

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

Officers 1978

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H C H S

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H C H S

Thoughts on Being Snowbound

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

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

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

Greetings from our President.....

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

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

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

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

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

The many interested people for their generous gifts and loans.

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

The "Friends of the Museum" for their support.

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

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

H C H S

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

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

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

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

H C H S

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

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

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

H C H S

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

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

H C H S

QUERY

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

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

Would also appreciate any information on the Whitleys or relatives.

H C H S

MUSEUM GRAND OPENING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

H C H S

MUSEUM MUSINGS

The Hendricks County Museum has come a long way since it first opened its doors to the public. The people of Hendricks County have been most generous in sharing their treasures, either as gifts or as loans. We were asked: "What do you need?" When we specified, what we needed the response came. At our first "Christmas at the Museum" we had two rooms on display; the kitchen and parlor. This past "Christmas at the Museum", all except the basement was open. Plans are made to have the entire building open to the public. Beginning on Saturday, February 11, 1978 the museum will be open on Saturday, 1-4 p.m. as well as our present day of Tuesday.Jewell Bell

H C H S

The following article was not written for publication, but the Ed. got a chuckle out of it and thought others might, too. Hope you don't mind Jewell. A good title would be "You've Come a Long Way, Baby"

It was a dream come true at the January 1975 meeting of the Hendricks County Historical Society at the Danville United Methodist Church when Mr. Lowell Franklin, of the County Commissioners presented the Historical Society with the agreement to use the old county jail building as a museum. Dessie Huddleston, president, accepted the agreement in the name of the Historical Society. Then at the April 1975 meeting, this time at the Lizton Christian Church, Mr. Lowell Franklin of the County Commissioners, and Dessie Huddleston, president of the Historical Society, signed the contract for the use of the building.

The commissioners would take care of the heating, and repairing of the building, and the Historical Society would take care of the inside--housekeeping and such.

It was a thrilling moment.

When the time came for the museum board meeting, the question, as always, was asked: "Where are we going to meet?" Well, at the museum of course! It was all so new that the board hadn't quite got used to the idea.

The business meeting was held in the kitchen because it was the warmest place in the building. Those attending found out that the chairs were indeed antiques and needed to be handled with care or one could find himself on the floor. Nothing like that happened, fortunately.

With the business meeting finished, the group went on tour of the premises. Each saw things differently. One marveled at the thick walls; another thought the floors were so very beautiful; another wondered where this door led, and was sort of disappointed when he found out. Another wondered why a place was cut out of a room (now the primitives room). It was decided a good deal later that the place was converted to a shower stall in the bathroom. Someone wondered what the sheriff's family used another room for. Lots of oo'hs and ah's in the living room. Someone was making mental plans for the refinishing of the shutters to the natural wood finish. Another saw the holes over the fireplace, and had the itch over them until the new paper was hung. The high ceilings were quite a topic of conversation. Some wondered if the fireplace could be used. Later someone found out that a T.V. antenna extended up through the chimney. Ideas are still circulating as to what can be done to get some use of the

chimney. There was some speculation as to what use the little room to the south of the front door could be put to. It looked as if it could become an office. Granny Beck's Corner Craft Shop fit the room just fine. Then all went upstairs. Everyone was as nosy as a bunch of kids. All poked around commenting as they went. There was one door in the northwest bedroom that had everyone's curiosity aroused. There wasn't any sense of there being something that was being kept secret. The group stood back while two of the number tried to open it. For all the pulling and tugging, the door resisted. Suddenly the door came open and down went the gentleman on his back with his heels in the air! It isn't recalled whether the other helper suffered the same indignity or not. The attic had been discovered! Someone produced a flashlight and some more exploring was done. It was decided to let well enough alone because the flashlight wasn't all that good. No telling what might have been found. It seemed that a satisfactory job of exploring had been done so the group came down stairs. It isn't recalled whether the basement was toured but it is assumed that it was. Last, but not least, was the jail cells. Several were pretty apprehensive of anyone being behind them because someone might get frisky and close the door. No one wanted to be a prisoner even if he were innocent. The graffiti on the walls is something to behold. Former "guest 6" had plenty of time to figure something out to cut on the wall. The place made everyone shiver. The whole group was glad to get back to "civilization".

The museum has come a long way from that time, thanks to a lot of dedicated workers who have applied a lot of sweat and elbow grease.

H C H S

DR. MARIA ALLEN JESSUP
of Friendswood, Indiana

Dr. Maria Allen Jessup was the daughter of Preston Allen and Suzannah Jessup Allen, a Quaker family who were members of the Fairfield Friends Meeting, and lived on a farm located on the southeast corner of the present Stanley and Colonial Roads in Marion County, Indiana. There were four children born in the family, Etta Allen who later married Luther Stanley, Charles, who died at an early age and was never married, Quincy, who was a medical doctor and moved and practiced medicine at Colorado Springs, Colorado, and Maria Allen.

Maria Allen graduated from the Spiceland Academy and taught school in several one-room school houses in Hendricks and Marion Counties for 20 years. At the age of 38 she entered the Medical College of Illinois in Chicago, and after studying there three years was graduated as a medical doctor.

Two months after her graduation she was married to Joel Jessup of Friendswood, Indiana on June 22, 1887. Joel Jessup was a farmer and business man of Friendswood and lived in the two story brick home on the west edge of Friendswood. Here "Dr. Ria" as she was affectionally called set up her office and began her medical career.

She was known and remembered as being a good doctor, kind, generous, and very dedicated to her work. Her black buggy and horse was a familiar sight, day and night, in the Fairfield and Friendswood neighborhoods, as she visited the sick, and delivered the babies. It is said she went far beyond the call of duty to make her patients comfortable, even to the point of splitting the wood and building the fire so as to have the room warm before the baby arrived. Her methods were slow and deliberate, and she believed in letting nature take its course.

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

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

Dr. Maria Allen Jessup was an active member of Fairfield Friends Meeting, and prepared and read a Historical Sketch of Fairfield Meeting at the time of their 86th Reunion Meeting.

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

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

H C H S

OUR HOME LIFE -- 1914 - 1976

by Joe Davidson

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The big high school did away with the numerous township small schools. They train for college and University and prepare for jobs. Teachers of yesteryear who considered \$200 to \$300 big pay, are replaced today with beginning salaries of \$750 a month to \$1200 or better and Superintendents \$12000 to \$25000. In the larger towns of our county are any number of families living on \$10,000 to \$15,000 per year.

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

THE PLAINFIELD I REMEMBER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---By Lenora Hastings

H C H S

MYSTERY WAS NEVER SOLVED

By Zona Walker

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

H C H S

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

HISTORY OF TILDEN, INDIANA

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

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

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

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

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

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

H C H S

CHAUTAQUA:

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

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

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

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

H C H S

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

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

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

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