

# HENDRICKS COUNTY

## HISTORY BULLETIN



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DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

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OFFICERS 1983

PRESIDENT

Mr. Maynard Noland  
P O Box 358  
North Salem, Indiana 46165  
Tel. 676-6901

VICE PRESIDENT

Mrs. Sherman Crayton  
440 Heritage Drive  
Danville, Indiana 46122  
Tel. 745-4574

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Tel. 892-4344

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Tel. 745-2573

HISTORIAN

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

PUBLICITY

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

GENEALOGISTS

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

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

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

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

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

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"Too many people are thinking of security instead of opportunity. They seem more afraid of life than of death."

James F. Byrnes

"The love of liberty is the love of others; the love of power is the love of ourselves."

William Hazlitt

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

GREETINGS FROM YOUR PRESIDENT.....

Time and tide wait on no man. It seems such a short time since the 1982 State Fair and now the '83 fair is almost here.

I well remember going to the State Fair when I was very young. We went to Danville in a buggy and Dad would take Mom, Martha and me to the interurban station (across the street from Weaver Funeral Home). Dad would then take "Cricket" to the livery stable which was located where Bell Telephone mechanism is now operating, just south of the Post Office. I would get nervous and afraid that the interurban would arrive before Dad walked the three blocks back to the station.

We went to the traction terminal in Indianapolis, then by city trolley to the Fair Grounds. I always went with Dad to the harness races in the afternoon. After we got our first car (a Model T - 20) we would drive to the old Star Store parking lot on West Washington Street, and from there by city trolley to the Fair Grounds.

The Fair has changed with the times but the theme is the same....agriculture, crafts, home-making, machinery, live stock, 4-H, shows and entertainment and the Mid-Way.

Don't forget the August meeting.

Maynard

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MAY MEETING

HOOSIER HOMEMAKERS...THE EARLY YEARS was the subject of a most interesting slide presentation by Mr. Jerry Handfield of the Indiana State Historical Society at our May meeting held at the Hadley Friends Meeting House. A vast amount of work was involved in preparing this history of home making activities and it was a most excellent program.

President Noland conducted the business meeting and Lois Crayton, program chairman, read a poem and led a silent tribute to the members we have lost recently..... Grace Veatch, Roy Pritchard, Dorothy Ward and Chauncy Phillips.

Mrs. Mildred Good gave a history of the church dating from 1874 when it became affiliated with Western Yearly Meeting, then in 1912 when it became a Monthly Meeting on its own. Four Hadley families were among the early settlers, and descendants of these families have played an important part in the community throughout the years. The church building was damaged in the 1948 tornado, burned in 1973, and rebuilt and dedicated on June 23, 1974.

Dorothy Templin and Virginia Joseph single handedly (or should I say double-handedly?) furnished refreshments for the 58 present. Thanks, girls, and we want to wish Dorothy a speedy recovery from her recent stay in the hospital!

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#### AUGUST MEETING

Another interesting program beckons us to the Pittsboro Christian Church, August 7th. A panel of four will discuss EARLY CLUBS, according to Lois Crayton, chairman. Kathryn Armstrong will give the history of the BROWNING CLUB of Danville; Faye Elmore will talk about the DELPHINIAN SOCIETY of Clayton; Veva Spears will tell about the FRIDAY CLUB of Plainfield; and Lois will discuss the NEIGHBORLY CLUB of Hadley. Members are urged to bring old programs or minutes of old clubs or be prepared to tell interesting facts about them. Mary Jeanette Winkelman, chairman, and the ladies of Middle Township invite us all to come and enjoy the social hour after the meeting.

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#### SUMMERTIME IN DANVILLE

Editor's Note: Marc Stevenson, Danville Junior High School eighth grader this spring, wrote the following article as a part of an English project for which he prepared a family tree and recounted a story involving his family's past history. Marc, an avid history student, is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Joe Stevenson, Danville. Our thanks to his teacher, Sue Clark, for sharing Marc's story.

It was summertime in Danville, one of the most beautiful summers for a long time, but the country had fallen on hard times, the depression. My father was a very young boy, but this incident stuck with him all through his childhood.

These were the times when Dillinger was at the peak of his so-called employment. My grandfather, A. Jewell Stevenson, was judge at the courthouse then and recently received a map. A man had found it laying by a road in Cartersburg. When my grandfather inspected the map he found it to be a map of every conceivable way in and out of the governor's mansion in Indianapolis. My grandfather concluded that it might be a plan of attack for robbery of the governor's mansion by the Dillinger gang. So he kept it and was going to take it to the FBI in Indianapolis, in a few days. The news soon spread over town and nearly everybody knew about it.

Then one night about nine o'clock in the evening, three tall, bushy, rough-looking men walked into the local drugstore. The owner kept it open late hoping to make a little extra money. The men inquired where they could find the house of Judge A. Jewel Stevenson. The man, half frightened to death, told them where the house was.

Then he proceeded to call the American Legion Rifle Club that practiced this particular evening every week in the basement of the Danville courthouse. The riflemen, sure it was some of Dillinger's gang come to get their map, proceeded to get in their cars and race to my grandfather's house.

By this time, the men had arrived at my grandfather's house and were walking up the sidewalk. My father saw them coming and started running around the house yelling and screaming, "They're coming to get us!" My grandmother calmed him down, while my grandfather met the men at the door and showed them in.

Meanwhile the riflemen had pulled up and stopped down the street. They got out of their cars, guns and all, and began to sneak up the street to my grandfather's house. They ran up on the porch and barged inside. Finally after a long time of

yelling and confusion my grandfather got everybody calmed down. Then he began explaining to the riflemen. It turned out the men were there only to try and find out how to get a friend of theirs out of jail on bond. The riflemen were embarrassed to death and the men had been scared half out of their wits.

Later the map was delivered to the FBI, but a little while later Dillinger was found and killed in a shoot-out in Chicago. Nothing ever came of the supposed robbery of the governor's mansion, and Danville returned to normal.

By Marc Stevenson

Thanks to the Danville Gazette.

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### "YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT"

With Apologies to Adele Davis

By Frances Fisher

Many years ago when I read Logan Esarey's "History of Indiana" I was impressed by statements he made about the superb cooks in Indiana and the old fashioned food which excelled any modern day dishes he had ever sampled. His descriptions of some favorite foods were so vivid, one could almost smell and taste the delicious flavors of many common foods to which we were accustomed and of which we had grown very tired.

Our grandmothers may have known what was good for their families, but mainly they cooked what was available and economical. There were unaware of dietary laws and knew little about nutrients. Their children and men folks found it very satisfying to sit down to a well-filled kettle of beans or meat and potatoes, accompanied by a pan of corn bread, topped off with some spreading or an occasional pie.

My grandmother was an expert with Salt Rising Bread, a delicacy to many people in spite of the odor which accompanied the bread's rising. A slice of freshly baked bread spread with freshly churned country butter was a snack fit for a king. I can remember visiting her once when other guests were expected for supper. I was admonished to make no comment on the salt rising bread as the guests didn't like it. I was obediently silent until I saw one of them help himself to the third slice of bread, so I thought it would be safe to compliment Grandmother on her salt rising bread. It was the wrong thing to do as I could tell by the scandalized look on the faces of the guests.

The Dillon House on West Main Street in Pittsboro was noted country-wide for its good meals. It was owned and maintained by Isaac Dillon and his wife, Matilda McCann Dillon, and flourished during the mid 80's, 1890's, and early 1900's. It offered comfortable accommodations to the traveling men who came out on the train to transact business with local merchants and other workers in the stove, wagon, and tile factories. Good meals cost 25¢ and clean beds were available for even less. "Aunt Till" as she was called by most of the residents, employed a fine cook who came up from Kentucky to help take care of a growing business. Emmaline Powell who will be remembered by a few of the older members of the community, was a very plain woman in appearance, but her kind heart and good nature shone through her homely features and endeared her to all who met her.

Once when I visited the Dillon House kitchen, I saw on the kitchen table a pan filled with an array of delicious looking apple dumplings, only to find they were to be dumped into a big kettle of boiling water to be cooked. They weren't at all like the sugar-butter-cinnamon-coated, crusty baked dumplings my mother made.

Several years before its demolition, the Dillon House was honored with a plaque erected by the DAR, designating it as the last of the old taverns between Indianapolis and Crawfordsville. In 1961, after having been used during its last years as a residence for various families, it was torn down to make room for the new Post Office. Some of us who were interested in the past lamented that it wasn't purchased and used as a museum. Guess we needed the motivating spirit of Dorothy Kelley.

Then there was the Junken House which post-dated Aunt Till's boarding and rooming house. It was owned and managed by Emma and Frank Junken who did such a tremendous "boarding business" that by 1900 they moved from their small home on North Maple into the larger and more spacious home of Monroe Wills on East Main. It is now the home of Gregory's Fine Furniture. Emma set a fine table and soon she had a large clientele driving out from Indianapolis to enjoy her bountiful meals, her cheerful hospitality, and her boundless energy. Both Frank and Emma were members of pioneer families in the township, she being the daughter of Sylvester Stewart Wills and granddaughter of George Washington Wills who had helped lay out the town of Clayton.

Frank was from a gifted family of craftsmen, musicians, and teachers. He was a genius with watches and clocks, wrote a beautiful hand, kept perfect records as Church Clerk, and was an authority on local history.

Following the slow demise of the popular boarding houses, two young men came to Pittsboro from Coatesville, to seek their fortunes in the restaurant business. Only one, Harold M. Knetzer, became a permanent resident. In due time he married a beautiful young lady and a wonderful cook, a talent which the old timers said she inherited from her mother, Lucy Thornsborough, and her Aunt Fanny Richardson. At any rate, Ruth Knetzer soon established her reputation as a super cook whose good food and friendly hospitality made Knetzer's a popular place to go. In later years, Harold became Middle Township trustee, Hendricks County Treasurer, and various other political activities. As for Ruth, she kept on with her baking--twenty-one pies every morning, and without benefit of electric or gas ovens, just a small set-on oven. Ruth's sister, Pearl Cowley, was a famous cook too. Big savory pots of chicken and noodles found their way into the church kitchen whenever a "pitch-in" was scheduled. Her angel food cakes, baked with country fresh eggs were veritable works of art.

Further back in Pittsboro history was Aunt Fanny Ashby, wife of a Civil War veteran who had a recipe for coconut cake that was the envy of all cooks. She not only shared her recipe, but gave a dramatic enactment of applying the coconut to give the cake that certain flair. All of that, despite the many years of loving care she gave a handicapped son.

My mother, Nelle Dillon Weaver, deserves mention for the baked beans for which she was well known in her neighborhood. I always thought it a great tribute to her when a young man in the neighborhood would come to ask her if she would teach his wife to bake beans. I have her recipe in her own distinctive handwriting.

Mrs. Etta Evans, mother of Mary Jeannette Winkelmann, had a way with fried chicken, delicately brown, thoroughly cooked. Many of us remember eating delicious food at her hospitable table.

Winbern Hale Dillon had a special way of spreading raising icing on chocolate cake in a way I've never seen duplicated. Her corn pone always drew a crowd wherever she took it. I rather think that making corn pone is a lost art. At least I never see it any more. Bertha Watson, mother of Marion Judd, excelled in making fresh corn fritters that melted in the mouth.

I would like to continue until many of our modern cooks could be included. I want to mention a modern girl whose genius with cakes is amazing. Florence Broyles Ragsdale creates beautiful cakes, suitable for any occasion, and they are delicious too! This she does through her own talent and ingenuity. She is too modest to claim any fame, but we feel she should appear in the roll of Pittsboro's famous cooks.

This would not be complete without mention of my aunt, Margaret Wall, the fame of whose candies spread far and wide. She started a small candy-making project in her home in the 1900's mainly for family and close friends, only to find a growing demand for her bonbons, butterscotch, and chocolates. Her business really grew when the family moved into the new home on State Road 136 east of Lizton. She had a special salesroom with plenty of space for making candy, dipping it, and packing it for numerous customers.

She was extremely proud of the "fan" letters she received from many well-known people, among them Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Kenyon Nicholson, Virginia Jencks, Lew Shank, and others.

Pride in the perfection of her product and the ability to please her customers with price and quality were the benchmarks of her success.

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#### RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY-DAY PLAINFIELD

by Helen (Light) Thomson

written March 11, 1983

My memories as an 8 or 9 year old may be of little historical significance, but may reflect some of the mores of the era. Someone else will have to fill in the blanks.'

I moved to Plainfield from Indiana Harbor with my parents, Israel and Sara Light, and my half-brother Edwin in 1919 or 1920. The move was instigated by their good friends, Ed and Nettie McKinney. The two men had worked together in a steel mill in Indiana Harbor, where labor was much in demand until after the WWI Armistice.

All four sang in a church choir there, and when Ed, a evangelistic singer, was called to Indiana, at a nearby church camp or retreat, both families came.

Elementary education (in Plainfield) must have been excellent, as I found myself far behind my fellow first-graders (I think it was). This was in the good old basics, now so controversial. Interestingly, when we moved to Indianapolis, a couple of years later, I was so far ahead of the class, they skipped me a whole year. (Thanks to Plainfield teachers.)

The old school, the name of which I can't recall, was all boarded up, the grounds choked with grass and weeds, when I was back there four years ago.

The Lights were very active in the Christian Church, the little white frame church, to which we walked each Sunday. One of the men would ring the church bell by pulling a rope - and if we were a little late, we would all hasten our steps when we heard the bell tolling.

My father was the church choir director, and was so conscientious that he stopped us in mid-packing for a move to Indianapolis, in order to remain for an

all-important revival meeting in the Plainfield church. (My mother later regrets that they hadn't moved, as she felt his life might have been extended if he hadn't had to commute daily to work in Indianapolis). Preventive medicine was almost unknown, let alone practiced, and high blood pressure and hypertension took the lives of many young persons in those days.

Church and school entertainments were well attended - remember, this was before radio and television both. At the church Christmas program, my father dressed as Santa Claus, and we sang a duet, with my solo starting with the words, "Santa Claus while we are sleeping...don't forget the poor and lonely...bring them something too..."

I had the lead in the school operetta (I think it was called). It was quite a production, with all the mothers making costumes. There were "sunbonnet girls" and "overall boys", and lots of flowers (crepe paper creations) which fitted over the childrens' heads. Mother made my blue pinsfore, with red cherries appliued on the pockets. For I was the little girl, who neglected to water the flower garden, and they all died (almost), until being rescued by the sunbonnet and overall troupes.

My best friends were Louise Bly, and twin girls whose names I can't recall, and the neighbor boy, Bill Stafford, who lived in the next block south from us; also Virginia Bishop. The Tuckers were close family friends, and actor Forrest Tucker's grandmother, "Mildy" was Mother's best friend.

There was quite a stir when a Plainfield young woman returned home after studying dancing, and opened a dance studio. Most of the youngsters enrolled, but even though I begged, my parents after serious consideration, refused permission. Altho money was a consideration, learning to dance might lead me down the primrose path, so to speak. However, we went to the recital, and I sat there green with envy as the other youngsters cavorted around draped in colored cheesecloth with balloons. (To this day, ballroom dancing is my favorite form of recreation.)

Chatauquas came to town, providing a change of fare from home talent. Some were held outdoors under big tents. Strange that the only act I recall was an Indian in full regalia, who specialized in creating things out of colored tissue paper, and passing them around to the audience. My half-brother Edwin, after graduating from Plainfield High School, had his first musical position with one of those traveling shows. They could use a saxophone player, and Edin had been taking lessons on a second-hand instrument our father purchased for him - for about \$6 - a lot of money in those days.

This started Edwin on his lifetime musical career, and he never lived at home again.

We rented the house we lived in in Plainfield, and I was surprised that it was still there. The elderly woman living there, when we visited Plainfield, invited us in, but was convinced this wasn't the selfsame house, as I remembered sitting on the front porch railing and reading. The present occupant had been there 25 years, and there had never been a porch. However, Bill (now Dr.) Stafford confirmed that that was the house where my brother was delivered by his father.

Our home was meagerly furnished, but we were not aware of our status - the term "poverty level" had not been coined, and almost everyone was scrabbling for existence in those postwar days. Our furnishings would be collectors items today, but the aim in those days was to discard "old fashioned" things for new, if one could afford it.



We had a big round oak table, with leaves to extend for company, and matching chairs. We sat under a huge round stained glass chandelier, mostly yellow, trimmed with clear glass bead fringe. My father bought a big white refrigerator, with the white coils atop like a crown. This replaced the icebox, which the ice man had to fill with blocks of ice. An ice card in the front window indicated how many pounds of ice were needed, and the husky man would carry it on his shoulder, which was padded with a leather piece. It would drip through the house, and he would shove the ice into the icebox and remove the tongs used to carry the ice.

The horse-drawn ice wagon drew the neighborhood kids at each stop, as they reached in the back for slivers of ice. Sometimes, the ice man would obligingly shave some off, to please of "Gimme some ice!" (Snow cones hadn't been invented yet.)

Also heading north on the road in front of our house were the horse-drawn wagons laden with red, ripe and juicy tomatoes headed for the cannery, located somewhere over the hill. Occasionally, the drivers would toss some out to childish cries of "Gimme a tomato." These sunwarmed prizes were eaten out of hand, garnished with salt. (Any missed pitches could result in a splattered front porch - to be cleaned up fast.)

There were very few automobiles in town, but there was a lot of foot traffic going north. Just past the bridge over the railroad track was little weathered farm house, on the right side of the road. The work-worn farm couple, who sat on a bench in front, would sell their milk (raw of course) for ten cents a tin bucket full. Once while tossing pebbles from the bridge down to the tracks, I mistakenly threw the dime instead. As I watched that silver arch downwards, I ran home crying. Every cent counted in those days.

The Lights and McKinney's also gathered wild strawberries by the basketful in the big meadowland north of town, which had a meandering stream good for paddling in bare feet. We children would sometimes go exploring there, but this was not encouraged - it was too far and out of sight, for close adult supervision.

There must have been an ecumenical spirit, in spite of the various denominations, because a town-wide Summer Vacation Bible School was held on the tree-shaded grounds of the Friends Church. Here we learned to weave little (crude) baskets with raffia, and made replicas of biblical houses from cardboard boxes, daubed with a mixture I later learned was called "papier mache", made from shredded newspapers, soaked with salt, flour and water to make a gooey paste.

Also, on Sunday mornings before regular church services, my father and other men from various denominations, went to the Indiana Boys' School to teach Sunday School classes. Incidentally, a cousin who was the bad boy of the Lights, was sent to the school, which brought my Uncle Byrd Light and his wife to live in Plainfield for awhile, a couple blocks south of us.

The chief public transportation between Plainfield and Indianapolis was the "interurban". My father ran to catch it every morning, to go to his job in the city, as a pattern maker for the National Malleable Company. (I hated to ride that electric-operated car on tracks - it rocked back and forth and emitted a sickening odor - and no car-sick bags were available.)

Most men cultivated "kitchen gardens", with lots of root vegetables - turnips, carrots and rhubarbs - because they kept well. The women canned everything available, as store bought canned goods were an extravagant luxury. My father would buy bargain large quantities, sometimes to my mother's despair, such as two bushels of overripe peaches which had to be processed immediately. And how about a bushel

of navy beans? (I still like that Hoosier favorite: navy beans and cornbread, however.) Ever inventive, he ground up some of our leftover popped corn and introduced it to us as a new breakfast cereal. (Corn flakes and shredded wheat were about the only dry cereals in existence at that time.)

My father would draw up blue prints on his slanted drafting table, and even obtained a patent on an electrically operated gate across the roads, before railroad tracks. After his death, my young mother unwittingly turned the patent over to an acquaintance, and no one knows what happened to it. Everytime I see one of those gates operating, I wonder...

In those days, pregnancy was not flaunted, and mother stayed close to home before the birth of my brother Harold. (She would be shocked at the maternity blouses of today, with an arrow pointing down to: "Baby"). When her "time" came, Dr. Stafford, Sr., came over, Mrs. McKinney heated water on the stove at his request, and I was sent outside to play, before school.

Later, when I proudly announced the arrival of a new baby brother, some folk at school and church thought I was making it up, it had been kept such a secret. Being a January baby, it was easier to hide the pregnancy in winter coats.

My mother had one of the first electric washing machines - thanks to my father, who rigged up a motor to mechanize the churning in the round washer. We watched in awe as the handle which we used to pump back and forth manually, continued to pump as though by magic. However, he never got around to mechanizing the wringer, so we continued to do this by hand, carefully folding any buttons inside to prevent breakage. After the laborious job of heating water in the big oval copper wash boiler, and washing, the white things were boiled. Bleaches and detergents were non existent, altho liquid bluing (also available in tablet form) sometimes helped. Badly stained white cloths were spread outside on the lawn, to be bleached by the sun and the green (chlorophyll) grass.

All soap chips were saved to be simmered into liquid soap for shampoo or laundry. Homemade soap occasionally was used, but was powerfully strong. Housewives' favorite was Fels Naphtha soap, preferably chipped into the hot water to dissolve fast (before the days of soap flakes or powder). Fresh laundry always smelled so good, a lingering soap scent combined with the sun and air, with drying on the clothes line. In winter, big wooden, collapsible clothes lines were utilized inside. There was no problem of lack of humidity in the house.

Home ownership also was a dream impossible to achieve by most people. My father dreamed of building our own house in Plainfield, and cashed in an insurance policy in order to purchase a lot in an area I think was called "Amityville" (Amitydale). Bank loans, FHA and other loan agencies were unattainable. He never achieved that dream however.

He did purchase a "new" second-hand car, a shiny black Model-T Ford, for us to drive back to visit relatives in Illinois and adjoining Indiana country, for the annual Light reunion at the Newton Co. Fairgrounds. We came home without him, for he suffered a fatal stroke at age 49. It must have been a frightening time for my mother, not yet 30, without education or training of any kind, with a baby not yet 2 and a 9-year old. Neighbors and friends were kind, but there were none of today's aids and social services: food stamps, aid to dependent children, widow's assistance, no Social Security. And the insurance had been cashed in.

My Mother told me we would have no Christmas, but I don't remember feeling deprived, mostly sorry for her. She did warn me that we were going to have some visitors, who would be disguised, but not to be afraid. That evening a silent group of Ku Klux Klan members came in bearing baskets of foodstuff, staples and some luxury items. It was an exciting time. The Klan was not in ill repute yet, and membership in Indiana was high. It was a respectable secret society, philanthropic and religious in nature. (My brother, retired from the FBI was aghast when I told him about this.)

The wide membership has been a well kept secret, since the KKK evolved into a malicious, racist organization. But they helped one small family survive that winter.

My mother found employment in Indianapolis, where we lived until we were adults.

What a flood of memories have been evoked! And aren't you glad we didn't live in Plainfield any longer, after 8 pages of trivia?

Helen L. Thomson  
2207 North 17th St.  
Boise, Idaho 83702

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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Will you hunt for buried treasure? The treasure hunt is one for local (Hendricks County) advertising wares which were distributed before 1970 and bear the names of Hendricks County businesses. Historical Librarian Susan Carter of the Plainfield Public Library is seeking the loan of such promotional items for a display to begin in August. All items will be used on a loan basis and may be picked up by owners at the end of the display in October.

Treasures could be buried in the kitchen drawer (bottle openers, ice picks, ice cream scoops), the desk drawer (memo pads, blotters, letter openers, calendars, rulers, scissors, pencils, pens, magnifying glasses, bookmarks, post cards), or sewing box (thimbles, button hooks, sewing kits).

Is there a candidate for the exhibit on the knickknack shelf (banks, miniatures or samples, ash trays, mugs), the bookshelf (almanacs, song books, maps), or in the dresser drawer (fans, emery boards, shoehorns)? There are endless possibilities for both treasures and their locations, but this listing should provide a starting point!

Each person who lends an advertising item for the display will be eligible to register to win a prize, a copy of the 1976 "History of Hendricks County" and its accompanying index. The drawing for the books, which sell for \$28.00, will be on Monday, August 8.

Prospective lenders may bring their advertising items to the historical room of the library during its regular hours: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons from 12-5, or on Saturday, July 30 from 9-12 and 1-5. The library is located at 1120 Stafford Road (the corner of Stafford Road and Simmons Street). Questions may be phoned to Susan Carter at 839-6602.

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NEWS FROM THE INDIANA ROOM

BY BETTY BARTLEY

DANVILLE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Three family histories have recently been added to our collection. Ordinary Americans: From Kohl to Cole, 1790-1980, was donated by Charles E. Cole, the author. Apollos Hess--Who Are You?, a sketch of the family of Apollos Hess and his wife, Catharine Wright, was given to the Library by Miss June B. Barekman, who researched and compiled the material in the book. Ancestors and Descendants of Arthur V. Neff from 1531 - 1981 was researched by Cleda Sue Neff, who donated a copy of the material to our library.

1983 marks the 80th anniversary of the Danville Public Library. We hope to have an open house some time in December to celebrate. If any Historical Society members have any photographs or other materials relating to the Library, please contact Betty Bartley, at the Library (745-2604). We are especially interested in finding a photograph of Miss Lou Robinson, the first librarian.

One of the goals of the Indiana Room is to maintain a collection of materials relating to Central Normal College. We recently contacted the Special Collections Librarian at Indiana State University, and have arranged to have some of the materials that were sent to ISU when the college closed, returned to Danville to become part of the Indiana Room Central Normal Collection. Details on this transfer will appear in the next bulletin.

We have recently started a project of researching and collecting biographical information on CNC faculty members. The following sketch of Prof. Joseph Tingley was copied from the DePauw University Alumna Register of Officers, Faculties, and Graduates, 1837-1900.

"Joseph Tingley...Teacher, Lecturer and Minister. Born, March 5, 1822, in Cadiz, Ohio. 1846-1849, tutor in mathematics; 1849-79, professor of natural science in Indiana Asbury University; 1860-79, vice-president Indiana Asbury University; president State Teachers' Association; member American Association for the Advancement of Science; lecturer at Chautauqua and other educational assemblies; 1879m professor natural science Central Normal College, Danville; 1885-86, president of Marion Normal College; 1886-88, civil engineer Kansas City Cable railroad; 1888-92, professor of metaphysics, science and art, Campbell Normal University, Holton, Kansas; licensed minister in M.E. Church. Married, May 17, 1853, Miss Ellen R. Webb. Died January 18, 1892, at Holton, Kansas, and was buried at Forest Hill Cemetery, Green-castle."

During his stay at Central Normal, Prof. Tingley was credited with operating the first telephone in Danville. He was also an accomplished artist. His portrait of Frank P. Adams, second president of CNC, was completed shortly before Adams' death in 1882, and for many years hung in the Chapel Hall. This painting is now part of the Indiana Room's Central Normal Collection.

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The following article was submitted by Susan Carter, Plainfield Historical Librarian. It was called to her attention by Dr. William C. Stafford, Plainfield.

#### MEDICAL MUSEUM NOTES

By Charles A. Bonsett, M.D.  
Indianapolis

Many years ago a painting of an apparently forgotten individual was removed from the wall on which it had been hanging for many years, to make room for another, and was stored away in a janitor's closet among the mops and buckets and brooms. It remained there for many more years, accumulating dirt and dust and grime, and on occasion receiving the brunt of a wet mop or a broom handle, carelessly thrown into the corner where the picture stood. My attention was directed to this item about 10 years ago as being of potential value to the Museum, but when it was removed from the closet its usefulness appeared to be exceedingly limited. I thought the painting had been removed. I saw only a battered square frame, measuring 41" by 31", with an oval opening covered by what appeared to be a black, oily, grimy, dirty piece of heavy torn paper containing several holes.

In due time an artist was asked to look at the frame and give his opinion as to its value. He was quite impressed with the frame, and stated that restoration would not be difficult. It was not the frame that excited his enthusiasm, however, but rather the filthy torn cover of the frame's oval opening.

The artist ran the tips of his trained fingers over the blackened surface. "I think there is a painting under all of this," he said. There was nothing visible to confirm this thought. "I think we ought to clean it and see what's here," he added.

"What about this big rip, and these holes?" I asked. "And look how brittle it all is."

"We'll have to do something about that," he replied. He then got his camera and took a photograph.

Weeks later the frame was returned completely restored, and what had been originally thought to be a piece of dirty, dusty oil paper proved to be a canvas, now cleaned and backed, showing a very handsome portrait.

But who was this man? For a variety of reasons, I suspected this to be a physician associated with one of the early proprietary schools, probably one at Fort Wayne. I was correct on the first assumption, wrong on the second.

The answer was to remain an enigma for another 10 years, during which time, like an unknown soldier, he has been hanging on the wall of the amphitheater unidentified, but representative of early medical education in Indiana.

Copies of this portrait were sent to various individuals, societies, and libraries for identity; and the painting has been shown on this page before (69:8, 554, 1976), requesting the reader's assistance, but to no avail.

Last month we received an old manila envelope containing miscellaneous items consisting of a few yellowed type-written pages, a pamphlet or two, and some old

post cards announcing medical meetings. On one of the yellowed typewritten pages was the following note:

"Portraits...  
Dr. Thomas B. Harvey, 41 x 31 in...  
Oval Portrait in square frame. Full  
dark beard and dark hair."

Could it be? The description of the square frame with the oval opening supported the possibility. A tape measure soon verified the sizes to coincide. The next thing was to find a photograph of Harvey. This was easy enough to do. He was found in the Wishard collection, in Stone's biographical reference, and on the wall of the ISMA office (he was president of the Indiana Medical Society, 1880-1881).

In all of these photographs he is older than in the portrait, but the likeness is not difficult to verify.

Now, who was Thomas B. Harvey? Stone provides the following information: He was born in Clinton County, Ohio, Nov. 29, 1827, and died Dec. 5, 1889. He graduated from the Ohio Medical College in 1851, and set up practice in Plainfield, IN. During the Civil War he was Examining Physician for the Central District of Indiana. Dr. Harvey was one of the organizers, in 1869, of the Indiana Medical College (oldest of the proprietary schools, which united to form I.U. School of Medicine) and held the chair of Diseases of Women. He taught in the City Hospital (now Wishard) and in the City Dispensary. He helped organize the Hendricks County Medical Society, and was the first president of the Indianapolis Academy, which later merged with the Marion County Medical Society. He was elected president of the Indiana State Medical Society in 1880. He was the author of numerous papers, mostly on the subject of diseases of women.

Dr. Harvey died of a stroke of apoplexy while delivering his last lecture at the Medical College of Indiana.

The artist of this portrait was George W. White of Hamilton, Ohio.

The artist who did the restoration is William G. Ashby.

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#### NOTICE

I am beginning a family newsletter by subscription \$12.00 yearly, published quarterly, by the name of "BRENGLE BRANCHES".

The purpose of the newsletter is to bring all Brengle descendants together and to serve all branches of the Brengle surname and its many allied branches and lineages.

The newsletter will include a query column, family history, wills, deeds, heraldry, ancestral charts, abstracts, and subscriber's articles to be published.

Charles Brengle  
6619 Pheasant Rd. Rte. #16  
Baltimore, MD 21220

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