBORO ALBUM

One of the finest things that has happened in our county recently is the Album of Pittsboro which was compiled by the late Chester V. Parker and his daughter, Ruth Parker Dinsmore. It is a beautiful, leather bound book of some ninety odd pages. It contains a history of Pittsboro with a copy of field notes and a plat of the town of "Pittsborough" dated 1843. It was pointed out in the beginning that the album was designed to portray Pittsboro as it is now so there are approximately 100 color pictures of places of business, churches, schools and homes, with an explanation of each. Ruth took the pictures and comments and script were written by Mr. Parker. It is truly a masterpiece, and it is the product of love and pride coupled with dedication and many, many hours of hard work. The Society thanks the Parker family for the copy they presented to us. Would that every town in Hendricks County had a Chester Parker and a Ruth Dinsmore!

H C H S

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