

# HENDRICKS COUNTY

## HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME XI NUMBER I

February 1980

PUBLISHED BY

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

OFFICERS 1980

PRESIDENT

Mrs. Fred Worrell  
R. R. 3 Box 19  
Danville, IN 46122  
Tel. 745-4342

VICE PRESIDENT

Mr. Maynard Nolan  
R. R. 1  
North Salem, IN 46165  
Tel. 676-6901

SECRETARY

Mrs. Clarence Bray  
R. R. 1  
Pittsboro, IN 46167  
Tel. 892-4344

TREASURER

Mrs. Blanche Wean  
249 S. Wayne St.  
Danville, IN 46122  
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 N  
Danville, IN 46122  
Tel. 745-4055

GENEALOGISTS

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

Mrs. Roy 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

ANNUAL DUES \$3.00 PAYABLE IN NOVEMBER

H C H S

The Hendricks County Historical Bulletin is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. It is distributed without charge to members of the Society and to Hendricks County School Libraries. Individual copies \$1.00. Communications concerning back copies or individual copies should be addressed to our secretary. Contributions or suggestions to The Bulletin should be mailed to the editor.

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

H C H S

WINTER

The half-moon looks shrunken with cold. Ice booms. Wind nips the nose. But in the frozen depths

is

the promise of new life.

Hal Borland

HC HS HC HS HC HS HC HS HC HS

GREETINGS FROM OUR PRESIDENT!

Hello 1980! Isn't it exciting to think that we stand at the threshold of a new year and a new decade. Each year seems to hold so many new things and so many new ways to cope with new problems. Although this is a historical society and we usually think of history as something that happened long ago did you ever think that more great things have happened in our own life time than had taken place in all of history before? We are making history every day and this is leap-year with one extra day to make each day count. I hope you will have a good year, but don't forget to remember those who have lived, loved our country, loved us and have made this land the great country we love. Let us live to pass it on to others as great as we found it.

Marion Worrell, President

HC HS HC HS HC HS HC HS HC HS

The Program Committee met with our president, Marian Worrell and planned the following interesting programs for 1980. Please save this for future reference.

The committee consisted of Mr. Maynard Nolan, chairman, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Templin, Mary Jeanette Winkleman and Frances Fisher.

Now we can all look forward to another good year.

#### HISTORICAL SOCIETY PROGRAMS FOR 1980

Feb. 10 - Danville Christian Church

Program: Special Music

Ghost Towns of Hendricks Co. - Ruth Pritchard

Display Table: Old Town pictures of Hendricks County.

Social Hour: Marion and Center Twp.

May 4 - Stilesville Christian Church

Program: Betty Lane

Display Table: Bring anything that you think would be interesting to others.

Social Hour: Liberty, Clay, Guilford & Franklin Twp.

August 10 - Pittsboro Christian Church

Program: Musical program with some very good local talent.

History of some Early American musical instruments:

Display table: Early American music, hymn books or instruments.

Social Hour: Eel River, Middle & Union Twp.

Nov. 4 - Corinth Church

Program: History of the Postal Service arranged by Harold Templin

Display Table: Stamp collections, old letters, old post cards or anything of interest relating to the delivery of mail.

Social Hour: Brown, Lincoln and Washington Twp.

H C H S

NOVEMBER MEETING

Our Society met November 4, 1979, in the Montclair Christian Church with 37 members present. President Randall Joseph called the meeting to order and introduced the Rev. Gillespie, pastor of the church who gave words of welcome and the invocation.

The usual business was transacted and much discussion was held concerning the continued sale of the history books. Mrs. Hosier discussed the Museum and the Open House planned for December 1 and 2 and 8 and 9 of December, complete with old fashioned Christmas decorations and a tree to reach the ceiling and refreshments for guests. Mr. Hosier informed us that the Museum is now recognized as an educational and religious organization with contributions fully deductible.

Mr. Leathers, a member of the church, read a short history of the church which had been prepared by Flossie Foster. Ruth Pritchard expressed concern for the church and gave encouragement for continuing to work at keeping up the interest in the congregation.

President Joseph thanked all who helped to make his year as president a successful one and then introduced Maynard Noland, program chairman. Mr. Noland gave an interesting and well researched talk on the important days in our national history that stand out in the month of November. A social hour followed with the ladies of Center and Middle Townships acting as hostesses.

H C H S

IN MEMORIAM

Our Society joined throngs of friends in mourning the death of one of our most beloved members. Roy Fisher, a charter member, and who, with Frances...these two...were the moving force in 1967 when the Hendricks County Historical Society was organized, passed away December 13, 1979. They have undoubtedly done more to get this group going and to inspire the rest of us to keep it the growing, active and vital organization it is than any one else. Words cannot begin to express our deep feelings for them.

Roy and Frances were a team. They have been joined for more than half a century in a great mutual love, respect, trust and a deep, abiding faith that was reflected in every thing they said or did. Those of us who have known and loved them, and have been loved in return, have been exceedingly blest. We grieve over Roy's passing, but we know there must be great rejoicing in Heaven.

And the Voice of Experience tells me that with Frances Fisher's deep, vibrant faith and inner strength, supported by the love and prayers of her family and

countless friends, she will emerge with her old vitality and beautiful spirit ready to carry on as Roy would have wanted her to.

That is our prayer for her.

H C H S

QUERY: Would like to correspond with anyone who can give me information about the Wilkins and Brumfield (also spelled Brownfield) families living in Hendricks County, in the Brownsburg area in 1850. Reuban Wilkins is listed in the 1850 Hendricks County Census, the son of John and Phebe Wilkins. He, nor his 7 brothers and sisters, are listed in the 1860 Census.

Florence Wilkins Cappon (Mrs. John A. Cappon)  
1611 Pierre St.  
Manhattan, Kansas, 66502

H C H S

DOOZERS DOO!!!!!!

\$3.00

1980 dues to the H C H S  
were due in November,  
1979. Did you slip up?

Bargains are rare!  
This is one!

H C H S

#### MUSEUM MUSINGS

We had approximately one hundred visitors at "Christmas at the Museum" open house. The museum was gaily decorated in keeping with yesteryear. The tree, home grown, a real cedar, was cut, hauled in by our own Dorothy Kelley. Mary Ann Moore helped her get it into the museum and set up. Some were heard to say: "It touches the ceiling!" The answer came back: "That's the way they all used to do and maybe bend over a little at the top." Even some of the young adults find it hard to imagine decorations without electrically lighted bulbs. We had long commented on Dorothy Kelley's Spiced Cider and how we hadn't lived until we tasted it. Some looked at us as though we didn't know much, but they are believers now. It went well with the cookies!

We surely have spooks at the museum! Why? Articles find their way into the museum but no identification! We found things in the mailbox and now we are in possession of a right nice glass mail box. None of them will talk. Well, maybe not, but the glass mailbox got squealed on the other day when one of the ladies in the welfare department said they found it when they were preparing to move to their new quarters in the annex east of town. It had belonged to the jail residence. It was at home all the time, and having a good time laughing at the rest of us going around in circles!

We have received lots of articles over the months. Some included lots of books, some dating back to the early 1860's others are newer. Stored in the basement is a one-horse wheat drill. There was a series of twelve pictures done in oils depicting the life of Christ. From one collection came some children's clothing, a large black pongee shawl, a black silk dress lined in brown, and quite a collection of bonnets. One was black silk over stiffening, one was black straw, another was grey silk with cream lining, and still another was a sunbonnet of print with button trim.

We are still looking for people who can help identify our Central Normal pictures.

Jewell Bell

H C H S

### SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Have you found a bargain recently? Or is there such a thing anymore? When you go to the grocery store, the doctor's office or to the drug store to get a prescription filled, it is frightening to realize how costs rise from month to month ... indeed from week to week. So a bargain is almost a thing of the past.

Which brings me to the next question. What can you buy for \$3.00? Not enough meat for a family of four, not a pair of shoes, not even a pair of good work gloves. \$3.00 will buy very little at the market place.

Yet consider what \$3.00 invested in the H C H S means. It means four interesting meetings a year; it means delightful social hours with delicious refreshments and visiting and discussing things of mutual interest. It means informative talks and programs. It also means four Bulletins containing a lot of goodies of interest to history minded folk.

Did you ever stop to think how this all comes about? Did you ever wonder how many hours your president and the committees spend getting this all together? Do you appreciate how much effort goes into selecting a place for the meetings, planning the programs and preparing them? Those delicious refreshments don't just happen. Ladies bake them, fix the punch or coffee, prepare a pretty tea table, buy cups and plates and clean up afterwards.

Do you wonder how a Bulletin comes about? Do you think of the hours and hours that are spent in researching and writing the articles that are submitted to the editor? Do you have any idea of how long it takes to organize the Bulletin in the hope that it will be a publication worthy of this organization? And you really don't know what hard labor goes into assembling the Bulletin, addressing envelopes, filling them, sorting them according to postal regulations and binding the bundles with twine also according to postal regulations.

It all takes work, work and more work ... and all of it volunteer. We don't have a paid member of our staff.

Maybe we are all a little bit nutty, but it is a labor of love. Sometimes we all ask ourselves why we continue to do it year after year. Does any one really care?

But we think YOU CARE. And if you do, please take a few minutes of your time to send your \$3.00 dues to Mrs. Clarence Bray, R. R. 1, Pittsboro, IN 46167.

ONE BARGAIN IS STILL AVAILABLE!!!!!!!!!!!!

H C H S

These interesting old letters were handed me by Ruth Pritchard with the explanation that Alice Clawson Franklin (Mrs. Lowell) is a daughter of Charles Clawson.

Letter #1

May 16 1898

Envelope post marked Clayton  
February 22 1898

" in care of the cook's helper on steam boat Queen City from Cincinnati to  
Memphis Tenn." - this written in lower left corner of envelope - addressed to  
Charles Parry Clawson Cincinnati Ohio

Envelope is marked in Pencil "Try Public Landing"  
Marked on back "unclaimed on Str. Queen City."

Clayton Indiana May 16 1898

Dear Charlie,

Eugene received your letter and sent it to me last week. We were all glad to hear from you. I was getting uneasy for fear you would not write, and maybe you would be called to go to Cuba and we might never hear from you again. You ought to think of these things and not neglect to and your letters might be the means of securing you a pension some time if you had no other proof that you was a soldier. Eugene just started home from here. Him and Willie Harvey Aunt Ann's boy was here for dinner. He stayed all night at Eugene's and Eugene brought him out this morning. Willie came out on an Excursion to some kind of a meeting of the Odd Fellows He was a delegeate to the Grand lodge I think is what he said. He went to the lodge with Eugene at Clayton last night. I wish you belonged to the order of Masons it would be such a great help to you if you should happen to be taken prisoner. So many of the foreigners belong to that order and if you could get a chance to go to Chatanooga I would be glad if you would become a member. It would cost you twenty Dollars to be initiated and if you have not got that much money I could send you some to help you out and after you are initiated it only costs about one Dollar and fifty cents a year for dues so Willie Harvey says. The Masons is the best order to belong to because nearly every man in the South and all foreigners belong to it, if they belong to any order. And they are Bound to help their Brothers if they are in distress. and I feel like it would be worth so much to you at this time and in the future also, if God should spare your life. I seen in the News that your Regiment arrived at an early hour on Monday morning the 16th May. We know when you are called to move every time. Well I guess maybe you have seen the Boys from here by this time. Jim Bolen and his brother Sigel and Rome Phillips that is the butcher's boy and Ora Lowry. The Bolen Boys are in Co. "K" or "H" of the one hundred and fifty-eighth (158th) Regiment - Inf. Lee Reed is in Battery "A" of Indianapolis, a Private. You will possibly see them all if you look a little for them. Doc Seaton is getting up a company of 115 for the next call. His boys backed out the first call Doc is going too if his boys go the next call. Eugene says old man Bolen is nearly killed about his boys going. He goes about studying and troubled all the time I tell you this is awful to the parents. We all know what a hard time you soldiers see We know you are not having a picnic but Eugene imagines that you don't see anything but fun, but that kind of fun gets old, but I hope you will make the best of it and do as an old soldier told me at Aunt Lizzie's. he says the only way a soldier can ever expect to live through a war is to look out for himself at all times - to look out for your safety as much as possible and above all to look out for your health Study what is best for your self I can't tell you anything only to Pray and do not be wicked try to live right and God will bring you safely through Charlie you don't know how soon you may be called to go to Cuba and face the enemy in battle so be prepared and don't wait until the last moment to pray for God to keep you from harm

(Along margin is written) Pray to God and trust Him He can bring you safely through.

Charlie let Whiskey alone and don't disgrace your self

I saw 3 captains in Columbus full as ticks that day. They was all together too.

How many poor boys will loose their lives on account of their officers drinking Whiskey

Letter #2

Lytlo, Georgia  
May 30, 1898

Dear Parents

I would have liked to write to you sooner but I have had (no) money to buy the material and I have been favored so much by the boys that I dislike to ask them. I have to beg the stamp for this (letter) The State hasn't paid us yet but we are expecting it now We are going to Tampa Florida to night or to morrow. that is the reason I write. We are on a great Battle Field here and have enjoyed it very much We have been on Missionary Ridge and Snodgrass Hill and at Bloody Pond at the foot of the hill where the soldiers drug themselves to get a drink after they were wounded. There is a monument about 100 yds Southeast of Our Camp that marks the place where the 93rd Ohio Lieut - Col. Wood drew up in line. I found it Last Sunday after I got your Letter. There has something strange happened and I bet you can't guess what it is Eugene's Mules belong to our Regiment, Dick and Sam. I was on guard last Friday at the mule corral and I noticed (and) that looked like Sam and I went up and looked good at him and was standing on the other side of the rope they were tied to. I told the next to watch my side and I untied dick and led him off to see if he was lame and sure enough it was him. I to (ld) one of the mule Bosses to take good care of them and told him the circumstances and he said "you Bet - they would get plenty to eat. he is from our company. So if Eugene can't be here his mules are in the service. Lee Reid is just across the Road from us we visit almost daily Jim Bolen and Sigel and Phillips Orie Lowry and Frank Howel's Boy are about a mile and a half from us I scouted about 5 hours for them through the woods last Sunday and finally found them about 7 o'clock and stayed about a minute and had to run about a mile to get back to our camp in t (ime) for taps (which means roll call and lights out if I had been one minute late I would have went to the guard house for the night. Jim Bolen is sick of the army The others seem to be satisfied Sigel gave (me) the Hendricks Co. Republican and I got a chance to read the news from home The boys are all worked up for we are afraid we will have to go to night and the (at) means a 7 mile march with 58 (lbs) # on our backs today is decoration day I help to dig a cellar until the Col came around and stopped us and we would never use it So I went and washed my pants and let them dry on me while I set in the sun. We all got Lousy and we have to take a bath in the Chickamauga river every other day - a three mile walk but I am getting used to walking

Yours, Chas Clawson.

The day we got here we walked three miles after sleeping in train in up-right



seats all night and our wagons got into camp at three o'clock in the afternoon and we got our breakfast at four. We had a review the other day - 3 divisions - 8 thousand men - that was a sight to see.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

This is another selection from Clara Reitzel's collection of memories which she assembled for her family, but was persuaded to share with us. Her book is appropriately titled ROSES IN DECEMBER and contains many charming vignettes.

#### CENTER VALLEY CHURCH

I remember going to church here as a little girl. This was the church of which my great-grandmother Dorcas Barker Richardson was a charter member. It was organized in 1832.

I will try to tell you something of the services of the Primitive Baptist Church as I remember them as a child five to ten years old. They held services on Saturday and Sunday, once a month, usually on Saturday afternoon and night and Sunday morning. We drove a horse and buggy three and a half miles to church, took us thirty to forty minutes. To a country child, used to being bare-footed in summer, and always a tomboy following two older brothers, it was an ordeal to have to wear shoes and stockings and have to sit still. The services always were at least two hours long and often longer. The congregation did not believe in musical instruments so someone would have a tuning fork and tap it, hold it up to his ear to get the pitch, then hum the scale to get the right note to start the song. The first hymn book that I remember had shaped notes. (I have a hymn book of my Grandmother Richardson's that has just the words, no music.) No matter in what key a song was written, a round note was always "do", a triangular one "mi", and a square one was "sol". (I do not know if these were the notes that those shapes really stood for, but that is the idea. Those people loved to sing and they had real harmony. We still use some of those songs they loved: Jesus Lover of my Soul, Close to Thee, Shall We Gather At the River, Down at the Cross, Blest Be the Tie That Binds, God Be With You Till We Meet Again. (My father had a good bass voice and I can remember the older brothers and sisters gathering around the organ at home, singing.)

The church building had opaque white glass windows, and was heated by two stoves, one on each side of the church. The pews were modern oak with shaped backs and really comfortable. The men of the church had made them to fit the spaces where they were used - short ones around the stoves - some only held two or three people, and in a couple of places they were built to fit around a corner.

Back to the services: after the song service and prayer on Saturdays was a business meeting, then the sermon, which was from an hour and a half to two hours long. Some of the older ministers had sort of a sing-song delivery, connecting every few words with ah or an a-a-ah. I have only two or three distinct memories. There was always a standtable with a glass and a pitcher of water for the preacher. One time the minister called for anyone in the congregation to choose a song, and Dad called for them to sing "I Know that my Redeemer Lives". It was always one of his favorite songs and was sung at his funeral by some of the members of the church.

My other memory: sitting there listening to the sermon which I didn't understand. I was about five at the time. It was a warm sunny afternoon, the windows were open and I was drowsy. Close by the church was a house and someone kept pumping water and the pump would squeak. They needed lots of water for the squeaking kept up most of the time. Only later, when we were home did I learn that the squeaky pump was really squacking guineas.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

### THE OLD TRAIN WRECK

(A historical poem written by Roscoe L. Edwards, deceased, depicting the wreck of a train on the Vandalia railroad Jan. 18, 1918, when cars of a train split a switch and five cars of crude oil and ten cars of gasoline were consumed by fire.)

One cold evening in the winter  
When the snow was on the ground  
And the clouds were thick and heavy  
With the snowflakes flying around.

In the good old town of Amo  
With the railroad running through  
There came a heavy freight train  
Carrying oil tanks not a few.

There was something wrong that evening;  
Some say it was at the switch  
For before that train was halted  
There were eight tank cars in the ditch.

Then a wild bareheaded brakeman  
Came running up the street  
Warning folks to flee to safety  
If they thought this life was sweet.

He didn't have to argue,  
He didn't even have to shout  
For the folks began to migrate  
As the news was whispered out.

Now they went to groups and bunches  
Everyone in deep suspense  
Expecting every minute  
Great explosions to commence.

Leaving homes and dear possessions  
Not a tie would seem to check  
When life seemed to be in danger  
And our homes seemed doomed to wreck.

Silently they marched out northward,  
Big and little, young and old;  
Some too small to walk were carried  
By the young men strong and bold.

Some of the more sane and cautious  
Far into the country went  
And with some dear friend or neighbor  
The evening and night was spent.

(Cont.)

## The Old Train Wreck

(Cont)

One old lady who went farthest  
Said she didn't run at all,  
But passed several of her neighbors,  
There names she did not recall.

But after noon the next day,  
With everyone back at home,  
A Heavenly peace and happiness  
Seemed to our town to come.

For we had our scare for nothing;  
Not a rumble, not a jar;  
That oil went up in flame and smoke  
And left us all without a scar.

And we surely get a lesson  
As these facts we ponder o'er.  
How we huddle up together  
When distress comes to our door.

H C H S

HISTORY BOOK ACCOUNT

OVES MEMBERS -

Dr. Thomas Clark of Lexington Kentucky has commented on the Hendricks County History most favorably. He states "for a local history of this kind it only takes a single generation for a book to go from being available to being rare and unobtainable.

Because 30 people and institutions of Hendricks County believed this was true of The Hendricks County History and Index, they made either loans, or donations or purchased book to relieve the Hendricks County Historical Society from paying interest on the loan which had been made by the banks of Hendricks County in 1977 for \$17,000.

Those who made loans included Ed and Mary Jeanette Winkelman, Clark and Carolyn Kellum, Dorothy Kelley, C. Rawleigh and Margaret Baker, Audrey Martin, Mildred Smith, Roy and Frances Fisher, Edgar Parker, Ruth Dinsmore, Jack and Ida Mae Miller, Ondah Evans, H. E. Ayres, Inc., Robert and Eloise Castetter, George A. Hadley, Ronald Alexander, Dr. David Hadley, C. R. Roark, Citizens Savings & Loan Assn., John A. Kendall, North Salem Bank and Esther Johnson.

Those who made donations include Ondah Evans, First National Bank of Plainfield, and Helen Daum.

The State Bank of Lizton, The Danville State Bank, Gentry Norwood, First National Bank of Coatesville, Hobbs Nursery, Lincoln Federal Savings & Loan Assn and the First National Bank of Danville purchased books to be used.

As other books are sold the amounts loaned will be repaid. There are approximately 950 books still available.

*Indiana Collection*  
PLAINFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARY  
PLAINFIELD, INDIANA