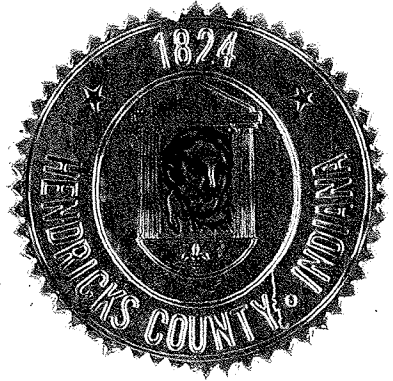


H
977,252
H498

HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME VII NUMBER III

July 1975

PUBLISHED BY

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

Indiana Collection
PLAINFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARY
PLAINFIELD, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

Officers 1975

President

Mrs. Dessie D. Huddleston
R. R. 1
Lizton, In 46149
Tel. 994-5911

Vice President

Mr. John Miller
525 E. Main St.
Plainfield, In 46168
Tel. 839-6883

Secretary

The Misses Mabel &
Naomi Joseph
R. R. 1, Box 186
North Salem, In 46165
Tel. 539-4772

Treasurer

Mrs. Blanche Wean
249 S. Wayne St.
Danville, In 46122
Tel. 745-2573

Historian & Publicity Chairman

Miss Jewell Bell
212 E Road 200 N
Danville, In 46122
Tel. 745-4055

Annual Dues \$3.00 Payable in October

H C H S

The Hendricks County History Bulletin is published quarterly in January, April, July, and October prior to our meeting dates. It is distributed without charge to members of the Society, to Hendricks County Public Libraries, and to Hendricks County School Libraries, as well as to a number of other libraries; individual copies \$1.00. Communications concerning back copies or individual copies should be addressed to our secretary. Dues should also be mailed to the secretary. Contributions or suggestions to The Bulletin should be mailed to the editor.

Margaret Baker, Editor
(Mrs. C. Rawleigh Baker)
387 E. Broadway
Danville, In 46122
Tel. 745-2115

H C H S

As we look forward to our country's Bicentennial Year, these words of one of our greatest statesmen, Benjamin Franklin, are especially appropriate. Would that those in Washington and elsewhere who are guiding our country's destiny could read and heed these words of wisdom: "And have we forgotten that powerful Friend? Or do we imagine that we no longer need His assistance? I have lived a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth; that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid?"

President's Message

Inasmuch as many of the Society members traced their ancestry for the Certificates last year, they might be interested in the following information about The Society of Indiana Pioneers, 140 N. Senate, Indianapolis, Indiana 46204.

To belong to The Society of Indiana Pioneers the ancestors of a person from Hendricks County must have come to the county by 1830. The Society publishes a Yearbook with articles on Indiana history, news pertaining to the Society, and a roster of members, with brief information about their pioneer ancestors.

The Society holds an annual dinner and meeting at the same time of the State History Conference in November. The Society also has two pilgrimages a year, in the spring and the fall for members and friends. The trip this fall will be to Jeffersonville, New Albany, Clarksville and Louisville. Notices will be sent to new applicants and an invitation to take the trip.

The cost of membership is an entrance fee of \$5.00 and yearly dues of \$3.00. Requests for membership blanks may be sent to Carolyn Dunn, Sec., at the above address.

Dessie Huddleston

H C H S

The April meeting of the Society was held Sunday, the 13th, at the Lizton Christian Church. The Rev. James Shockley gave the invocation and Mr. Floyd Hufford introduced the speaker, Dr. Sherman Crayton. Dr. Crayton gave a most interesting talk entitled "The Birth of THE Nation" in which he discussed the groups of people who made up the population of the 13 original colonies, the acts and legislation by British Parliament for ruling the colonies, Colonial activities for resisting laws passed in London, and how the above led to the American Revolution.

During the business meeting, Mrs. Huddleston and Mr. Lowell Franklin, County Commissioner, signed the contract which gives the old jail to the Historical Society for use as a museum. Mrs. Rita Lieske, president of the Museum Board, discussed plans for the museum and urged members to help and contribute. Steve Koras gave the benediction. Ladies from Union, Middle and Eel River Townships served refreshments. The display table was interesting with many antique tools, difficult to identify.

H C H S

The following statement was made by our president, Mrs. Dessie Huddleston upon signing the contract for the museum:

The Historical Society accepts the gift of the rooms at the old jail for a county museum with gratitude.

We have felt for some time the need of a place to display items of our heritage. From these displays we will learn more than the shape and proportions of the items. They deepen our knowledge of their owners and their times. Having these things assembled in our own museum will increase public as well as private awareness of our great heritage.

It is most fitting that there should be a museum in a county, growing and expanding as is Hendricks County.

We most sincerely thank you.

Heigh Ho! Come to the Fair!

Our next meeting will be held in that lovely Plainfield Library, 1120 Stafford Road, at 2 P.M., July 13. Our hostesses will be the ladies of Guilford, Lincoln and Brown Townships. Frances Fisher will be chairman of the program, and that fact alone, assures us of an excellent one. But add to that the fact that the subject will be "County Fairs"; furthermore, the early period of fairs has been thoroughly researched and the history of them will be given by Lois Crayton, the middle period including the 1880's and 1890's will be discussed by Elizabeth Bray, and the period up to the present will be presented by Martha Winkleman Carter. Now, doesn't all that add up to something yummy? Well, I guess programs aren't really yummy, but they can be dandy, and that's what this one is going to be...I feel it in my bones. And you'd better be there!

For our display table, bring items of any kinds that have been exhibited in any fair, county or state, and, of course, bring the ribbons.

H C H S

There Was a Time for These

Grandmother put on a better dress, combed her hair back and picked up her butter and egg baskets and started her walk to the old dirt road west of her log house. She had but a few minutes before she heard the long and odd sound of the conch shell horn blown by the huckster as his white, canvas covered wagon turned into the Dead Sea Road a half mile away. She had a full basket of eggs and several cakes of lovely Jersey butter to sell or barter.

The day came when the huckster came no more. The world had changed and lack of profits took him and his team and wagon from the weekly round over the rural highways. The huckster had enjoyed his days, made scores of friends as had his patrons but changed times made it mandatory to hunt a different occupation.

Two gray-haired women entered the small town store that as well as groceries and dress goods carried "notions". On a counter was a medium sized basket filled with steel-rimmed spectacles or "specs" as these ladies called them. The two were interested immediately and sought the product to try on. The partial page of a newspaper was nearby, and as the two tried on each pair they looked at the news print and commented on how well they could read the print. Each found the "specs" that suited her eyes and they were happy, each with her dollar purchase. Those cheap spectacles had their day. While people bought them and wore them to their dying hour a time came when they were seen no more. At one time they had served a real want but like so many things, there was found something much better. The old gives way to the new, maybe, as it should be.

The time was that "sugar camps" not too many miles apart opened for boiling down maple syrup in the warm thaws of late February and early March. The camp was usually placed near the center of population of huge trees that could average each a barrel of sweet sap. The long boiling tank of metal or great kettles were under the protection generally of a shed made of rough lumber. Our very elderly people can recall the camp nearest them and the hard work that went with syrup and sugar making. One may recall a hundred or more troughs a yard long, often of white ash, and hollowed out some four to six inches wide and about as deep. These were fashioned with saw, ax and adze and took long weary hours. Each would hold from two and a half to three gallons of "sugar water". The trees were bored with an augur and "spiles", two to each tree inserted in the holes. They led the sap from the tree to the troughs, buckets or what ever came handy to catch sap. The boiling down often drew company at night and wasn't it grand when the syrup was more than

half done to fill a cup or gourd dipper, set it in a left over bank of snow to cool and then drink this sweet and flavorful product? There were boards laid in garrets and pounds on pounds of hard maple sugar cakes sweetened the pioneer family needs for the next year. During the Revolutionary War a Captain Campbell led scores of his county men across the eastern mountains to fight the British at Kings Mountain and the Cow pens. Each rode a horse and to each saddle was tied a great bag of parched corn and another filled with maple sugar. This was the food to last them for the many days away from home. They ate the corn as it was, with bites of sugar and the corn boiled at morning and night made good enough coffee for these hardy soldiers. A farm woman is recalled in Clay Township who helped boil down syrup and sugar, year after year and used it for all sweetening purposes. A child who visited her was always given a huge chunk to eat on his way home. A dollar a gallon was a good price for the thick syrup. Sugar camps are rare over rural Indiana today.

Farmers over our county, nearly a hundred years ago, picked their seed corn from cribs, tested it in a way, and shelled it, weeks before planting time. As the corn slid down while gathering it for feed each day one could see and lay aside the best looking ears. When a few sacks were filled and more than enough for planting was assured the sacks were, some evening, carried to the roomy farm kitchen for shelling. This task nearly always followed supper and when dishes were cleared away, father, mother and all children old enough to help, seated themselves in a ring and the shelling of ears started. The first task of all was to shell the larger, irregular kernels from the but of each ear and the small grains at the tip. This surplus corn could be fed to poultry or calves. Each and every ear was tested as father bit off the ends of grains to determine if a grain had a live sprout. When all ears had passed this test the big shelling was under way. No one objected to the job though time came when thumbs and palms got red, and rough and a piece of cob had to substitute at times for the hand. Workers talked, laughed, told news and tales and sometimes a song got started. All made the best of a necessary farm chore. Various types of corn were used over the neighborhood. Some farmers planted "Bloody Butcher," a red corn with almost unbreakable cobs while others grew a bright yellow corn called "Mortgage Lifter".

An agricultural revolution has taken place since farmers grew their own seed and shelled it by the old wood cook stove. The advent of hybrid corn, grown scientifically and tested has put the old ways out forever. The small farmer and renter are known no more. Never again will a happy, farm family chat together and shell seed corn. Time has changed their whole way of life. Times are in His hands. The old time corn shelling chore can never be forgotten by those who once lived it.

Joe Davidson

H C H S

Query

My grandparents, William Harm or Hyrum Harris and his wife Martha (Sears) Harris. Their son, George Riley Harris, my father, was born in Danville Sept 9, 1880. My father had two brothers, Frank and Lewis, a half-brother Will, 3 sisters Lily, Martha and Mary. My father married Hattie Wood. I am the youngest daughter from my father's 2nd marriage. Would be willing to pay for information. Virginia M. (Harris) McDowell, 260 Bradley Ave., Space 8, El Cajon, Cal. 92021

H C H S

Query

My ancestor, Anthony Swaim, sold land to the trustees of the Baptist Church of Little White Lick in Hendricks County on Jan. 2, 1836. I believe part of this land was for a cemetery. Does it still exist, and where is it? I would like to correspond with anyone who has information on the Swaim family in Hendricks Co. and also the Moore family. Dr. Henry H. Moore, Emaline, his wife, and Timothy, his father are in the 1850 census of H. C. Where did they go? I have quite a bit of information on the Swaim family that I will share. Sara Cushing, 703 W. Market, Bloomington, IL 61701.

Query

Who were the parents of Elizabeth Hardwick who married Thomas Ballard, 1763 Hanover County, Virginia? Later went to Surry County, North Carolina. Her son, William Ballard, was an early pioneer of Hendricks County, Indiana where he died 1824.

Mrs. Dorothy D. Hammill
1905 N.E. 77th Avenue
Portland, Oregon 97213

Query

Need surname and parents of Eleanor (Ellen or Nellie) who married John Matlock 1801, Roane County, Tennessee. Moved to Hendricks County, Indiana about 1820, then to Kendall County, Illinois about 1833, where she died 1839.

Mrs. Dorothy D. Hammill
1905 N.E. 77th Avenue
Portland, Oregon 97213

H C H S

We are happy to add the following names to our membership roll: Sharon Arbuckle, Margaret Keller, Elizabeth Warrick, Rita Lieske and Ellis and Beulah Weaver. Welcome!

H C H S

Dues and The Bulletin

Publishing The Bulletin four times a year is rather costly for our organization but most historical societies find that it is worth the time, effort and expense. We do, however, have to have some guidelines to keep our mailing list current. Mary Jeanette Winkleman and her committee, who spend hours assembling and mailing The Bulletin, explain it this way: a member is considered delinquent if dues are not paid by March 1 and the bulletins will not be mailed to that person. If dues are paid after March 1, the back issues may be picked up from the secretary at the quarterly meetings. New members may pick up back bulletins when they join. No back bulletins will be mailed unless postage is paid in advance by the new or delinquent member. Now, is that perfectly clear?

H C H S

Our Society was greatly saddened shortly after our last meeting to hear of the death of one of our finest members, Mr. Leonard Fleenor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fleenor have been interested and active members of our Society, and gave much of their time and energies and their unusual abilities. He will be greatly missed in our organization and we extend to Mrs. Fleenor our deepest sympathy.

Junior Historians

The Indiana Junior Historical Society will hold a workshop this summer at Spring Mill State Park, and our Society voted to sponsor Liz Erickson, junior historian of Brownsburg High School. Congratulations, Liz, and we will count on having a report from you later on.

H C H S

I have before me a beautifully hand-written diploma issued from Central Normal College and Commercial Institute, Danville, Indiana, which reads as follows: "Alfred I. Alley having this 14th day of May 1883, completed the right course in Phonography in this Institution and having given evidence of a good moral character and a thorough knowledge of the art merits this Diploma as a token of confidence and esteem of his instructors and of his qualifications as a Teacher of Phonography." It was signed by Mrs. F. P. Adams, president, J. A. Steele, vice president and J. R. Long, teacher. Quick now, how many of you can tell me what you teach when you teach Phonography?

H C H S

U. S. 40 Once Used By Drovers As A Supply Route

U. S. Road 40 is a hauling route as well as a thoroughfare that teams with swift-running vehicles.

But in another age when it was known as the National Road, folks called it drover's road and it was the main road that was used to open up the west.

For more than 50 years the old plank and corduroy road boiled with dust of the great droves of Ohio and Pennsylvania hogs, cattle, sheep and turkeys bound for Illinois, Kansas and Missouri. Our records show that an average of 150,000 hogs, driven on foot about eight miles daily, came this way annually.

It was big business for the "stock stand" operators, along the National Road, especially in corn, since 24 bushels a day was required to feed each 1,000 hogs. Between Indianapolis, Terre Haute and St. Louis many stock stands and wayside inns had stockyards at intervals of two to six miles apart. They gave "bed and board" to the weary drovers and feed to hogs, sheep, and cattle, horses and mules which made the National Road a heavily traveled thorough-fare up until the Civil War.

A popular inn was half-way between Indianapolis and Terre Haute at the present town of Mt. Meridian in Putnam County. It was formerly called Carthage and was soon nicknamed Cat. The inn was named the Halfway House and at that time was a famous hostelry. About three or four miles west at the Junction of 43 and 40 was a large 2½ story brick house located on the north side of the junction. It did a thriving business in food and drink and often became a rendezvous for many tough characters.

Just a mile or so further west was another inn. It was the well known Old Trails Inn.

These hostelries were scattered along the road as far as to St. Louis. During the summer and fall there was an almost continuous string of livestock going west for the settling of the Midwestern States. It was not uncommon for 10 or 12 droves numbering from 300 to 1,000 or 2,000 to stop overnight to feed.

Each drove was "lotted" to itself and "corned" by the wagon load. The feed wagon was driven through each lot with 10 or 12 men scattering the corn, left and right and to the rear, literally covering the ground.

The drovers who provided their own blankets, were furnished large rooms which had immense fireplaces. They would form a semi-circle on the bare floor, their feet to the fire and thus pass the night.

Many innkeepers kept little stores and bartered or sold everything on credit. In the fall of the year they would advertise that on a certain day they would receive corn in payment of store accounts run up by local customers. On such occasions, the farmers would begin delivering, frequently, by daylight and continue until midnight, and their wagons would be strung out for a mile and as thick as they could be wedged. The price allowed the farmers for corn on their store accounts was 50 cents per bushel.

The stock stand operators would furnish the corn to the drovers at 20-25 cent "per diet," meaning per meal for their drivers, asking the whole in lame hogs at so much per pound, or a due bill from the manager of the drive to be paid as he returned on his way home after selling his stock.

Cash was rarely ever paid. The lame hogs were kept until a suitable time for killing when they were slaughtered and converted into bacon and lard.

The "pig pelters" were a colorful lot.

Sometimes they frequented taverns where they pulled long and hard from bottles and then whooped it up with a fiddle for hours.

The first drovers began moving their herds of hogs and cattle along the National Road in the early 1830's.

There were no stock stands at that time and they camped wherever night found them. They kindled a fire, spread blankets on the ground and turned in shortly after sundown.

The pigs roamed the woods and morning found the pelters up early. An hour or more was spent daily hunting porkers that had strayed during the night.

Frequently a couple dozen or more strays were left behind, but the percentage of last pigs was extremely low.

Thunder storms and swollen creeks were the greatest hazards to the drovers. Like cattle, the hogs stampeded when there was thunder and lightning. They lost all the sense they ever had.

The stock stands became a boon to all settlers and drovers. They served their purpose at the right time and place. Then stands and the many inns began failing. The Civil War demonstrated the need of better and swifter transportation. The era of railroading was at hand. Shipping yards were built along the railroads, displacing the stock stands.

Along came hard surface roads and the automobiles. Some declare the roads brought the motor car while others claim the automobiles brought the hard surface roads. Be that as it may, the autos soon displaced horses. Thus the National Road became the greatest thoroughfare in the midwest and the grainery and bread basket of the United States.

Huge trucks were the best and quickest way to transport cattle, hogs, sheep and turkeys. So swift are these trucklines that no feeding places are needed.

Now as the National Road became known as U. S. 40, it's a hauling route as well as a scenic thoroughfare that teams with swift running vehicles.

Zona Walker

This letter just came to our attention, and is an interesting follow up of Zona Walker's article.

Dear Sir:

Pardon our long letter. We have a tremendous idea and we want your support. Please bear with us.

The Vandalia Bicentennial Committee has taken on the project of spearheading an effort to gain federal recognition of National Road (U.S. 40) as a National Historical Road. We have set aside National Forests, National Monuments, National Seashores and National Waterways but we have no National Roadways.

Roads have been important throughout the history of the world. Those nations with well developed road systems have always been powerful. Rome, with her Appian Way and the Incas, with their Royal Road, were leaders in their worlds. Germany and the Autobahn almost succeeded in wiping out the Western World.

George Washington and Thomas Jefferson thought a road to the West of paramount importance; the people of Ohio were crying for a road to the East for transportation of goods and produce and finally, in the precedent setting act by which the state of Ohio came into being, the first monies came to be set aside by federal edict for the express purpose of building a road to the West. A bill approving the laying out and making of a road from Cumberland, Md. to St. Louis became law and the National Road, conceived of the people, by the people and, most of all, for the people, was born. Today, known as U.S. 40, it extends from Atlantic City, N. J., to San Francisco, Calif. Nothing has played a bigger part in the early development of our western country than National Road.

Why should we let such an important part of our history fade away and crumble into dust? We feel that the acceptance by Congress of National Road, U.S. 40, as a National Historical Trailway would be a truly outstanding goal for our country's Bicentennial and one in which a great many cities, towns, and states can join in. Won't you help us?

In anticipation of accomplishing this goal, we think the following effects could be achieved:

A. National Road could be turned over to the National Park Service and developed in the same manner as the Skyline Drive and Blue Ridge Parkway which runs north and south along the Appalachian Mountains. National Road would be the east-west parkway, perhaps extending the Skyline Drive to meet it in historic Frederick, Md., home of Barbara Fritchie and Chief Justice Taney of the Dred Scott decision.

B. Markers could be placed in areas of historical importance. These markers could be designed in such a way as to call attention to the fact that, by traveling from east to west, you are traveling in time through the history of the opening up of the West.

C. It would be a leisurely travel with speed limits controlled at 40 mph. There would be turnouts at places of historical interest. Historical towns and cities along the way could become entry and exit terminals to the road. They

could have historical zoning so that they might develop these areas in accordance with their proper era on the National Road, much as Williamsburg has been developed in its era.

Every town, city and state along the way would benefit both culturally and economically by such development. It would be a mistake to underestimate the impact the restoration of Williamsburg and other such places has had on the economy of the surrounding countryside.

Inasmuch as this is not a project which can be accomplished by one small town, we urge you to join with us, incorporating this goal into your town's Bicentennial effort. Help us by arousing an interest in your area, letting us know of your interest so that regional committees can be formed with representation from all the areas. Promote the plan by writing to your congressman. Call attention to it through your local newspapers. Also, send us any information you have about your area that will help to develop a master plan for the roadway. Above all, let us hear from you. We need each other.

Sincerely,

Judith Truly
Chairman, National Road Committee
P. O. Box 1776
Vandalia, Ohio 45377

H C H S

Lest we take ourselves too seriously, a thing we are all prone to do occasionally, consider the following:

"State personnel, in the Health Department, photographing old vital statistics and records, recently discovered the following causes of death:

"Went to bed feeling well, but woke up dead."

"Died suddenly. Nothing serious."

"Don't know cause. Died without the aid of a physician."

"Blow on the head with an ax. Contributory cause: another man's wife."

"Had never been fatally ill before."

H C H S

One of the oldest and most successful institutions in the Hendricks County business community is the C. M. Hobbs & Sons nursery. In the March 25 issue of The Indianapolis News the following article appeared written by Robert Corya, business editor of The News:

A Century Later, Hobbs Still Grows

The interurban tracks have long since disappeared, and rail siding into the place is gone, too.

But one thing goes on and on just west of Bridgeport to the west of Indianapolis - C. M. Hobbs & Sons nursery, where the products just keep on growing.

Well back from the old National Road - U.S. 40 - is the office of the 100 year old Hobbs nursery, and that, too, is historically interesting because it once was a toll house for users of the highway.

C. M. Hobbs & Sons, 9300 W. Washington, puts a lot of history into its 1975 catalogue as it gears up for the big spring selling season now under way.

There was a time, too, when Kingan packing company supplied Hobbs with all the fertilizer it needed on a regular basis. Kingan is gone, so Hobbs has turned to commercial fertilizers.

Robert Hobbs, grandson of the company's founder, says that while the nursery has weathered a century at the same site, you have to go back another 63 years to the Salem, Ind., area to trace the nursery's beginning. That's 1812 - or four years before Indiana became a state.

That's when Quaker Dr. Benjamin Albertson, William Hobbs and others left North Carolina for Salem in Southern Indiana.

What they found back then were ample trees, in fact a state covered with hardwoods. So why begin a nursery? To specialize in fruit trees, which were in short supply but badly needed. To this day, Hobbs & Sons specializes in fruit trees.

Dr. Albertson's daughter married C. M. Hobbs, who was William's son. In 1875, C. M. and Oliver Albertson moved to Bridgeport and established what was later to become C. M. Hobbs & Sons nursery.

As family evolution would have it, the company grew to its national stature today on roughly 400 acres in Marion and Hendricks Counties, divided by the County Line Road.

Eighty-year-old Fred R. Hobbs, son of the founder, is president of the company, with Robert as vice president. Fred's sons, Tom and Gordon, are secretary and treasurer respectively.

Bob Hobbs says, "We were probably a little hasty in getting rid of the inter-urban." It went to Terre Haute. Trucks eliminated the need for the railroad spur into the Hobbs grounds.

Hobbs Nursery is a wholesaler, primarily, to Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio and Iowa nursery outlets.

If there's one thing necessary for the business, Bob Hobbs says, it's patience. It takes up to eight years for yew cuttings to mature enough for selling. And it might take a blue spruce 15 years just to reach four or five feet, he said.

This is the time of year employment jumps from about 25 to 75 or so, he said. After mid-June employment eases again until around October when the year's second season begins.

Hobbs said he'd like a nickel for every pound of earth that has left the nursery, referring to the soil around many trees and shrubs when they are sold. Many are sold bare-root.

Has the encroachment of the city caused any problems? While some buildup has occurred, Hobbs says that instead of moving the family-owned company continually hunts for ground to acquire. "Someday we may have to relocate," he said.

The grounds are zoned agriculture so that taxation is the same as farm crops, to be assessed when crops are marketed.

Will there be a Hobbs & Sons nursery in another 100 years? Could be. Tom Hobbs has a son, James, with the company four years, and he's the fourth generation.

The nursery is a member of the American Association of Nurserymen, the Indiana association and the Indiana Landscape Association. Bob Hobbs was national president of AAN in 1959.

H C H S

Cemetery Inscriptions

The death of Uriah Carson in 1822 was the first in the county (Page 274 - 1885 History). His and countless other early graves are unmarked. Some grave stones were never inscribed, some have become illegible and some have been removed from pioneer cemeteries.

At the time of the State Sesquicentennial cemetery locations were noted. Later under direction of George Heavilin many inscriptions were obtained from grave stones and lists placed in county libraries and in the genealogical section of the State Library. (See Hendricks County History Bulletin Volume 1 Number 1)

This cemetery project is uncompleted and could be one of Hendricks County's contributions to the Bicentennial Celebration.

Mrs. Judith Tansey, a volunteer, copied inscription from the east part of the Clayton Cemetery. Jeremiah Johnson and members of his family occupy graves there (see page 642 of Hendricks County History - 1885)

Grace Cox and Ruth Pritchard have been spending many hours of their spare (?) time...as busy as those two are, I doubt if they know the meaning of spare time... working on these cemetery inscriptions. I would love to see them as they start out on one of these missions armed with a bucket full of equipment! This includes everything imaginable from bug repellent to long and short pronged forks, clippers, liquid chalk and erasers. With a few more people as energetic and as dedicated as these two, this project could be finished soon. Any volunteers?

H C H S

The Museum Board

Mrs. Raymond Lieske, president of the Hendricks County Museum Board, tells us the Board will maintain a booth at the Lion's Club Fourth of July Festival at Arbuckle Park, Brownsburg. The booth will be open throughout the festival from June 30 to July 5. It will be manned by members of the Historical Society and the booth will be open Monday through Thursday from 5 to 10 P.M. and Friday and Saturday 12 to 12. This booth was furnished by the Lizton State Bank, and will contain displays and information as to what the museum needs. It also had Sesquicentennial items on sale. (This festival will have been over by the time your bulletin reaches you.)

Mrs. Lieske announced that there will be no Board meeting in July, but one will be held in August at the regularly scheduled time. Some one will be at the museum the 2nd and 3rd Tuesdays in each month to receive items. You are urged, however, to watch the county papers for any possible change in dates. The County papers have been giving the museum board excellent publicity, for which the board and the Society are grateful.

H C H S