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HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



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THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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ORGANIZED 1967

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H C H S

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H C H S

It is not how much you know about life but how you live you life that counts. Those who can avoid mistakes by observing the mistakes of others are most apt to keep free from sorrow. In a world full of uncertainties, the record of what has gone before - human experience - is as sure and reliable as anything of which we know.

Ray Lyman Wilbur

H C H S

The Publication Committee

Mrs. Ruth Hall
Mrs. Albert Reitzel

Mrs. Sherman Crayton

Mrs. Zona Walker
Mr. Joe Davidson

April 21, 1974

Seventy-four members and 16 guests were on hand for our April meeting at the Pittsboro Christian Church to hear Mike Lynch, Brownsburg, president of the Indiana Junior Historical Society, talk on "Indiana 19th Century Architecture" and how it relates to Hendricks County. Mike is very knowledgeable on procedures of architectural survey. He showed slides of different types of architecture found in Hendricks County, and mentioned that the results of this survey project will soon be published in booklet form, to be announced in the Indiana History Bulletin. The Brownsburg Junior Historical Society is outstanding in the state, and we are proud to claim them.

Mrs. Esta Sallee gave a delightful organ prologue and the Rev. Glen A. Clarkson gave the invocation and the benediction. Mr. Floyd Hufford, president, conducted the business meeting in which Mr. Jack Gambold discussed a possible trip for our next meeting and Mr. Scott Hozier gave a progress report on Sesquicentennial activities. Ladies of Union and Middle Townships furnished delicious refreshments. Each meeting you miss is your loss.

HCHS

July 14, 1974

The next meeting will be held July 14 at the Mill Creek East Elementary building....a spanking new, modern, air-conditioned edifice second to no elementary school in Hendricks County. So if it is hot the 14th (or if it's cold) come join us in comfort to enjoy what promises to be a most enjoyable program. Ruth Gregory will be presiding, and Frances Fisher is chairman of the following committee which will have a lot of fun depicting an old fashioned school: Mr. and Mrs. Joe Davidson, Mr. Clarence Edmondson, Mr. Leonard Fleenor, Mr. Gerald Jones, and Mrs. Ida Mae Miller. It is whispered there will be good students and bad students, dunce caps and all in costume. So bring books, slates, lunch boxes and anything you may have for the display table. Incidentally, the display table has been the most popular spot at our meetings, and what would the display table be without all the items Mr. Will Templin brings? For the sake of the record, the editor would like to say that Mr. Templin brings more enthusiasm, and more things of interest, to our every meeting than any other one member. The Society thanks you, Mr. Templin.

Mrs. Winkelman, program chairman assures us that this will be an outstanding meeting, and the ladies of Liberty and Franklin Townships will polish it off with refreshments for the social hour.

HCHS

We welcome the following members who have joined since April, and we want to remind our readers that if you are not enjoying the benefits of membership in our Society (still \$3.00 per year including four Bulletins) you are really missing a bargain. With the cost of paper, postage and labor going up, up, up, as everything else, we can't continue long on this basis. So you better join now at these bargain rates. After all, name us one other organization that offers so much for so little.

New Members

William E. Craven
Garnet Christie (Mrs. Harry L.)
Rosemary Helton (Mrs. Richard H.)
Mrs. C. Richard Whicker
Maxine M. Cox (Mrs. Reginald)
Mrs. Helen Bulion
Fred H. Worrell
George R. Harvey

Randall Joseph
Doris Kennedy (Mrs. Edward H.)
Mrs. Mary McCollum
Edgar Parker
Charles Dinsmore
Ruth Dinsmore
Dwight Kelley
Dorothy Kelley

Pageant of Hendricks County 1824 - 1924

"The Pageant of Hendricks County" is the title of a 32-page booklet that is on sale at Ye Booke Shoppe in Danville. They will also be on sale on the street tomorrow for 25 cents. The proceeds will go to meet the expenses of the day. Tomorrow is the great day for the Centennial Day of Hendricks County."

From the May 22, 1924 issue of The Republican.

Thanks to Mr. Gerald Jones of North Salem, I am the happy owner of a copy of "The Pageant of Hendricks County of 1924". It is amusing to note that several hundreds of us budding young thespians were scheduled to make our dramatic debut (I as an apple blossom!!!) but the weather man refused to co-operate. (He must have been related to our weather man.) Who knows what the world has lost because our theatrical dreams and ambitions were washed away in a deluge, and our careers died a-borning!

It is fascinating to read the old booklet and to see so many familiar names. A quick, perhaps not too accurate, check revealed the following HCHS members who took part: Mrs. Herbert C. Sears, who was an episode director; Mr. Claire Sellers, Mrs. Mabel Davidson, Roy Fisher, Frances Weaver (Mrs. Roy Fisher) Mrs. Ansen Kellems, Mrs. Vera Hall (recently deceased), Virginia Mattern (Mrs. John Kendall), Rosaleen Barnes (Nicholson), Mary June Pierson (Mrs. John Edwards), Lois Shirly (Mrs. Sherman Crayton) and Naomi Joseph.

I have derived so much pleasure from this little publication that I realize how valuable the programs, booklets and souvenirs the Sesquicentennial Committee is now offering will be in years to come; therefore, I am stocking up on them so, hopefully, I will have enough for my grandchildren and great grandchildren. Then, maybe 50 or a hundred years from now, they will read, and smile, and ponder what their little old grandmother was up to 'way back in 1974. Why don't you do the same?

Margaret Baker

Miss Hazel Hargrave, invalid sister of Mrs. Kate Hargrave Smith of Danville, wrote the following poem for the Centennial. It is as beautiful and appropriate now as it was fifty years ago.

Our Heritage

No epic-making history is ours,
Within our borders, battles there were none,
World histories make no mention of our towns or men.
Of world events we have not had a single one;
No mighty rivers gave us arteries for trade
Nor ores or oil wells brought us crowds and fame;
Only a smiling land, a richness of the soil were here
To hold the sturdy pioneers who came.

But after all, what blessings we have had,
Peace and prosperity and progress mark the years -
The hundred years we now look back upon,
A hundred years of work, hope, faith and fears -
A splendid heritage is given us;
We need not seek afar for beauty, comfort, health.
We have them here and give our thanks heartfelt
For these, that make our Hendricks County's wealth.

HCHS

The Job Hadley Barn

by Ruth Hall

In the June 1972 Hendricks County History Bulletin we have the story of a house west of Danville, which has been torn down, that had a secret room where slaves were hidden. It was a part of the "Underground Railway." We have heard of another station near Hadley Station at the home of Addison Coffin and another north and east of Lizton on the Job Hadley farm.

There is a Boone, Clinton and Hendricks County History written in 1894 that gives a personal history of Job Hadley. Of course it does not mention an underground railway station since these places were kept very secret, without even the neighbors knowing of them. Job was born in Chatam County, North Carolina in 1816. He came to Indiana in 1839, taught school three years in Morgan County, and in 1842 moved to farm in Clay Township, Hendricks County. Then about 1849 moved to a farm in the north center part of old Middle township, as it was at that time. Mr. Hadley was a Quaker and was very interested in anti-slavery and advancement of colored people in the south. When in North Carolina he organized a Sunday School for freed colored children, the laws of the state preventing the education of the slave. He also taught a class of freed colored people in a school house, but the school was finally stopped by the popular excitement against it, but he was satisfied that the colored people could learn.

The Job Hadley house was about where Chester Prices' House is today. Back of the house stood the barn. There were double doors about the middle of the barn and a buggy or a wagon could be driven inside the barn. There were trap doors in the floor and steps that went down into a cellar. The story is that after the negroes went into the cellar the trap doors were closed and covered with fodder or hay and then the sheep were driven in, the idea being that the sheep odor would kill other odors and the blood hounds would not be able to follow. The barn is still there and in good repair. It has had an addition built on the north and has been changed inside and that cellar was filled in many years ago.

Here is a description of the cellar as written by Dr. Clarence Hickman who lived on this farm when he was about eleven years of age. He said they always called Job Hadley 'Uncle Job.' Quote, "In regard to the cellar, it sure was there. I was afraid of Uncle Job's ghost, my older brother Will, who was a big tease, said Uncle Job's ghost was down there. The stairway down was made with open risers but made of very heavy planks and was about two and a half feet wide. The cellar was half full of fodder, hay and trash. We heard that it was built for a harness room. It seemed strange to me at that time that they would build such a harness room. Another strange thing about it was that the walls were made of planks that ran up and down. The cellar must have been at least twelve feet square. In addition to the walls, there was another wall space about two feet wide that ran all around the cellar walls. The boards of this wall also ran up and down but did not go down into the ground very far. Part of this wall had planks missing so that if we wished we could have crawled all around the passageway. Our hens would go back into this passage way and lay eggs. I had to crawl in to get the eggs. I never had nerve enough to crawl all around the passageway. I was afraid of Uncle Job's ghost. The hens did not seem to mind."

"I am fascinated with the suggestion that the cellar in the barn on Uncle Job Hadley's farm was used in the underground railroad. I can well believe this story for he was a very resourceful man. The Island Grove Church was on the southwest corner of his farm. When Joe Dungan bought part of the farm he made this church into living quarters while he built his house." (Clayson Smock lives there now and the church building is still there and is used for a garage.) Quote "I went to the Quaker Church and you would sit and wait until the spirit moved someone and they would speak. I also went to Sunday School there and I remember one lesson that the teacher gave. He took two calling cards and on one he put a spot of ink

and he called this a bad boy but on the other he put no ink and he called this one a good boy. He then said that if a good boy runs around with a bad boy he becomes bad and he rubbed the two cards together and the good one looked just as messy as the other one." unquote.

Job Hadley's 295 acres were entered from the government by others about 1839. I believe this to be the last land to be sold by government in what is now Union Township. Job's first wife died before he came here. He married Tacy Burgess of Richmond, Indiana and they came to this farm about 1848 or 1849. They had three children who all died in infancy. They reared Sarah Appleby from 5 to 21 years, also her sister and brother who died at the ages of 7 and 14. They also reared from age of 3 years Jesse H. Blair, son of Judge Blair. Their pioneer life was so very hard for the children.

This farm was originally very swampy and consisted of prairie and woods, but Mr. Hadley spent a large amount of money in drainage and converted it into a fertile farm. A quote from Clarence Hickman's letter, "The land there was very wet, and Uncle Job dug lots of open ditches. He built a house on rollers that was large enough for a team of horses to walk around in, to turn a large capstan that in turn pulled scrapers with a rope that was wrapped around the capstan. That house was still on the farm and was astraddle a big ditch when we moved there." unquote.

Mr. Hadley was County Surveyor from 1846 to 1852 and 16 years later was elected for two years more. During the vacancy he was frequently called upon by the County Court to lay out roads, divide estates etc. He surveyed the town of Lizton when it was laid out in 1851.

To show Job Hadley's ingenuity he had a windmill that pumped water from a driven well to a water tank on the east end of the porch. The overflow from this tank went into the milk house at the bottom of the windmill. The overflow from the trough in the milkhouse went to a large tank in the barn lot between the house and the barn. This was a round type tank with up and down staves with large metal hoops. The overflow from this tank went to one just like it down in the pasture. The overflow from this tank went into the big ditch which he had dug with his ditch house.

HCHS

Mr. Max Gibbs, principal of the Danville Community Schools, presented his teachers with a copy of the following:

RULES FOR TEACHERS 1873

1. Teachers each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual taste of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go to church regularly.
5. After ten hours in school, the teachers may spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
7. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intention, integrity and honesty.

9. The teacher who performs his labor faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of twenty-five cents per week in his pay, providing the Board of Education approves.

HCHS

North Salem

by Zona Walker

Musical Memories of Eel River Township

Eel River Township has always had the distinction of possessing much musical talent. In the early days the first settlers, the Woodward and Claypools were beautiful singers and they sang on many occasions.

The Waters family, beginning with Father Nathan and on down to the present generation, have been musical. Joseph Waters, (son of Nathan) led the singing in the North Salem Christian Church for years. His work was then carried on for some time by his son, George H. Waters, of California.

California, as well as North Salem, will cherish the memory of George H. Waters and the influence of his beautiful voice will live. After his passing, it was his nephew, Arthur Waters, who took up his work as chorister in the Pomona, California Christian Church and served in that capacity.

Harvey Waters followed George H. as leader of song in the North Salem Christian Church and carried on until his death in 1915. He conducted many singing schools over the township and there were but very few who could not sing readily by note.

Harvey Waters died at the age of 72, with a record of 45 years of service in song.

The name of Jacob Waters is closely associated with band music in North Salem. After moving to Advance, he became song leader in the Christian Church there and continued until his last illness. After his death, Glen H. Waters took over as director of the music.

In 1894 Jacob Waters organized and directed the "North Salem Juvenile Band." This organization was composed of boys from 8 to 14 years of age.

Attired in black satin blouses with huge sailor collars and white bow ties, navy blue knee pants and blue caps trimmed in gold braid, these boys looked the part when they marched forth to play.

Among the members were Arden Waters, Ed Hadley, Fred Hadley, Harry Page, Edgar Duckworth, Fred Click, Frank Davis and Brewer Clay.

The band continued as an organization for about four years and became quite an accomplished bunch of musicians.

About 1883 a band was organized by a Mr. Schweitzer as director. Later, R. B. Rudy of Indianapolis became their director.

They met for practice in the frame building owned by William H. Fleece. The following were some of the members: John Adair, William Hacker, Jacob Fleece, John Duckworth, Crit Clay, Frank Waters, Grant Carter, Roy Moore, Joe Clay and Jim Duckworth.

About 1889 or 90, R. B. Rudy directed a band composed of Lon Davis, Homer Bales, Jacob Waters, Charles Gregory, David Clements, Clarence Carter, Percy Adams, Deloy Landers, Brewer Clay, Arthur Waters, Billie Stevens and Joe Clay.

Bands of a later date have flourished under the leadership of Sherman Waters, former resident of both North Salem and Pittsboro, who was a high school principal, printer, editor, scientist and inventor.

Walter Huckstep of Lebanon also was involved in later bands. All the Huckstep family were among the musical groups of North Salem.

A program, lavishly decorated with pink rosebuds and gold leaves, announced the first recital of the Ladies Choral Union, to be given at the parlors of Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Adams on Dec. 8, 1892. This organization had its beginnings in the early part

of 1892, under the direction of R. B. Rudy of Indianapolis. Both instrumental and vocal was taught and there were about 40 members. This group continued through the 90's and gave many concerts, not only in North Salem but in surrounding towns. Space does not permit the listing of this group. Another group during the 90's was the North Salem Mandolin Orchestra directed by C. W. Hume. Those participating in this group were; Arden, Will and Glen Waters, Brewer Clay, Will Perkins, May, Effie, Dora and Deloy Landers, Eva Mortin Hadley, Fred, Ed, and Grace Hadley, Walter McCown, Robert Stevenson, Badger Bymaster, Frank and Lottie Davis, Herbert Whitenack, Ed Keith, and Charles Fleece.

On down through the years, North Salem developed musical talent.

The next generation produced musicians like Geraldine Trotter, who taught piano in the Indianapolis Conservatory of Music, and at Shortridge, and was supervisor of music in all the Indianapolis Schools.

Mrs. Belle Hennon and Mrs. Helen Jones have each been organist at the Methodist and Christian Churches for 50 years or thereabouts. Belle taught piano for 55 years and is on call for funerals with organ music.

Brewer Clay was a member of the Grotto Band in Indianapolis for years and this reporter values the words and music sent to her by Ned Clay of Indianapolis, who several years ago wrote a song that has been adopted as the theme song of the 500 mile race.

Mrs. Inez Waters and Mrs. Louise Wiseheart Black were well known violinists. Mrs. Waters traveled on a Chatangua circuit. Also, she and Lottie Waters Coshow played regularly at a health spa at Martinsville.

Following them are the late Judge George Hadley, James C. Hadley and Richard Trotter. James C. Hadley played for a number of years in the old Appollo Theatre and arranged music for numerous orchestras. Richard Trotter, who was drummer when a small lad had a trip abroad because of his skill with the drums.

North Salem had its own band for many years until music was added to the school curriculum.

When this reporter started writing about music in North Salem she soon got in over her head. There have been so many better than "good" that one can't begin to mention them all: such as Mamie Davis Schwartz, Mrs. Jennie Osborne in the horse and buggy days to teach piano. Later she went in her Model T Ford.

Each generation can and does repeat a ludicrous episode concerning each musical group that will never be forgotten. Like the beloved Sherman Waters who loved music more than food.

He had a boy in his band who would never make a musician. One night at band practice he asked Mr. Waters in a high falsetto voice, "Mr. Waters, at the rate I am going when do you think I can play "Poet and Peasant"? The old maestro, who was quick with an answer replied, "Just a million years, Sonny, at the rate you are going".

Another story that is repeated yet tells of the janitor at the church who had a grudge against the choir leader. At this time churches had huge cast iron coal burning stoves for heat. They made ear splitting noises when replenished. When the song numbers were called the janitor would pour in the coal to the utter amazement and chagrin of all concerned. This went on until the church board put a stop to it.

A book could be written on music in Eel River Township.

Among the better singers were all the Waters family, all the Hucksteps, J. B. Bowen, Russell Wynkoop, Charles C. Clay, Mrs. Charles C. Clay, Retta House and on and on and on.

Vera Hall (1891 - 1974)

With the death of Vera Hall, May 16, 1974, Hendricks County lost one of its most outstanding citizens. Since she and her husband, the late Alvin Hall, came to Danville in 1916, she has been an energetic and vital force in all civic and cultural endeavors, not only in this area, but state wide and nationally. The many honors and recognitions she received attest to the esteem in which she was held from Presidents of the United States down to the state and local levels. Modest, but not retiring, she accepted responsibilities as they came, and dispatched them with grace, dignity and efficiency. She had much to give, and she gave generously of her time and her unusual talents. Space in our bulletin will not allow us a tribute worthy of her accomplishments.

It must suffice, then, to say that she was a dear friend, a delightful companion, and an inspiration and ideal to one who would have chosen to have lived her kind of life had not romance, matrimony, and the sweet, tender trap of wifely and motherly responsibilities intervened.

She scorned and disdained age, and never discussed it. But in August, 1972, she gave herself a birthday party to mark (and to acknowledge) her 80th milestone. People from all walks of life came to pay tribute to this remarkable woman. To express her philosophy of life, she gave each guest a copy of the following poem:

How Old Are You?

Age is a quality of mind ...
If you have left your dreams behind,
If hope is lost,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead ...
Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the jest,
If love you hold,
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old!

When Vera Hall died, the calendar said she was 82 years old, but Vera was never old. The last time I talked with her, she was radiant, alert, and stimulate over the "This is Your Life, Vera" which the Hendricks County Democratic Women's Club presented before a large audience. She was grateful, she was humble, and she was young.

When I grow old, may I be as young as she.

Margaret Baker

HCHS

We lost another member in the death of Ernie Pierson, and we extend sympathy to her family. We wish also to express condolences to Mrs. Clara Reitzel in the loss of her sister, Mrs. Mabel Baldock, as well as to our vice president, Mrs. Dessie Huddleston, whose sister, Miss Adele Davis, passed away May 29. Miss Davis was a native of Hendricks County and a noted nutrition author.

HCHS

Query

From Mrs. Frank Hern, 155 California St. # 1 F, Arcadia, California, 91006.
Any information: Hiram Toney, b. 1841, Eel River Twp. Grandfather was Steven Toney, b. 1763, moved to Hendricks Co. 1830. James Adams moved from Kentucky to Hendricks Co. 1845. Daughter Luvica Adams moved from Kentucky to Hendricks Co. 1845. Daughter Luvica Adams Davidson, widow of James L. Davidson. Married Hiram Toney 1869, Lizton.

From Mrs. Marion VanGordon, 529 E. 11th St., Apt. J, Upland, California 91786

1. Isaac Hardin - b. 1859 in Boone Co., Ind. (?) d. 1933 Plainfield, Ind. Wife was Jamina Laurena Faucett, m. 4 June, 1880. Who were their children?
2. James Lackey, b. 12 April, 1809 - ? Wife Matilda Curry or Kirby, b. 1813 - 14 Who were their children and parents?
3. Joseph Curry or Kirby - wife Elizabeth?

HCHS

We marked Flag Day last month, and the Spirit of the Glorious Fourth is still with us, so the following eloquent prose poem merits space in our bulletin. Written by Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Interior, it was published in The Ladies Home Journal, July, 1919.

I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.
I am whatever you make me, nothing more.
I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.
I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks
and tired muscles.
Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work,
fitting the rails together truly.
Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and
cynically I play the coward.
Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts
judgment.
But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage
to try for.
I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.
I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream
of the most daring.
I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute makers,
soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook,
counselor and clerk.
I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow.
I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.
I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.
I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that
you believe I can be.
I am what you make me, nothing more.
I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of
yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes
this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and
your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage,
firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts.
For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory
in the making.

Hendricks County History

Mr. Scott F. Hosier, Jr., general chairman of the Hendricks County Sesquicentennial Committee, has given countless hours and much effort to make our celebration a success. The Kick-off, April 1st, was a great occasion, and we must keep the momentum going. Everyone has something to offer in order to make this year a memorable one. A sesquicentennial..... 150 year celebration ... comes only once in a life time ... and we cannot afford to pass this up.

You have no interest in Hendricks County history, you say. Why not? You are a part of Hendricks County history. No matter if you started yesterday or a 150 years ago. History is being made every day.

Mr. Hozier is offering the last opportunity to include your biography and your family's history in a deluxe volume that will forever commemorate your family's contribution to our rich heritage. Due to some recent changes, no charges will be made for a biography, and there is no requirement that you buy a book. This material must be turned in soon, however, and the committee is asking for volunteers to assemble and organize the contributions.

This is your chance to make a most worth while contribution, not only to our Sesquicentennial Year, but for all future years. Don't let this opportunity slip away. It will not come again in your lifetime.

HCHS

The following letter was received recently. The Bulletin has no information on the Danville Plank Road Company, but we would certainly appreciate such. Please send any clues to The Editor.

Dear Sir,

I am gathering material for an article on the history of plank roads in the United States. Can you tell me if your Bulletin has published information on the Danville Plank Road Company located in Danville during the 1840-50 period.

Very truly yours,

Richard Poe
3216 Sharer Road
Tallahassee, Florida 32303

HCHS

The following interesting article appeared in the December, 1945, issue of "The Danville Gazette":

Local Bank Honors War Prisoner's Check

When the First National Bank officials of Danville become puzzled—that's NEWS. Because men and women trained to look after the financial welfare of the community seldom are at a loss for an answer. But even W. F. Franklin, president of the leading financial institution of the county had a few bad moments.

The situation on was a by-product of the war.

A check came in. It was not an orthodox check. It was written on a small sheet of ordinary paper. It was a small piece of paper because the maker did not have a big supply at his disposal.

Few people know that if one has funds in a bank he can write a withdrawal on a shingle and if the banker recognizes the signature he will honor it. Checks of this kind never come in.

So the officers of the First National Bank went into a huddle when they received a small sheet of paper which purported to be a check. It was for ten dollars. It bore the signature of Merrill D. Vaughan. It was undated. All banks are forbidden by custom and by law to inform anyone about the personal deposits of an individual—Federal authorities excepted.

The hustling reporter, however, gathered that the drawer of the check had no money on deposit. Good bankers, on receiving a check of this sort hasten over to the sheriff.

But the First National Bank honored it!

The check was written by Durwood Vaughan, son of County Superintendent Jewell Vaughan, to help out a buddy.

The check is endorsed Morris J. Roy, of whom the bank never heard.

The pay-off is that both men were prisoners in a German prison camp, after being shot down while doing their bit to bring victory to the United States forces.

Roy needed some funds and Vaughan knew his Hendricks county. So he wrote a check to help his friend—knowing that people back home would understand the circumstances. He is now back home, and is just an ordinary person when one meets him on the street. But he has lived more stories than the imagination of fiction writers can conjure.

The conservative First National Bank honored the check of the imprisoned boy. It should get a medal from Congress, or whoever it is that gives honor to whom honor is due.

The story is badly told—but if you hold that prison-written check in your hand you will have an understanding of the fact that those who have been chosen to take the risks for a nation have explicit confidence that those they are protecting will not let them down.

HCHS

"THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE"

The first endeavor of pioneer settlers was to provide shelter for their families. After assurance that food could be procured, they constructed log school houses and churches. Less than three years from the time the first ripe ear of corn was gathered by civilized hand in Hendricks County, two schoolhouses had been built.

An old history says that 'beech was the educational timber of the times; out of trunks of trees were built the school houses, and limbs in the hands of the teachers furnished the unanswerable arguments in most cases of discipline.

Schools ran along in the pioneer style which prevailed elsewhere until 1870, when there was a decided awakening. In 1873 the county superintendency was instituted. The selection of teachers by officials and not by the rabbel was introduced, a higher course of study adopted for pupils who had completed the common-school course.

The last log schoolhouse disappeared, frame or brick structures replacing many of them. Teachers trained in normal schools became the accepted rule, if not a law.

The Danville Academy brick building was erected in 1829. A Presbyterian Seminary is mention as having flourished in North Salem for a short time previous to the Civil War.

Churches tried to solve the problem of popular education for a time. Almost every preacher was a school teacher. Many private subscription schools were founded. The Baptists, as early as 1834, began an agitation for a college under their own control. The Friends established seminaries and academies,—but intense religious feeling interfered with any united effort in higher education.

Central Academy was established at Plainfield in 1881. About this time the young people in the northern part of the county enrolled in an Academy at Ladoga, Montgomery County. In 1876 this school was moved to Danville and became Central Normal College.

The township school houses were all built on the same pattern, beginning in the seventies and eighties.

There was ample light because there were three or four common size windows on each side. The door was either on the south end or north end. The floor was raised from twelve to twenty inches off the ground, and most every boy in school had, at one time or another, crawled under the floor to rescue a ball or a rabbit.

The stove sat in the middle of the room and many is the time that the larger boys piled an armful of wood to keep the fire replenished during the study hours. Each school district had a "precinctman" who was responsible for keeping the school supplied with wood and to keep the building in repair.

And many a hobo stayed overnight by a warm stove. The more affluent teachers usually hired some one of the larger boys to sweep the floor, empty the ashes and carry in wood and build the morning fire.

A long bench sat along the entrance wall and it was used to store the lunch pails. Hooks or nails were driven above the bench to be used to hang the pupils outer wraps. And just above the door was the American flag and many times the pupils were required to stand and pledge allegiance in unison.

Drinking water was carried from a nearby well. And the bucket and two tin cups were placed on the bench.

The teacher's desk was on a dais and the wall behind was covered with blackboard. Above the blackboard was the map rack which provided not only geography but recreation as well. And above the rack was a handy place for the inevitable bunch of beech tree switches used for disciplinary measures.

Most of the teachers were "dedicated teachers". Usually all eight grades were present, and the best learning device yet devised by educators, that of "learning by listening" was used in the one room schoolhouse. And "woe was the teacher", who did not have a beginner reading by Christmas, which is quite a slam on our remedial readers in high school. It is an established fact that if a pupil can't read when he gets in high school, the miracle will never be performed.

Schools have come a long way for which we are all happy, but never, never ridicule the "little red school house" because they were the means of getting some of our best citizens, finest statesmen and beloved presidents.

Zona Walker

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