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# HENDRICKS COUNTY

## HISTORY BULLETIN



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THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
DANVILLE, INDIANA

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H C H S

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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 readied 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 Bayse 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 Sallee, 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 Wisehart, (Dr. O.H.), Edgar Wilson, Frank Hawkins, Alice Bunten (Byrd), Effie Ridpath, Betty Dooley (South), Jessie Denney, Letitia Wisehart (Whitneck), Lourie Parker, (Pierson), Anna Ridpath (Baker), Louie Underwood (Allison), Hall Ryner, Oscar Higgins, Willie Dooley, John Kurtz, Asa Kurtz, Clay Higgins, Roscoe Bunten, Omer Bunten, 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 birth-place. 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 (so luxurious to us then).

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-Westeners. 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 Memcries 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, 1918".

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 Plaidt, 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

H C H S

#### 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!

H C H S

#### DANVILLE TRI KAPPAS MARK 50 YEARS

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 Scarce and Margaret Armstrong (Burns), and Mesdames Thomas R. Barker, Russell Cook, Edward Courtney, Lawrence Cox, J. H. Grimes, Alvin Hall, Omar 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!

Two Society members who were honored as 50-year members were Maxine Curtis Cox and your editor. (Of course, that had to be some kind of a mistake, for we all know, don't we, that I couldn't possibly be that old! Maybe I was a birth right member. Ha!)

H C H S

#### MUSEUM MUSINGS

The museum was very fortunate to receive a pie safe with three sides done in perforated tin, and a flour chest. Both very old. The chest top could double for a cabinet top. It raises to reveal two chests. One for flour and the other likely for meal. Meal in those days was more important to lots of families than was flour. Cornbread appeared every day as well as biscuits and pie. And as some know, our forefathers felt they hadn't eaten if they didn't have their biscuits. If cornbread wasn't on the table at noon something was terribly wrong. Some enjoyed cornbread and milk for supper. Then there were lots of Marine memorabilia from World War I. Included were a couple of antique cameras. One would fit into a shirt pocket, while the other was a big box camera. There were lots of snapshots taken on the front during that war. It really showed the action. There are two land grants dated 1837 and 1848. And two very old Bibles, one Dutch, 1819, and one German 1761. Also included was a Log Cabin crazy quilt of satin and wool, and an overshot coverlet in navy, red and white. There are two copies, first editions, Volumes 1 and 2 of "Prince of India" by Lew Wallace, 1893. Then there are two scythes, one was all metal, and surely very old, the other had a wooden handle, and appeared to be of later manufacture. Then there is the cutest little doll cradle. It is made of wood and painted blue.

We're getting our cemetery information together. There are maps showing the locations of cemeteries in the county and we plan to have them conveniently arranged so visitors can find their information more easily. Other cemetery information is in our files.

The Indian artifacts that we always had in the Primitives Room is now in a room of their own, just outside of the jail cells.

The flower bed in the front yard is pretty just about all the time in the summer. Now that the tulips have gone, the bed has been set with pretty pink petunias and blue ageratum. All this beauty is through the efforts of the Hendricks County Garden Club. The Shingle Oak set out by the D.A.R. is growing nicely.

Memories came out of the walls at the museum on Saturday, May 24, 1980 when Robert (Bobby) Bayliss and his wife came to visit. Mr. Bayliss is the grandson of the late Leon "Swifty" Bayliss, former sheriff of Hendricks County and spent a lot of time with his grandparents during that time. The young Bayliss' now live in Bradenton, Florida.

He told how the living room looked during those years. They had a big console radio at the west side of the north window. Then there was a couch also on the north wall. The Christmas tree was always on the east wall the same as we have it today. He told about the tumble at about the age of six months that landed him headlong into the fireplace shield and gave a cut that still shows a scar. He said it took both parents and another one or so to hold him still enough for Dr. Terry to work on him. The craft shop was Sheriff Bayliss' office. It housed all

the jail records, as well as other equipment pertinent to the office. On the west wall was a huge 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 red than the hall runner we use today. I don't remember what he did say they used our primitives 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 newel post left between his grandfather's tenures. He was pretty hazy 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 then was 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 bushels of beans, corn and the like that the sheriff always was being the recipient of from friends. In winter it housed the bags of salt to make the walks safe. That window right beside the refrigerator was not so much to see through as it was a pass way for food to the cells. That way, they could keep the other door locked. He said the jail cells were most often used when something like a carnival came to town. On breakouts occasionally someone would smuggle a hack-saw blade to a prisoner. But one that was outstanding was the time when one soaked a string for several days in a harsh cleanser, I believe was Old Dutch, and sawed his way out with that. Must have made the string really sharp. In the Civil Defense part is a chest or such that housed the personal effects of the prisoners when they were brought in. Said effects 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 in court procedure.

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 tools are. 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 satisfied our imagination.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayliss 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.

It was a bit hard to keep up with all his comment when there were others there too. They had to be attended to from time to time.

He said that if he hadn't got to see the place 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.

Jewell

Psst! I was just thinking, if an argument got started in that cubby-hole of an office, there wouldn't be anywhere to "git" now would there? Hm?

