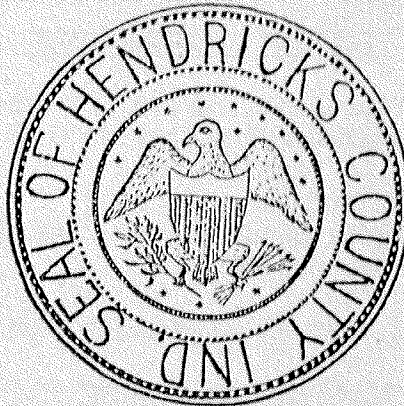


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HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME XXI NUMBER I

FEBRUARY 1990

PUBLISHED BY

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

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Libbe K. Hughes, Editor
85 Cartersburg Road
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4833

"The memories of men are too frail a thread to hang
history from."

-- John Still

Just a reminder that if you missed paying your dues in November, you need to do so now. If you're uncertain as to your membership status, just check with Jewell Bell at the next meeting. Best wishes for a speedy recovery to our new president, Judy Pingel, who is recovering from a bout of pneumonia and a recent hospital stay.

Special thanks to Jewell Bell and Betty Bartley for their assistance in getting this issue of the BULLETIN 'off the ground'.

Libbe



NOVEMBER MEETING

The Hendricks County Historical Society met on Sunday, November 5, 1989 at 2 p.m. in the Brownsburg Public Library with approximately 40 attending.

Meeting was opened by our vice president Judy Pingel. She called a special meeting for Sunday, December 10, 1989 in the Circuit Court Room to introduce the book, "Landmark Survey of Hendricks County".

The Secretary's report was read and approved as read. The Treasurer's report was given and accepted. There was a discussion of a Certificate of Deposit that had matured. It was agreed to reinvest in another Certificate of Deposit. The Museum report was given by Dorothy Kelley. She told of visitors to the museum, and the many school pupils attending. She told of upcoming plans for the annual "Christmas at the Museum". Judge Boles told of school pupils visiting his court room and telling him about the museum. The new Hendricks County flag was discussed. Judge Boles was presented a gift in appreciation of his work as president of the historical society.

The nominating committee's report of new officers for the year 1990 was:

President---Judy Pingel
Vice-president---Betty Bartley
Secretary---Jewell Bell
Treasurer---Blanche Wean
Historian---Grace Cox

Our new president, Judy Pingel, brought up the subject of raising the price of our 1976 history book from \$25 sometime after Christmas. It was moved to wait until after March 1, 1990, then charge at least \$35 for the book and index. The motion carried.

Judge Boles introduced John Newman, who spoke on Court Records (Genealogy in court records). He gave dates in (Ind.) evolution of the court system. It would tell what life was like in any given year. We were urged to use all kinds of court records to find the original document. A question and answer period followed his talk.

Louise Broyles reminded us that Frances Fisher's birthday will be on November 11, '89. She would appreciate hearing from home folks.

Meeting adjourned. Refreshments were served by Lincoln township ladies.

Judy Pingel, pres.
Jewell Bell, sec'y.

FEBRUARY MEETING

The next meeting of the HCHS will be held in the Circuit Court Room of the Hendricks County Court House on Sunday, February 4, 1990 at 2:00 p.m. The program on "Ghost Towns of Hendricks County" will be presented by Bob Boyd, principal, and 4th grade social studies students from Danville South Elementary. We've put in a request for good weather and hope to see you there.

1990 PROGRAMS

February 4, 1990 - 2 p.m.

Place: Circuit Court Room, Hendricks County Court House

Topic: "Ghost Towns of Hendricks County: a Study"

Speakers: Bob Boyd, principal, & 4th Grade social studies students
from Danville South Elementary

May 6, 1990 - 2 p.m.

Place: Plainfield Public Library

Topic: "The Language of the Stones: Symbolism in tombstone carvings"

Speaker: Betty Jo Bartley

August 5, 1990 - 2 p.m.

Place: Pittsboro Christian Church

Topic: "A General Perspective of the Civil War: National, State, and Local"

Speaker: Bill Compton, U.S. history teacher at Tri-West

November 4, 1990 - 2 p.m.

Place: Brownsburg Public Library

Topic: "Way Back When: Surveying Hendricks County"

Speaker: Stanley M. Shartle

MUSINGS AT THE MUSEUM

"Christmas at the Museum" Open House was held on the weekends of Dec. 9-10, 16-17. In spite of terribly cold weather there was a good turnout. The decorating of the house was again done by Duane Martin of Martin's Greenhouse of North Salem. Thanks, Duane, for a super job! Another super job was the trimming of the tree by Nancy Moore's girl scout troop. Thanks, Nancy and girls! The refreshments of hot cider punch and cookies really hit the spot on such cold weather.

Jewell

THE JAIL CELLS

This part of the museum has a magnetic pull on lots of children, especially the boys.

We go down about 6 steps through the door at the end of the hall. In the ante-room outside the cells we notice handcuffs on a long chain hanging on the north wall. Right above the door to a jail cell is a picture painted by a prisoner. Between the doors sits a safe which had made many moves before it was brought to the museum. On top of the safe sits an enormous earthenware jug. Would it hold 5 gallons? Could be, it's pretty big. Along the south wall we'll notice the Indian artifacts. There are arrows, costumes and many other articles, including a basket made of armadillo hide. The tail serves as a handle. There are framed arrow-heads too. Here is a stage-coach truck made of buffalo hide. It looks like it had seen some rough handling.

Everything on this east wall shows the life of a Hendricks County gentleman who made his name in the Northwest as a newspaper man. He befriended a tribe of Indians who in gratitude of his help, adopted him as their own. He is buried in an Indian burial ground in the mountains nearly inaccessible. The composite tells a great deal of his life. The books and other items belonged to him. In fact, he wrote the books and did the sculpture work.

Now, we're going in to see the part you came for: The jail cells. We'll go through this north door to the mens' section. Just to look at those barred doors gives us chills, doesn't it? You'll notice the doors are made to lock, and there's a slot just big enough to slip maybe a plate through. We will notice that all the doors are made this way. Some of the cells are double. The cots there don't look too comfortable. Down at the end of the corridor is a shower room, still all bars! Overhead of the whole business is iron grating. That would discourage any ideas of trying to escape. Did you notice the locks used here? The keys had to be enormous. The women's section was built later. Let's go in this next door and see them. We don't notice so very much difference in the two rooms. The set-up is very much the same but, but everyone wonders what that little cell was for that we saw inside the entrance door. It's really dark in there, isn't it?

The whole thing says, "Better behave or you could get a taste of this somewhere else!

We might mention that the mens' section was built at the same time the rest of the building was built, in 1866.

Jewell

"SHARING MEMORIES"

We have all enjoyed those times when we gather with friends and "remember when". We invite the members of the Hendricks County Historical Society to share their memories of past times with us in this new feature of the Bulletin.

All it takes is a pen and paper and a few moments of your time. Just write down your recollections about either (or both) of the topics listed below. Write a few lines, a couple of paragraphs, or a page or two--what ever you feel like. Mail your papers to: HCHS - "Sharing Memories", P. O. Box 128, Danville, Indiana 46122, or give it to one of the officers at the next meeting. You can sign your name or remain anonymous. The letters will be collected and published in upcoming issues of the Bulletin.

Please take the time to share your memories with us!

TOPICS

1. My most vivid memory of the war years.

2. County Tourney Time

(Bonus question: Can you name all the county basketball teams past and present and their team nicknames?)

Special thanks to Mary Ann Moore, Brownsburg, for the following contribution. For those readers who attended Central Normal College or lived in Danville during its existence, this article may prompt some memories.

CNC in 1915

The memories of Lola Faye Brown Nelson as told to her neighbor, Mary Ann Moore, Brownsburg.

"When I was in High School we had an art teacher who came in once a week. I sketched an apple tree, during my senior year, and when she saw it she said 'Faye don't you ever waste the talent you have. Go on to school, keep it up'."

"I graduated from Mace High School in the spring of 1915. Dad gave me \$75. Four of us classmates left in a few days for Danville and CNC summer session. The route was roundabout since Mace is close to Crawfordsville and we took the interurban to Indianapolis and another back west to Danville."

"Three of us shared a room across the street from the college. The rent was one dollar a week. We had to go out for our meals and the boarding house charged 25¢ per meal. "

"Most of the students were so poor that it didn't make any difference. We were all in the same boat. If we had one Sunday dress and a change of underclothes we considered ourselves lucky."

"The second week we were at school we heard there were some Indians downtown. Well, we all had to go see. The girls marched down one side of the street with the boys on the other. One guy was lifted up onto the shoulders of a couple others. He shielded his eyes with his hand and peered up ahead. When his friends asked him if he saw any Indians he quickly replied, 'No, I don't see any Indians but I do see the girl I'm going to marry'."

"He was James C. Nelson from Vevay, Indiana. His sister roomed in a house close by. She introduced us and I remember our first date was a musical held in a tent."

"That December he visited in Mace and brought me a diamond ring. We were married the following June and moved to the farm in Vevay. J. C. had a teaching job there but he had to help get in the crops so I filled in as a substitute teacher."

"That next summer found us back at CNC for more training. I worked two hours at a time, in the school library, for the fabulous wage of 50¢ an hour."

"When Psi Chi Sorority lost their housemother I was allowed to fill that position because I was a married woman, although so young. We lived there for two years. I can't forget - down through the grape arbor with the slop jar."

"Later we both taught at New Richmond. The salary was \$80 a month for the 8 months. I taught 3rd grade and J.C. was coach."

"I received my A.B. degree from CNC in 1941. Night classes at Butler finished my extra training. Altogether I taught school for 31 years; 23 in the Ben Davis school system. The first three in the 3rd grade and then went to the High School art department. In 1961 it was retirement for us in Florida."

At 93, Faye still paints. She loves crafts and is active in sorority, church and Extension Homemakers.

MARRIAGE TRANSCRIPTS

Donald H. McGuire of the Morgan County History & Genealogy Club has provided the BULLETIN with a list of names from the Morgan County Marriage Transcripts 1900-1905 that had probable Hendricks County connections. These people gave either their residence or place of birth as Hendricks County though the marriage license was issued from Morgan County. These transcripts include such information as the person's age, residence, occupation, birthplace, and parents' names.

If you would like further information for any of the names on this list, forward your request with a #10 stamped, self-addressed envelope to Donald H. McGuire, Treasurer, Morgan County History & Genealogy Club, 20 Victor Drive, Mooresville, IN 46158. Please note that requests sent without the SASE will not be answered.

Time Period of Marriage 1900-1902

Name	Name	Name
ALLRED, LULA	ATKINSON, ISAAC J.	BARKER, CHARLIE
BORKES, JOHN H.	CHRISPY, SARAH	COOPER, ADDIE M.
HUTCHONS, WALTER	JOHNSON, C. FRED	JOHNSON, SNIDER M.
LOONEY, JOHN L.	McAWAY, ALVA O.	McCRARY, ROB'T. F.
PORTIS, AVIS M.	SHEPHERD, OTTO R.	SHEPHERD, WM. L.
SMITH, STELLA	SOOTS, WILLIAM	STAFFORD, PHILLIP
TAYLOR, HENRY	UTTERBACH, GERGIA	UTTERBACH, RALPH O.
WALLACE, MANDIA	WATERS, OTIS F.	WELLS, EFFIE
WEST, OSCAR H.	WINSTED, JAMES O.	WOLF, ELELIU

Time Period of Marriages 1903-1905

BROWN, GEO.	BRYANT, ADA MAY	CARTER, OLLIE M.
COOPER, FRANK L.	CRONE, LEROY	HALL, JOHN M.
HAMMOND, MATTIE	HICKS, EDGAR C.	JOHNSON, CLAUDE
JONES, JAMES	KEITH, BESSIE	KENSEY, WALTER S.
KIRTLEY, OTIS	McCOLLUM, LUORNA	MOORE, ALICE D.
RANDALL, EDWARD	RUSHTON, ARTHUR H.	SELLERS, SAMUEL
SOOTS, EDWARD J.	STANLEY, GRACE	STEPHENSON, BETTIE F.
TOWNSEND, RALPH	VANDIVER, BESSIE	

PUBLICATIONS LIST

HISTORY OF HENDRICKS COUNTY 1914-1976

Edited by John R. McDowell

---a collection of historical material and biographical profiles written by the people of Hendricks County. Hardbound, 640 pages, illustrated.

PRICE: \$25.00

INDEX TO HISTORY OF HENDRICKS COUNTY, 1914-1976.

Softbound, 62 pages.

PRICE: \$4.00

* * *

INTERIM REPORT: HISTORIC SITES & STRUCTURES SURVEY OF HENDRICKS COUNTY

Historic Landmarks Foundation of Indiana, 1989

Softbound, 144 pages, illustrated.

---Listing of all pre-1940 structures of historical and architectural significance, along with brief histories of the county, townships and towns.

PRICE: \$12.50

* * *

PRAIRIE FARMER'S DIRECTORY OF HENDRICKS COUNTY, 1920

---Includes directories of farmers, breeders, automobile and tractor owners of the county, along with other valuable and interesting information. REPRINTED 1985.

Softbound, 230 pages.

PRICE: \$14.00 for members, \$18.00 for nonmembers

* * *

HONORING OUR HERITAGE IN HENDRICKS by Ruth Mitchell Pritchard. 1974

Softbound, 43 pages, illustrated

---The stories behind the drawings on the Hendricks County Ancestor-Descendant Certificates issued during the Sesquicentennial.

PRICE: \$ 3.00

* * *

HENDRICKS COUNTY FLAGS: 1st Edition, numbered, with certificate of authenticity. \$25.00 for members, \$30.00 for nonmembers.

HENDRICKS COUNTY SESQUICENTENNIAL PLATES: \$5.00 (With purchase of any two items above, receive a free plate)

NOTICE OF PRICE INCREASE

AS OF MARCH 1, 1990, THE FOLLOWING ITEMS WILL INCREASE IN PRICE:

HISTORY OF HENDRICKS COUNTY, 1914-1976 ---\$35.00

INDEX --- \$6.00

PRICE FOR HISTORY & INDEX: \$40.00

PRAIRIE FARMER'S DIRECTORY ---\$18.00

HENDRICKS COUNTY FLAGS ---\$30.00

With the price increase scheduled for the near future, the time to buy is now!! These items may be purchased at the museum, contact any officer at the next meeting, or write to the HCHS at PO Box 128, Danville, Indiana 46122 for further details.

The following article comes to the BULLETIN in a rather round about way. These reminiscences were penned by area resident Ben Jones in 1988. Long-time Danville resident Charles G. Miles, a near relative of Dr. Irons, passed along a copy to Roy Walter of Danville who in turn shared these stories with the BULLETIN.

THE HORSE DOCTOR

This is what I know of the story of Dr. Thomas Edward Irons, D.V.M., born in Cartersburg, Indiana in June 1875 and died in 1968. He was the son of Wm. W. Irons and Mary Irons. He was a quiet farm boy who loved all farm animals, especially dogs and horses. He was a reader of western writers like Max Brand and Jack London. He watched the sunsets and breathed the western winds knowing that some day he'd follow the sunsets and breath the western winds where they were born.

In the spring of 1884, just before he was 19 years old, he caught a west-bound freight out of Indianapolis. It could have been one of the big 4 lines or the B & O. He was six foot tall and weighed 170 pounds. He was a handsome, dark, crew cut, square chinned, fighting machine (if anyone wanted to find out) with a bundle on his back with a spare shirt, one pair of socks, a spare under-shirt and drawers, soap, a straight razor and strap, comb, and a paperback western. In his pocket he had a bar-low knife, a spare bandanna, a billfold with a girl's picture, and \$10.00. Where he ran into Ringland Brothers Barnam and Bailey Circus, we don't know, maybe St. Louis, Kansas City, or Omaha. We can be sure the first place he'd go was the horse tent stables. The horses were beautiful. There he saw a stable boy mistreat a horse. He hadn't learned yet to control his temper. He knocked the man down. Before the man could yell, "Hey Rubel!" he'd explained to the boss what the man did to the horse.

"Do you want his job?"

"Yes."

He kicked the man up, gave him a slip of paper to take to the Pay Wagon, and told him to get off the lot. He had charge of ten horses. The man had buddies on the lot. He had to whip a couple of them before he was accepted. The crew could settle their own disputes, but when a sightseer or a ticket buyer got out of line, the rally cry was, "Hey Rubel!" He was ganged, beat up, and kicked off the lot. That evening after the last show started they started loading out. The animal cages went first, the horses next, except the wagon teams, and the kitchen went last. Then the train pulled out and headed for the next site. Tom Irons went with it. His horses had to be kept clean and ready for the ring or parade at all times. When on the lot they had to be blanketed after performance and well bedded on the train. He slept with his horses. He loved them, and they trusted him. There wasn't a hostler job in the show he couldn't have had. It was a hard, dangerous life. Everything had to work like a machine to tear down, load, move, and rebuild a small city two times in twenty-four hours. The first tent on the lot was the kitchen and dining tent.

The horses came next. It was a thrill on a morning of a new site -- teamsters cussing, the rhythm of the sledge crew driving stakes, the cry and moaning of caged animals, the trumpeting of the bulls (trained elephants). There weren't; any bull elephants in a circus, just trained females. After one week Tom Irons was one of the family. He could set down and eat with the bareback riders, the trapeze artist, the clowns, and even John Ringland himself with ease and be just Tom. He would have given his last dollar to someone in trouble. The circus was scheduled from the north or west to end up close to the winter quarter in Peru, Indiana or Sarasota, Florida. Most of the show people stayed in winter quarters. Tom exercised and trained horses. There were daily shows in Sarasota.

Tom Irons stayed with the circus two seasons. In the spring of 1886 he left the circus. He never said where from. I'd guess Texas for he'd signed on with a crew of hard riding cowboys to drive a herd of Longhorn cattle to a railhead in Kansas. You think that circus life was hard. It was play compared to what that cattle drive was like. They swam the Red River, fought Indians in the territory, and fought rustlers all the way. They were either wet, cold, or sun scorched all the way. Then I knew why a cowboy went wild when the last steer was loaded and had his money to spend, hard fisted and short tempered. For the next ten years Tom Irons was a range rider from Texas to Montana. He'd punched cows, rode outlaw horses, been snowed in in line camps, and had rode the grub trail. He'd drank and brawled with the toughest. He'd seen some west badmen in action. He woke up one Sunday morning in a dirty little cow town in a dirty little hotel in a buggy bed with skinned knuckles and a skinned head, a stomach full of nails, vinegar, and rye water and a conscience. He promised the Lord, "Make my stomach be still and easy, and I'll be a sober, God fearing man from now on." All he had was a cow pony, a saddle, and a gun. He sold them and bought a ticket to Indianapolis, Indiana.

After becoming acquainted with the family again, he headed for the race track. There he met Slaughter Fletcher, son of the owner of the Fletcher National Banks and Laurel Hall with its stable of fine standard bred horses like Peter Volva, a trotter, and Miss Harris M., a pacer. He hired on and cleaned barns, exercised horses, and drove sulkies and buckboards. He did whatever had to be done at a racing stable and did it well. They thought he was wasting his talent and offered to put him through veterinarian college.

He graduated from Veterinary College of Indianapolis in 1910. Dr. Irons practiced two years with Dr. Wallace Cooper of Eminence, Indiana. Then he moved to Pittsboro, Indiana where he practiced for 53 years. There he married Mary Alice Sallee, daughter of the livery stable owner. To them was born a son, Billy Irons. Billy was a source of great help and satisfaction to him in his last days of practice. Billy died in July of 1988.

Dr. Irons was a great lover of horses, especially the standard breeds. He owned a beautiful Tennessee walking mare. When he got too old to care for her, he gave her free to a man he knew would treat her good. By now he'd administered to all the best standard breeds of his time; Greyhound, world's champion trotter; Rosaline, world's champion trotting mare; Single G., leading heat winner of all time; and Dan Patch, world's champion pacer for 33 years. He had treated Roy Rogers' horse, Trigger. He had treated Arthur Godfrey's horse, Goldie.

Paul Blake of Lizton, Indiana had a promising pacing colt named Dr. T. I. (after Dr. Irons). Doc and Paul had great hopes for Dr. T. I. but he went lame.

In 1956 a highly prized black colt by Tarr Heel named Gillian Hanover after winning 5-3 finish at the fox stake fell on the track. The owner/trainer wondered

how a healthy colt could drop dead. Dr. Irons came and after a ten minute examination said that it was a cerebral hemorrhage. He cut off his head and sent it to Purdue University. An autopsy proved Dr. Irons was right.

The Oscar Joseph family owned a valuable pony. She went down. Dr. Irons was called. He treated her for heartworms. He treated her for a period of time and made many trips to treat her without charge. The family gave her up as lost. Dr. Irons saved her. Then, she sold for \$1,000.

The State of Indiana awarded Dr. Irons a lifetime membership in the Indiana Veterinary Association.

He served twelve years as official veterinary at the Indiana State Fair.

As long as he practiced, when the big top came to Indianapolis, they wired Dr. Irons to be their guest to treat their animals and meet old friends.

Now, some first hand comments about a man I learned to trust with the health of my animals and one who I loved and respected as a friend. He was 70 years old when I first knew him in 1945. He was still straight, tall, and handsome. He was never in a rush or too busy to talk. He never tried to cover up with big medical words (that most farmers couldn't read) an ailment he didn't know. He just said so. He lost very few cases. He loved a good joke and he loved an animal that did funny or unusual things.

My little dog, Tippy, rode in the pickup everyplace I went. Once I wrecked the truck up on State Road 39. Tippy nor I were hurt. She walked home and for six months there was no way she would ride again. Irons thought that was funny. Then, Doc saw her in my truck.

"How did you get her confidence again?"

"I didn't. She rides with her toes crossed."

He liked that.

I went to White Water, Wisconsin to buy six Holstein cows at the farm of Gus Stelse. He said to come back at milking time. They were all lined up, maybe sixty, in a barn as clean as a home. Right away I saw this big solid white cow with long horns. (Usually, I don't care for solid white.) She was aware I was there. I said, "I'll take her if the price is right."

He said, "No. She's sold, that is if I'll take her horns off."

I picked five cows and said, "I'll take whitey, horns and all."

He said, "Okay. I don't like to dehorn on one this close."

"Tell me about her."

He said, "I bought her at a dispersal. She's an eighty pound cow coming with her second calf. She's no quitter because I dried her off myself, and she had milk fever."

Sure enough, she calved and went down with milk fever. I called Dr. Irons. He gave her an I.V. in the neck vein of whatever it was she'd used upon the calf and her last lactation. She came to but didn't get on her feet right away.

Doc went in the stall and moved the calf to her head. She jumped up and made a pass at him with her horns. He dodged her as nimble as when he was a cowboy. She had four more calves, and four times Dr. Irons came and treated her. Old Whitey never forgot him. When he's drive in the lot, if she wasn't tied, she'd take off. Doc liked that cow because she always knew him.

He said that the most dangerous thing on a cattle range is a mother cow with a newborn calf.

Doc had a friend who rode with him often, Bob Eldridge. Bob raised and trained border Collies at the State Fair. His dog could pen sheep in whatever pen or number he wanted them in. I said that he could never handle my crazy sheep like that. The next time Doc came, Bob was with him and a little white and black Collie. With just a whistle and signs he put my sheep in the shed. He said, "How do you want them brought out?"

It looked so easy. I said, "Doc, how come I can't teach my dog to come when I want her or to stop when I want her to?"

"Well, in the first place, you gotta be smarter than the dog."

Some people thought Doc was a little unfeeling. Not so. Once when he came, he said, "I had to do something as tough as anything I ever did. I was called to the _____ farm. I wondered why. Jim had been dead six months and her sale was last Saturday. When I got out of the car their old dog, Shep, met me. He was so happy he barked and cried like a puppy. He remembered me. She came to the door, drying her eyes. You know she said, 'That was the first time Shep has wagged his tail since Jim died. For fifty years we loved each other and this home. Old Shep has been our family for ten years. I hate to ask you, for he trusts you, but will you put him to sleep? Now I can't stay here. I can't take him with me. He can't stay here alone. He just searches the farm all day for Jim and cries nights. I can't stand it any more.'

I said, 'Come on Shep. Let's go to the barn.'

He bounded ahead. He was so sure I'd bring Jim back."

Doc never said any more. He just turned around and got in his car and drove away.

"To Be Continued"

INFORMATION PLEASE!

The Hendricks County Historical Society needs your help. In order to make our Society the best it can be, we need volunteers and ideas. If you can help, please complete the form below and return to HCHS, P. O. Box 128, Danville, Indiana 46122, or bring it to the February meeting.

* * *

I would be willing to serve HCHS:

- ___ on the program committee
- ___ on the refreshment committee
- ___ as a volunteer at the Hendricks County Museum
- ___ in another capacity: _____

NAME:

ADDRESS:

PHONE:

I would like to suggest a program on: _____

I would like to suggest _____ Phone: _____
as a speaker at a Society meeting.

I think the Society could be improved by:

I think the Bulletin could be improved by:

Any other comments:

