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HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN

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HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

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H C H S

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H C H S

I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, and all the friends I want to see. The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world.

John Burroughs

President's Message

"On the Border by the Sea"

Greetings,

This is a "Sunshine Special" from Brownsville, beautiful, balmy, and booming. It is a busy town by a sleepy lagoon. Really by a hundred of Lagoons called "resacas," ancient Rio Grande river beds, looping over themselves through the centuries and now are pleasant palm shaded lakes everywhere.

A variegated assortment of peoples about 75,000 call Brownsville "home". Thousands of others, "snow birds" as winter visitors call themselves, live here. Each month more than 2½ million, visitors, tourists, shoppers cross the International Bridge to or from Mexico; Matamoron, city of 225,000 sits just across the bridge.

The Gladys Porter Zoo, one of the ten great zoological refuges of the world and called because it favors endangered species - a modern "Noah's Ark."

An international park, on the banks of the Rio Grande developed like a Disney land has a friendly name - Amigoland. The construction company was from Indianapolis. The supervisor, of the building of the mall, was Mr. Robt. Zigler of Danville.

The lower Rio Grande river, for 60 miles vegetables and fruits fill the market baskets east, west and north.

The Port of Brownsville called the fastest growing and also the cleanest (America's). The harbor is at the end of a 21 mile channel, where we spend much time teasing the "finny tribe."

Progress is evident here that the schools and streets cannot keep up with growth.

The Historical Society has employed an advisor to study the restoration of some historic buildings and the environment. After all, seeing all the markers history was in the making in this area.

The Bi-centennial year has arrived. It is indeed, our good fortune to have the privilege to observe this historical event. The values we desire to pressure will perish without the constant attention of the loyal citizens of this nation. Why should we have a part in this observance? There is a need this year, 1976, for our people to engage in a serious exploration of some of the issues that are fundamental to our American society.

Eternal vigilance is the price we must pay for the preservation of our way of life.

Therefore, a free people must continually re-examine itself.

May peace, joy and love be yours for the New Year.

Your president,
James I. Shockley

H C H S

October 12th Meeting

Our last meeting of 1975 was held at the Avon Methodist Church, October 12th, with more than seventy members and guests attending. The Rev. James Shockley gave

a splendid talk on the subject "History Making Events of the 20th Century". Mrs. Dessie Huddleston, retiring president, handed the gavel over to the Rev. Shockley, and Mr. Jack Gambold, past president, installed the new officers in an impressive ceremony. Ladies of Washington, Clay and Union townships furnished refreshments for the social hour.

H C H S

1976 Schedule of Meetings

Undoubtedly, one of the reasons our attendance has been so good at our meetings is because we continue to have fine programs. If that is true, then the Bi-centennial Year should be a good one for our Society, for the program committee has come up with still another schedule of fine programs.

- | | |
|------------|--|
| January 11 | Danville Christian Church
Host: Center, Marion and Clay Townships
Social Chairman: Dorothy Templin
Program: Mary Jeanette Winkleman
Subject: "Who are We? National Growth in Population" |
| April 11 | Pittsboro Methodist Church
Host: Middle, Eel River and Union Townships
Social Chairman: Hazel Rains
Program: James Shockley
Subject: "What Happened to Free Enterprise?" |
| July 11 | Corinth Church
Host: Brown, Lincoln and Washington Townships
Social Chairman: Mary Elizabeth Bray
Program: Frances Fisher
Subject: "Birth and Growth of the Educational System" |
| October 10 | Cascade School
Host: Guilford, Franklin and Liberty Townships
Social Chairman: Ruth Pritchard
Program: Jack Gambold
Subject: "Birth and Growth of Labor Unions" |

H C H S

About The Seals

Some bulletins were lacking the seals on the cover the last issue, and we mentioned that we might discontinue the use of them to cut down on the cost. That was not a popular suggestion, however, and one loyal member, who prefers to remain nameless, offered to buy a year's supply. The Executive Committee decided the cost was not too great and voted to continue to use them. They were duly ordered, but were apparently lost in the Christmas shuffle, and at press time, had not arrived. But we will have seals!

H C H S

Welcome to the Fold!

We are happy to welcome the following new members to our Society: Mr. John Higbee, Mr. Ralph Parsons, Mr. Nobel Littell, Mrs. Hubert Little, Mrs. Evelyn Whitworth, and Mr. Paul Swisher.

H C H S

We wish to extend sympathy to Dr. and Mrs. Sherman Crayton in the December 8th loss of Lois's mother, Mrs. Elnora Shirley. For many years, Lois and Sherman had cared for Mrs. Shirley, who was 97 at the time of her death, and we know they will miss her sorely.

H C H S

RED LETTER DAYS

On December 3rd, 5th, and 7th, the Hendricks County Museum was opened, as a special effort to show the public what had been accomplished and what remained to be done. The 130 visitors who registered in the guest book were generous in their praise.

During the past year the Museum has been open periodically for the acquisition and cataloging of items either given or loaned. The building itself is perfectly adapted for use as a museum. Spacious rooms upstairs and downstairs offer ample space for future growth. Certain features of the building dating back to its construction in 1869 attract special attention: lofty ceilings, tall windows with shutters, a wide central hall with curving stairway, and a small room near the entrance which can be used as a gift shop and office. Its convenient location south of the square in Danville makes it easily accessible to visitors.

To Mrs. Rita Lieske, chairman of the Museum Board, and her committee goes the credit for the successful opening. The theme, "An Old Fashioned Christmas," was an attempt to provide a glimpse of Christmas as it was celebrated in the pioneer home.

The stairway was decorated with evergreen roping and red bows. In the parlor was a tall Christmas tree decorated by Dessie Huddleston and Ruth Funk with strands of popcorn, cranberries, and paper chains in the fashion of the pre-electric era. The blown glass birds in the tree were loaned by Mr. and Mrs. Scott Hosier. Beneath the tree were toys of yesterday--a red fire wagon and a doll with a china head. Furnishings in the room included a game table on loan by John Edwards, a sofa loaned by Jerry Chandler, and accessories by Mary Hunt Jones. Candles and a kerosene lamp lighted the room. Above the mantel hung a large authentic photograph of a dignified gentleman of the late 1890's. Special mention is made of the Piolian, a recent acquisition of the Museum. It was manufactured by Shute and Butler of Peru, Indiana, and acquired by Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Jones of Indianapolis in 1898. The Piolian operates like an organ but is in a piano-like case, according to the fashion of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, together with Vivian Dillon, visited the Museum on Sunday afternoon and were very much impressed.

In the kitchen were displayed many tools and accessories popular with the housewives of a generation ago. The big iron cookstove with its reservoir, warming closet, and large oven seemed very primitive in this electronic age, but brought fond memories of delicious food prepared and kept warm. A large cupboard on loan by Jerry Chandler held an exhibit of ironstone china. A unique meal chest loaned by John Edwards puzzled many of the visitors. At first glance it resembled a desk with small drawers at the top and a lid which could be lifted out and used as a doughboard. A bin which held flour on one side and meal on the other, could be slid conveniently back and forth. The tantalizing odor of gingerbread helped to make this room a special delight.

In the gift room a cabinet of weathered barn lumber provides ample storage space for the gift items which are still available: sesqui plates, mugs and ash trays, towels, the booklet "Honoring our Heritage".

The following members enjoyed being hosts and hostesses: Roy and Frances Fisher, Dorothy Kelley, Jewell Bell, Sharon Brock, Ruth Hall, Scott and Mildred Hosier and their granddaughter Becky.

Miss Merle Burns gave the guest book in which the visitors registered. Grateful acknowledgement is given to those who so generously loaned items: John Edwards, Danville; Dottie Basham Antiques, North Salem; Jerry Chandler, Stilesville; and Mary Hunt Jones.

Antique furniture, children's toys, old books, and miscellaneous articles reminiscent of pioneer life are needed for the Museum.

The Museum will be open Tuesday morning, January 13, from 9 to 12, to receive and list articles, either as gifts or loans. Mrs. Dorothy Kelley of Brownsburg is the new chairman of the board.

Frances Fisher

H C H S

The following is a letter written in 1889 by Adeline Fellerger while a student at Central Normal College. It was sent by her grand daughter, Sally Kindler, of Brownsburg, who wrote, "I thought you might like a copy of the enclosed material written by my grandmother while a student at Central Normal College. I was amused to notice how important food was to that generation of teen agers just as it is to our young people today. My grandmother married Horatio Brown in 1893 and they lived for many years on a farm between Clermont and Brownsburg. There are 2 surviving children, my mother, Blanche Brown Brown and Ruth Brown Good. There are several grandchildren living in this area." Thanks, Sally.

"A Picnic Dinner"

The fifteenth day of August eighteen hundred eighty nine, is a day which will always have a place in my memory.

The day was very sultry and everything seemed dull and stagnant.

A crowd of old as well as young folks had gathered at the "Old Settler's Ground" near Clermont, Indiana to hear the old settlers speak and to meet old friends and get acquainted with others.

No one could have enjoyed themselves better than the crowd of young folks who had made plans to have a grand picnic dinner and for a week the boys and girls of the crowd had been making preparations for the occasion. When Thursday came a merrier crowd was never seen as we were filling our baskets with the well prepared things.

About eight oclock we started for the grounds and after about an hours drive the place was reached.

The forenoon passed very slowly, but after a long time of waiting the morning exercises were closed and the audience adjourned to eat their dinners.

It did not take us long to find our buggies and a cool, shady and grassy place to spread our dinners. While the girls were busy spreading the dinner the boys started off to find water, when they came back they not only had found nice ice water but had brought a nice lot of grapes and melons.

After a short time the dinner was ready; but the next thing to find was chairs. These were very difficult to find and as we were all very hungry we did not wait for some to be made; so we seated ourselves on the grass and began to eat.

We were not a very bashful crowd and we had a very enjoyable dinner.

The dinner consisted of bread, butter, chickens, pork, beef, celery and fruits of all kinds and O, to think of those delicious plums make me wish that we could have picnic dinners every day, especially while I stay in Danville.

The cakes were of every kind that almost could be mentioned and that iced tea I think will never be forgotten.

We had not noticed the dark cloud that had been rising in the west, and suddenly we heard a loud peal of thunder; the sun was darkened by dark clouds, and in a very few moments the rain seemed to come in torrents. It did not take us very long to decide what to do and the things were placed in the baskets in a very short time as every one was ready to lend a hand.

Dishes, knives, forks, spoons and many other things were put in the wrong baskets and us girls had another picnic in getting our dishes and other things to the rightful owners.

We got into the buggies as soon as possible, but not before we had received our share of rain.

The rain ceased about two o'clock and the sun came out as bright as ever. And as we were all tired of such a picnic we concluded to go to our houses to eat our suppers.

On our way home some one proposed that we would not let the day beat us out of our fun and go to the theater that night which was agreed to by all.

We went to the nearest girl's house and there stayed until evening, finished our dinners and straightened the dishes, then prepared to go to the theater.

The play that night was grand and after all the clouds that darkened the day, we had a very nice time, especially our dinner, which I think will never be forgotten by any of us.

H C H S

During our recent move, I found an August, 1948 copy of The Indianapolis Star Magazine, which contained the following interesting article about the Cartersburg Springs. Little did I know when I put the magazine away almost 28 years ago that I would one day have three little Baker grandchildren, Mindy, Holly and Mark, of Plainfield, who, in time, will be fascinated with this story because the Mrs. T. C. Kendall mentioned would later become their maternal great grandmother. Ed.

GAY NINETIES SPA

By Jack York

It has been almost 60 years since the social life of Indianapolis moved back into town from the country. But any number of people still can recall, a little wistfully, when a Sunday afternoon in Cartersburg had a movie beat in every imaginable way.

Cartersburg, nowadays, is a quiet town of many trees and few houses. No longer is there anything about the village to indicate that the '90s became gay in places such as this little spa in southern Hendricks County.

But talk to a few residents like Mrs. T. C. Kendall, who has lived her entire 76 years in Cartersburg, and ghosts of the past rise up—slim-waisted ghosts with long, swishing skirts and frilled parasols. Such ghosts walk with dainty steps over carefully manicured lawns and smile coyly at their dandied swains. It was like that in Cartersburg in the early '90s when the Cartersburg Magnetic Springs drew 3,000 to 4,000 persons there every summer Sunday to drink the water and bathe.

Gay, young bicyclists rode the 18 miles from Indianapolis, spewing dust upon those who chose to walk three-quarters of a mile from the Cartersburg railroad station to the springs.

"Goodness, it was dusty," Mrs. Kendall says with a wistful smile, remembering the days past. "But we girls used to walk to the springs almost every Sunday after Sunday school. My, we didn't have to ride every place in those days like young people do now."

Middle-class socialites from Indianapolis usually rode to the town on the train and were met at the station by Sam Holderman's hacks for the short trip to the springs. Some city folks came in their own carriages but it was quite a drive and only the more venturesome tried it.

The hotel at the springs had 60 sleeping rooms and below was a large bathhouse with a second floor which was connected to the hotel's first floor by a covered catwalk.

Mrs. Kendall sold butter and eggs to the hotel. The butter brought her 15 cents a pound and the eggs sold for 20 cents a dozen, "and that was considered a pretty good price in those days," she says.

On the other side of town, south of the railroad tracks and the Rawlings House, where stagecoaches met the trains to transfer passengers to railroadless Danville, was a half-mile race track. Amos McCormick has a strawberry patch there now, and this summer picked a pretty good crop of early berries off the old south straight-away. In the center of the west turn—the slight rise of its banks are still visible—stands McCormick's little white frame house with red roses climbing over the door.

"Used to be a lot of good sulky races here," he remembers. "Had barns and in the woods right over there," he points to the south, "hundreds of people used to have picnics every Sunday."

There weren't many big sports among the crowd, however. Wagers usually were limited to a few bets between friends. But the picnickers enjoyed the races, nonetheless, and food at the Cartersburg hotels was plentiful and cheap for those who wanted to splurge.

But nowadays remindful traces of the Cartersburg of half a century ago are faint indeed. The town has one shaded street, a store or two, no hotels and no railroad station. Only evidence of the popularity of the once-famous springs is one small water-bottling plant operated now by an out-of-town company.

The bathhouse burned in 1896 and the big hotel above the springs has been partly torn down. What remains of it is a dilapidated farmhouse. The big Rawlings House is gone, too, and in its place is a garden. The railroad station, only the only one in Hendricks county, is just a memory, and the bowling alleys at the bathhouse have grown up in weeds.

Today a single concrete-block structure stands at the spring. In it George Mock bottles water in five-gallon containers for sale as table water about the state. No one claims that the springs possess healing qualities. The water is sold simply as pure spring drinking water and as such is fairly widely used.

The Cartersburg that was lives now in dusty albums and a few faded photographs. It lives, too, in the vivid memories of a few persons who turn now and then to a pleasant past and enjoy it....

H C H S

The following letter comes from Betty Lane, Historical Librarian, Plainfield Public Library.

"The Plainfield Public Library is researching Indianapolis and Hendricks County-related events in the life of Fanny Vandegrift Stevenson (Mrs. Robert Louis). The Library is seeking to determine, in particular, how many months Mrs. Stevenson actually visited, perhaps even lived on separate occasions, on her father Jacob Vandegrift's farm on State Road 39 north of Clayton. It is known she was there several times.

It is also known that Fanny Stevenson visited her mother and sister, Mrs. Benjamin Thomas, in Danville, on a trip from Saranac, New York. More information about this visit would be appreciated, or any facts related to Vandegrift or Thomas family history.

The Plainfield Library is not only seeking information for its own files, but is exchanging information with a Robert Louis Stevenson research center and museum in St. Helena, California..a museum that should prove very interesting to Hendricks County travellers (according to Betty Lane, Plainfield Library Historical Librarian) because of Mrs. Stevenson's Hendricks County connections.

Persons with Vandegrift or Thomas information should contact Betty Lane at the Plainfield Library, 839-6602."

By the way, we have V. 1, # 1, October, 1971 and all succeeding copies of the Bulletin. If it appears from this that we are missing any issues, I'd be glad to have them if they are available. I am indexing the Bulletin for my own purposes.....find it interesting and very helpful.

Thank you.

H C H S

COURTIN' WAYS IN THE 1880's

Did you ever stop to wonder about mating customs in, say, the 1880's? When there were no telephones, how did a fellow make a date? Where did a couple go for amusement . . . or uplift? You may find some answers to these questions in letters written to and by a young lady of the Dover School community: . . .

Danville, Ind., Dec. 3 '83

Miss Ozella Hadley (aged 15 at the time)

Compliments, Asking the pleasure of your company Sunday evening Dec. 9, '83 if accepted I will call between the hours of five and six.

Respectfully.
W. S. Dickerson
Haunted Brick

(And almost identical note from W. L. Dickerson was dated Mar. 1, 1884.) A third note from Mr. Dickerson, dated April 15, 1886, added: "If my company is not agreeable with you do not hesitate to tell me so. As ever")

December 29, 1884

Miss Ozella:

Miles Furnas presents his Compliments to Miss Ozella Hadley requesting the pleasure of your company to a party at Joe Furnases next Wednesday night.

Respt.

Miles

Sale Creek Tenn.
11/21st/'84

Miss Ozella:

I am at a loss to know just how to address a Lady to whom it is my misfortune to be unknown, and I will make an apology for the liberty which I am now taking.

Can I hope that the circumstances by which I have no means of receiving an introduction will be accepted as my best excuse?

I have so far only heard a description of a "photo" of yours from a Mr. Joel Rogers who became an acquaintance of, I presume, your "Brother" while in Friendsville school (Tenn). Only tonight he gave me your address; and I have sought your sanctum asking you to let this letter commence a friendly correspondence between us which will make me more happy than I have any right to say I shall be. Again requesting if but a line, I beg to subscribe Myself as

Your sincere admirer
Robert L. Bolton

The photo was on a 2 x 3½ calling card identifying R. L. Bolton as a Professor of Mathematics. A note on the reverse side of the card reads: "Should this meet

your approval, Shall I look for an answer soon? Bye Bye R.L.B. Sale Creek,
Hamilton Co., Tenn.

* * * *

Amo, Ind., Mar 85

Miss Hadley,

If you are not otherwise engaged Sunday eve (the 13th) will you allow me the
pleasure of your company to church?

Yours Resp.
Elmer Hodson

* * * *

November 11, 1885

Compliments of Wilson J. Shaw to O. E. Hadley. Will you accept my company to the
literary Friday night?

Yours truly.

P.S. Do you remember where you were two years ago today? I think I went ghost
hunting if I am not mistaken.

(A similar note from Wilson J. Shaw dated November 19 - 1885 invites Miss Hadley
to a lecture.)

* * * *

Hadley, Ind. Dec 9, 1885

Miss Hadley

Mr. Elmer W. Stanley presents his compliments to Miss Ozella Hadley
requesting the pleasure of your company Sunday night Dec. 20th.

Yours,
E. W. Stanley

* * * *

(Now for a letter by Miss Hadley)

Dec. 7/ 85

Mr. Furnas Westfield Ind.

I received your interesting and welcome letter last week and this cold day
finds me trying to answer it.

I am getting along nicely and having lots of fun.

I went to Minnie Marshall's surprise party 28 of last month, had fun of
course, and learned a new play.

I also went to a surprise party for Jimmie Rogers last Wednesday night accom-
panied by W. J. Shaw. Jimmie is going to start to Kansas in about two years.

Old Jimmie Haworth was married last Wednesday living in Hamilton County by the name Sarah Davis. He is the one who wants everybody to get the kind of religion that summer over.

I went to meeting yesterday and Eva Dickerson and I went home with Elmer Stanley for dinner. Then we went back to Mill Creek to attend the funeral of an old man by the name of Spencer, and after the funeral Elmer took us down to the gypsy camp which is at the creek west of Pecksburg, but we did not get our fortunes told. There are about thirteen tents. We then went around through Clayton and back to Albert Carter's and stayed there until bedtime.

We had a spelling at Dover Thursday night. Mr. Kuster was at the party and he learned us a new play.

I believe you wanted to know who went with who and if I had been eavedropped. I have not had a chance to be eavedropped, and I have not went with anybody but Elmer Stanley, W. J. Shaw, and Frank Benbow. The latter escorted Luella Carter home from the spelling. Tommie Nicholson and Milton Doharty came over last 7th day night and brought the violin and we had some nice music.

Elmer Stanley joined the Sorgum literary. He is to have an essay about girls next Friday night.

Of course your company will be accepted when you come. When do you intend to come home?

I could write a longer letter but if I get it done in time for the boys to take it to the office I must close before long.

It was six degrees below zero this morning.

I wrote this in school and Orien is doing everything in his power to bother me.

Ozella

* * * *

Clayton, Ind Jan 17/ 1886

Miss O. E. Hadley
Dover Dale Ind:

I write this note asking your pardon for not complying with the engagement I had with you for last night at Spelling School, and to explain the reason why. I was told that there would be no Spelling School if the weather was bad, and when it began to rain I supposed that would settle the matter, so I did not go. And now hoping and trusting you will accept my excuse I take the boldness of asking you for the pleasure of your company Sunday eve if it will possibly do to sleigh-ride. Provided it is not too cold and I believe we were not to go before if it was in the vicinity of zero.

Yours "Bashfully"

Miles

.....

Dover, Ind.
December 15th, 1886

Mr. Furnas

I received your letter last evening and will, of course, grant your request and as you are a very good fellow and like to hear good preaching and singing I will let you have the opportunity of hearing the Rev. Pinack's sermon.

I would like very much to hear the Scientifics speak, but I possibly can not miss the Pecksburg Literary which will meet that night.

If you will let me know when the Reunion is, I will try to get Minnie to go that night, but you must not look for me too strong. Orien wanted to go last time.

I went to the Play at Clayton last Saturday night, it was splended.

If I were you I would give that fellow with Dessie a dose of "Rough on Rats".

Resp. yours
Ozella Hadley.

* * * *

We wonder how many of the notes "requesting the pleasure of your company" Miss Hadley answered in the affirmative . . . and how did she choose among the fine young men of the Dover community? . . . Well, it turned out to be Miles J. Furnas, who lived less than a mile away in a brick house (recently renovated) on the west side of the Sorghum Mill Road (125 W). Their son, Lester, speculates: "What would have happened if any one of those boys had made a date with Mother and had taken her to a picture show the like of which is common every place today? Which one would they have carried out first - Mother or her boy friend?"

When Lester and his wife visit Indiana, they choose to turn off of the main road and go past the "old home place." And when they reach a certain spot, Lester says; "Father told me that right about here was where he proposed to Mother." Angela says: "Now for a moment of silence."

Ozella wasn't quite twenty and Miles was 21 when they were married. After seventy happy years, Miles went first at the age of 91; Ozella followed three years later.

Thanks to Lois Crayton

H C H S

A letter from The Editor

Moving day...trying to get settled...preparing a Thanksgiving dinner in a strange kitchen for company, especially grandchildren (5)...more moving...more trying to get settled...Christmas preparations...bad colds...either several or one prolonged one...Christmas Day again with company, especially grandchildren. So, with all the turmoil and excitement of the last month, The Bulletin almost didn't get published, a fact that makes me very unhappy with myself.

Yet, no matter how hectic the season, your Editor feels compelled to burst forth in her annual happy little Christmas jingle, a practice which has been going on for approximately 40 years.

While preparing The Bulletin, I was reminded of the many friends I have found through our Historical Society...people I have learned to love and to admire very much...people from whom I have learned a great deal. And with that, I decided to use our Christmas poem to say

Happy New Year to all members of the Hendricks County Historical Society

When we count our Blessings,
It seems an endless task,
For truly we are given
Much more than we ask.
We have our friends and family,
So very near and dear,
We've had our health and happiness
Throughout another year.

When we count our Blessings,
We look up at the sky,
We see the sun and moon and stars,
And watch the clouds float by.
We hear the children's laughter,
We hear the birds that sing,
They make us realize anew
That Life's a precious thing.

When we count our Blessings,
We're glad that we are strong,
To cope with hurts and heartaches
That must ever come along.
And when we count our Blessings,
As we so often do,
We're thankful that our paths have crossed
With folks the likes of you!

Margaret Baker

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