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# HENDRICKS COUNTY

## HISTORY BULLETIN



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THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

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Officers 1976

President

James T. Shockley  
Pittsboro Rd.  
Danville, IN 46122  
Tel. 745-2877

Vice President

Mrs. Ed Winkleman  
Box 308  
Pittsboro, IN 46167  
Tel. 892-4351

Secretary

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

Treasurer

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

Historian and Publicity Chairman

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

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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. Individual copies \$1.00. Communications concerning back copies or individual copies should be addressed to our secretary. Dues should also be paid to our secretary. Contributions or suggestions to The Bulletin should be mailed to the editor.

Margaret Baker

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

H C H S

Reinhold Niebuhr was a theologian hailed by many scholars as a "giant". So what does he have to do with our Bulletin? Our society tells a story - a story of the ups and downs, the successes and failures of a past generation and in so doing, we of the present can keep our own strengths and weaknesses in perspective, and perhaps help our youth to cope with their own realized aspirations or shattered dreams. A faith in God is inherent in our country since its inception, so this quotation, which is perhaps one of Niebuhr's most eloquent, applies to us as we tell our story:

"The human story is too grand and awful to be told without reverence for the mystery and majesty that transcends all human knowledge. Only humble men who recognize this mystery and majesty are able to face both the beauty and terror of life without exulting over its beauty or being crushed by its terror."

H C H S

President's Message

Greetings,

This month marks another anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. In this Bicentennial year, we need to look back to the Rock from whence we were hewn. Many of our oldest educational institutions were founded in order to train young men and women for life that would honor God. If the present generation grows up with a pernicious type of religious teaching, or no religious education at all - without prayer, without the Bible, without respect for authority - we must expect that our civilization will crumble and fall.

When the Constitutional Congress met in Philadelphia, the founders of our nation appealed to God. When they were at loggerheads, when they were shaking their fists at each other and calling each other names, when they were about ready to break up and go back to form thirteen separate disunited nations, Benjamin Franklin got to his feet and said, "Gentlemen, let's pray, perhaps God will speak to us."

As a result of that prayer meeting came the magnificently inspired document that even supercedes the powers of the President, the Supreme Court and the Congress. The Constitution of the United States.

For the display tables bring historical material in keeping with the month of July - as we celebrate the fourth. Wear costumes that were in fashion years ago, if you have one.

Our program today centers around the evolution of our educational system. As the nation has grown so has our educational system, from the one-room dame's school, through the two-room country school, the city high schools, the consolidation of districts, the college and university system and most recently the junior and community college concepts.

We must not lose sight of the fact that we are publishing a History of Hendricks County 1914 - 1976. This book will come off the press the first of July. We are responsible for its sale.

This is a unique book - no advertising - all history about Hendricks County people. We expect everyone to buy one and in turn to be a salesman. These books sell for twenty-five (\$25.00) a copy.

This is a must for the Historical Society.

Your president,

James I. Shockley

H C H S

Next meeting . . . Our next meeting will be Sunday, July 11th at the Corinth Church, north of Brownsburg. Directions for finding the church are simple. Follow State Road 269 north through Brownsburg to 1000 N. Turn left and you are almost there! Mary Elizabeth Bray is social chairman and Brown, Lincoln and Washington Townships are the hosts. Frances Fisher is responsible for what we know will be an excellent talk on "The Birth and Growth of the Educational System" given by Mildred Smith. Let's all turn out for this interesting meeting and a look at this beautiful church at the same time.

H C H S

Our society met April 11th at the Pittsboro Methodist Church with a good crowd attending. We were glad to have our president, James Shockley, back with us. He presided and introduced the speaker, Mr. Perkins, who gave an enlightening and almost frightening talk on the subject of free enterprise and what has happened to it. He emphasized the fact that although America was intended to be free, we have let so many of our freedoms slip away from us with the growth of government and bureaucracies that we may not be a democracy much longer. He called for action instead of talk and reminded us that it is much later than we think. During the business meeting Blanche Wean discussed the history book and Dorothy Kelley gave a progress report on the Museum. Hostesses for the social hour were the ladies from Middle, Eel River and Union Townships.

H C H S

Did you know that Hendricks County produced one of the most distinguished journalists of this century? At the age of 36 he was Editor of The Wall Street Journal and president of the parent company, Dow Jones. Although they differed in philosophies, he was a personal friend of Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Read about him in the History of Hendricks County 1914 - 1976.

H C H S

Ruth Pritchard is always popping up with some interesting tid-bit, and this time it is a letter which will cause a few chuckles. The letter was written by S. G. Moore, who with his brother, Risdon, were physicians at Belleville. The "Dear Sir" was John Miles (see pp. 647 & 649 of 1885 Hendricks County History). The letter reads as follows:

(7 o'clock night)

Belville February the 16th 1838

Dear Sir,

I reached home at 6 oclock safe, sound and well thoughed but my feelings are not very pleasant at the time. 1st unpleasant because I have to ride again tonight and 2nd because I am extremely mad. Just before I got home this evening all three of the Johnson boys joined my brother (Risdon) for the purpose of whipping him. No other person being present they had a fair chance tho they did not hurt him much. If I understand correctly he backed them all out and runn two of them. I am too much agitated to ask the particulars of this assault.

I have kept always out of fightings but I am now in one. The Johnsons have to be whiped and badly whiped and every man that takes their part in this matter. I am willing to take them all in a bunch and the old woman throwed in.

I send you your money in this letter.

I am with respect yours

S. G. Moore

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Sounds like the Martins and the Coys, doesn't it? Ruth thinks the Johnsons probably lived in the house where she and Roy now live. Hope the Pritchards aren't afraid of ghosts!

Did you know that Hendricks County produced a lady who was presented at the Court of King George and Queen Mary, the Court of King Edward and again at the Coronation Court at Buckingham Palace? Read about her glamorous life in the Hendricks County History 1914 - 1976.

The following story was written by Marvin Weaver in 1916 in honor of Indiana's one hundreth birthday. He was at the ripe old age of 15 when he wrote this. One wonders how many of our 15-year-olds, educated in our elegant schools, could do as well. Marvin Weaver, in case you don't know it, is a brother of Frances Fisher, and we all know who she is!

PIONEER LIFE OF MY GREAT GRAND PARENTS

"The winds of Heaven never fanned,  
The circling sunlight never spanned  
The borders of a better land  
Than our own Indiana."

My Great Grand Parents, Thomas Jefferson Weaver and Anna Hollis Weaver, his wife, were born in Fleming County, Kentucky in the early part of the nineteenth Century. They were residents of that state for about thirty years, when on hearing of the great possibilities in the north-west and being anxious to gain a home for themselves and family, they decided to make the journey to Indiana.

In the Fall of 1836 he, with his family, together with his brother-in-law William Watson and three Dillon families, started from their old homes in Kentucky in strong schooner wagons, each drawn by four horses. They placed their families and all their worldly goods in the wagons and bidding their friends good-by, bravely turned to face the hardships and dangers of the forest.

While the distance they had to travel to their new home was only three hundred miles, it took them a month to make the journey. It was a very tiresome trip over bad roads and sometimes no roads. In some places the ground was so wet and swampy, they were obliged to cut down small trees and place them side by side across the road to keep the horses and wagons from sinking in the mire. Sometimes when they reached a stream they would unhitch a horse from the wagon and ride through the water to find the safest place to cross. They hunted game through the day as they traveled along and when they made camp in the evening the women cooked it by open fires. At night the women and the children slept in the wagons and the men on the ground under the wagon with their trusty rifles by their side. Under difficulties and dangers these pioneers reached the places they were seeking in safety.

My Great Grand Father bought eighty acres of land, two miles north and east of Pittsboro, at the cost of nearly seven dollars per acre. My Grand Father still owns a part of this land. (In 1916, not now)

My Great Grand Father's land had a few acres already cleared, a one room log cabin and a small log stable for the horses. With his chest of tools he soon made what furniture they had to have. A trundle bed was made for the children, this could be pushed under the large bed. He also made a table, a few chairs and one large bed. What clothes they had to wear were hung on the walls. My Great Grand Mother had to cook by an open fire with but few cooking vessels, - a deep skillet with an iron cover, a few pans, a kettle or two, - that was all. In homes like

this the first settlers of Indiana lived. In this home some of their children were born and reared.

To clear the ground for the crops, was the first thing to be done. My Grand Father tells me he used to work very hard and when he was only six years of age, he spent days and weeks picking up such brush and chunks as he was able to carry and pile up in heaps to burn. As he grew older the work became heavier - to log rollings, rail splittings, fence building, grubbing, ditching, and all kinds of heavy toil that was common in those early days.

As deer, rabbits, quails, turkeys, pheasants, squirrels, and wild hogs abounded in great numbers in the forests, also wild fruits - grapes, plums, crab-apple, wild cherries, raspberries, and etc, corn, wheat, and vegetables were raised on the ground they cleared - honey too was found in large quantities and hunting bee trees was a profitable business, my Great Grand Father having from thirty to fifty colonies. All kinds of nuts grew on trees in the woods. The streams abounded with fish, so we can readily see the early pioneers had plenty of good food of a good quality. My Great Grand Father had about four hundred sugar trees on his farm and they had maple sugar and candy the year round.

When the wool was sheared from the sheep my Great Grand Mother washed, picked, carded spun and wove it into janes and linsey. She had to color the janes with walnut bark and some of it with indigo. They also raised some flax from which they made sheets, men shirts and trousers.

My Great Grand Mother carded and spun the yarn from which she knit all of the stockings for the family and her hands were calloused and roughened from severe toil.

In those days the nearest mill was located on Little Eagle Creek near the Central Insane Hospital, where he took his corn to have it ground. He carried his grain on the horse he rode and on another which he led behind him with a sack of corn tied on it. It took him two days to make the trip, as he had to pick his way through dense woods and swampy lands. In those days they had very little stock to sell and when they did, buyers came to the farm and bought their stock and drove it to Madison or Cincinnati to market.

The women wore sun bonnets and linsey dresses, occasionally buying a calico or gingham one. Men wore straw hats in the summer which they made themselves by plaiting wheat straws together. For winter use they made caps out of "coon" and "possum" skins.

In 1844 a log school house was built on the Tout land across the road from my Great Grand Father's house. This building was 24 x 26 ft. with a mud and stick chimney, clapboard roof, and one long window on the west side. A board running full length of the room was used for a writing desk. The seats were made out of split logs with wooden pins drove in for legs. All pens were made of goose quills and many learned to write beautiful hands. Reading, Spelling, and writing were the main studies. They often had old time spelling bees, which was largely attended by all the people of the district.

Great praise is due to those settlers who put forth great efforts to give their children a chance to gain what education they could in those days. It is remarkable what good citizens the most of the children made, many of them filled honorable and responsible positions.

H C H S

The following poem, copied from Indiana State Series Fifth Reader, Indiana School Book Co., Indianapolis, Indiana copyrighted 1899, was contributed by Mary Elizabeth Bray and is appropriate for our July, 1976 Bulletin:

## THE RISING IN 1776

Thomas Buchanan Read

Out of the North the wild news came,  
Far flashing on its wings of flame,  
Swift as the borcal light which flies  
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,  
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,  
And through the wide land everywhere  
The answering tread of hurrying feet;

While the first oath of Freedom's gun  
Came on the blast from Lexington;  
And Concord roused, no longer tame,  
Forgot her old baptismal name,  
Made bare her patriot's arm of power,  
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak  
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;  
There Sunday found the rural folk,  
And some esteemed of gentle blood.  
In vain their feet, with loitering tread,  
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;  
All could not read the lesson taught  
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,  
The vale with peace and sunshine full,  
Where all the happy people walk,  
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!  
Where youths' gay hats with blossoms bloom,  
And every maid, with simple art,  
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,  
A bud whose depts are all perfume;  
While every garment's gentle stir  
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came: his snowy locks  
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;  
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,  
He led into the house of prayer.  
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;  
The psalm was warrior David's song;  
The text, a few short words of might;  
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,  
Of sacred rights to be secured;  
Then from his patriot tongue of flame  
The startling words for Freedom came.  
The stirring sentences he spake

Compelled the heart to glow or quake,  
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,  
And grasping in his nervous hand  
The imaginary battle brand,  
In face of death he dared to fling  
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed  
In eloquence of attitude,  
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;  
Then swept his kindling glance of fire  
From startled pew to breathless choir;  
When suddenly his mantle wide  
His hands impatient flung aside,  
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes  
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause--  
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease;  
God's temple is the house of peace!"  
The other shouted, "Nay! not so,  
When God is with our righteous cause;  
His holiest places then are ours,  
His temples are our forts and towers  
That frown upon the tyrant foe;  
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,  
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door--  
The warrior priest had ordered so--  
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar  
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,  
Its long reverberating blow,  
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear  
Of dusty death must wake and hear.  
And there the startling drum and fife  
Fired the living with fiercer life;  
While overhead, with wild increase,  
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,  
The great bell swung as ne'er before.  
It seemed as it would never cease;  
And every word its ardor flung  
From off its jubilant iron tongue  
Was "War! War! War!"

"Who dares"--this was the patriot's cry,  
As striding from the desk he came,--  
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,  
For her to live, for her to die?"  
A hundred hands flung up reply,  
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

H C H S

Did you know that North Salem had a bootlegger? A female bootlegger? Read about her in the History of Hendricks County 1914 - 1976. Have you ordered yet?

H C H S

Did you ever hear of Chiselton, or Spicklepoint or Spray Station or Tank? Read about these ghost towns in the Hendricks County History 1914 - 1976.

H C H S

In order to whet your interest, the following two articles are samples of what you will be reading in your History of Hendricks County 1914 - 1976. The first is a sample of the approximately 900 biographies which are included in the book, and the article following is just one of many human interest stories of historical significance that have been contributed. Read them, and if you haven't already done so, order your book, for there is a limited supply.

#### The Hogate Family

Julian D. Hogate and Etta Craven, both of Danville, were married in 1893, in a union that was destined to become one of Hendricks County's most distinguished families. Julian, a graduate of DePauw University and owner and editor of The Hendricks County Republican, and Etta, a graduate of Indiana University and a teacher, teamed together following their marriage to produce the weekly newspaper for many years.

Julian, a civic minded individual, used the power of the press to bring about many town and county improvements. Without his determination and persistence, the beautiful Danville Park would never have been a reality. He was a community leader, a Republican and a charter member of the Columbia Club of Indianapolis, and an active member of the Danville Methodist Church, as was his wife.

Etta came from an illustrious Hendricks County family which included brothers John Craven, a former registrar of Indiana University, and Arthur Craven, formerly associated with the Indiana Trust Company of Indianapolis, and a sister, Mrs. Samuel (Jennie) Ralston, wife of former Indiana Governor and later Senator Samuel Ralston.

Mrs. Hogate found time for many activities outside her journalistic duties. Her greatest interests were in children's work. She taught Sunday School classes for many years, and for eight summers she had charge of religious training of children of the Methodist North West Conference at Battle Ground. She was famous for her "Home talent" shows which she wrote and produced, using all the children in the community who wanted to participate. For 25 years on the Danville Library Board, she directed the purchase of children's books.

In addition to all this, she lived a very active social life. She was organizing president of the Delta Kappa Chapter of Tri Kappa and a charter member and a past regent of Wa-pa-ka-way Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Two of the oldest literary clubs in the state, the Browning Club and the Up-to-Date Club, which she organized in her home in 1899, have her as president. She also headed the Indiana Women's Press Club from 1925 - 27.

She was frequently entertained at the White House and was a guest of such notables as the late Governor Thomas Dewey of New York and the late Lowell Thomas.



Mr. Hogate died in 1932 and she in 1954, and their influence for good can never be evaluated.

The Hogates produced two sons, Kenneth C. (Casey) and Donald D., both of whom enjoyed illustrious careers. Their early training in The Republican office where they practically grew up stood them in good stead as they followed their parents' profession.

Both young men graduated from DePauw. Kenneth reached the top echelon of journalism when he became editor of the Wall Street Journal. He was credited with the financial rescue of the Journal from the depression. At the age of 36 he was president of Dow Jones, the Journal's parent company. He was a member of the Conway Commission, whose job it was to recommend reforms in the New York Stock Exchange, shaken, as it was, by the 1929 crash. He was the principal draftsman of the commission's final report and he was the choice of many to become the first full-time president of the Exchange.

During the twelve years that their tenures coincided, Hogate and Pres. Franklin Roosevelt were close friends. Although their philosophies differed, they exchanged candor without rancor. Hogate Hall on the DePauw campus is a fitting memorial to one of Indiana's most distinguished newspaper men. He died in 1947.

Donald D. Hogate also became an outstanding member of the Fourth Estate. Various positions of great importance which he has held include Washington manager of McGraw Hill and public relations director of the New York Stock Exchange. Donald has been most generous to the Danville United Methodist Church. He has given many furnishings as well as the carillon bells in memory of his parents. Hogate Chapel, a beautiful small place for worship in the new church on West Mill Street was also presented to commemorate the Hogates and their devotion to their church.

Indeed, Hendricks County can be justly proud of the Hogates, and the world is a much better place because of them.

Margaret Baker

H C H S

Did you know that Hendricks County can boast of the first National Bank in Central Indiana and that it has been in continuous successful operation since it was established in 1863 and was chartered under Abraham Lincoln? Read about this and many other banks in the Hendricks County History. Place your order in any bank, and don't delay.

H C H S

The First "Wireless" in Hendricks County

Laurence W. Franklin (1901 - 1966)

It was a soft, warm night in the summer of 1919. Mother was sitting on the front porch and my father, my brother, Edgar, and I were lying on a blanket on a comfortor in the yard. We were looking up at the heavens, talking about the stars, the funny forms of the clouds, and the planets. Maybe we talked about God, or why my beloved cat had to die, and where do cats go when they die? These are just a few of the things I can remember talking about on those wonderful, peaceful nights of my childhood.

Occasionally a car, or a "machine" as we called them, would come charging slowly around the curve and pass our house on the Cartersburg Road. They came slowly by modern standards, but in those days they seemed to be hurtling dangerously down the gravel road at break-neck speeds of up to twenty or twenty-five miles per hour! Edgar had learned to distinguish the kind of a car it was by the sound of the motor. Maybe it was a Studebaker or an Overland ... or whatever kinds of cars they had in those days. They all sounded alike to me, but it was very exciting when one came by and we watched it until it disappeared from view.

So this was a typical summer evening for the Franklin family, although one member was missing. But then, he was usually missing. He was my older brother, Laurence, who was upstairs in his room tinkering on some contraption which, he told us, would one day be a "wireless".

Most people his age thought Laurence was a little odd, because, when he didn't have his nose in a book or a magazine, he would be tinkering. He read from cover to cover "The Electrical Experimenter" which was the most up-to-date magazine on what we now call "electronics". In school he was recognized as a "brain"; he wanted to be normal, like the other guys, but he was shy, and never really quite made it. He couldn't be a basket ball hero, the only school sport at that time, because he lived in the country and had to go home immediately after school when the practice sessions were held. He didn't have the gift of gab, nor did he have what we would now call "charisma", although he had a delightful sense of humor and was ready with a joke for any occasion. He was just a sweet, unassuming kid, but no one paid too much attention to him except his teachers and his parents. They believed in him.

Especially his mother.

After studying and dreaming about it for several years, he decided to build a "wireless". Gathering all the materials and parts needed was a slow process, but putting it all together was more difficult. One of the first things he had to build was an induction coil, something he could not do alone, and that's where mother came in. According to well memorized instructions, they took a round Quaker Oats box, and, together, the two started to wind fine copper wire around it. Hour after agonizing hour they worked, night after night. The fine wire was guided around the box by the forefinger, slowly, slowly, to make it perfect, and when at last one layer was finished, it was shellacked. When that layer dried, they started on another layer. I have no idea how many layers it took, but the finished product contained several miles of fine copper wire. I can remember how sore their fingers were and how, at times they bled. I can remember how my father used to scold, oh so gently, about the late hours, and I think I can remember how tired my mother used to look sometimes at the breakfast table.

But there was something special between these two ... my mother and her first born. It was a beautiful relationship, an adoring mother and her gifted son. They knew something exciting was going to happen. Then the war came along ... World War One ... and the government stopped work on all private projects such as his. But as soon as the war was over and the ban was lifted, work went feverishly on in that little room upstairs.

He was getting close, and he knew it. We had an understanding: whenever we heard pounding on the floor upstairs, we were to come running.

Thus it was, on this gentle, quiet night in 1919 that we heard the urgent pounding. Away we went scampering upstairs, almost falling over each other in our haste. There was only one set of earphones, so we each had to take our turn. But when they were placed over my ears and I heard the strains of "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" coming out of the nowhere, my knees buckled slightly. It was wierd, I felt unreal. It passed through my mind that maybe this was the end of the world. But what my childish mind could not then grasp ... nor could many adult minds...was that this was not the end, but the beginning of a whole new wonderful era!

My brother soon became a modest celebrity. People came from miles around to listen in awe to music and voice from the airways, for his was the first "wireless", not only in Hendricks County, but in much of central Indiana. Soon he received his license to send messages as well as to receive, and his station call letters are engraved indelibly on my mind - 9 A D N.

In following his star, his accomplishments were many. He established and was manager of the first "wireless" station at Purdue University, and was its first broadcaster of basket ball games. He helped Prof. Ratliff install a small station at Central Normal College at Danville.

After his graduation from Purdue with honors, Mr. Franklin was employed by Western Union Telegraph Company. While in their employ, he was granted many patents; we don't know how many, for since he was an assignor to the Western Union Telegraph Company of New York at the time, he did not receive financial benefits from his inventions.

He was a short wave addict, and was one of the first members of the elite "Century Club" which is composed of "hams" who have talked to 100 foreign countries. Much of his interest and adeptness in electronics was passed on to his twin sons, William S. and Robert W. Franklin. Both are electrical engineers, and William, especially, has carried on his father's activities in short wave. Living in Phoenix with a station of his own, much of which was his father's, he was inexorably pulled to Barry Goldwater's station. One of the largest and most powerful stations in the world, it is manned 24 hours a day taking messages from service men located out of the country and re laying them to their families. Drawn like a moth to the candle, soon Bill was one of the volunteers, and he spends one night each week at the station. Barry Goldwater and his volunteers have become a closely knit family. Laurence Franklin, who received the first "wireless" message in central Indiana, back in 1919, would be proud to have a son working at the largest short wave station in the world ... voluntarily.

H C H S

Did you know that the oldest man to serve in the Civil War, either North or South, lived for a short while in Danville and married here while a resident before moving away? Learn about this and many other fascinating facts in the Hendricks County History.

H C H S

Our sympathies go to Dorothy Kelley whose husband, Dwight, passed away suddenly recently. Hers was an especially hard blow since it was so unexpected. Dorothy has been doing double duty for us. She serves as chairman of the Museum Board and heads the committee for the Hendricks County History. Many people, weaker than Dorothy would have given in to her grief and turned her duties over to some one else, but

not Dorothy. She picked up the pieces and is going strong, guiding the destinies of the History as well as the museum. Our hats are off to Dorothy! We want her to know that we appreciate her strength, her determination, and her dedication to a cause.

H C H S

Did you know that there are 900 biographies and more than 10,000 names included in the Hendricks County History and that many people have devoted countless hours to this endeavor, asking nothing in return other than that this be as accurate recording of life in Hendricks County as is possible to assemble. We hope future generations will appreciate this combined, dedicated effort.

H C H S

As we go to press, Jewell Bell is in her 7th week of hospitalization at St. Vincent Hospital in Indianapolis. Hospitalized as the result of a fall, she later underwent surgery. Frankly, we think she is languishing too long there. She is the one who supervises the committee that gets the Bulletin ready for mailing - assembling, stuffing envelopes, dividing by cities, and finally tying them in bundles to meet post office requirements. How that will be accomplished this time, we shall see, but take note, Mr. Templin, if the bundles aren't as neat as they usually are, blame Jewell, not us! And Jewell, please get well soon. We need you.

H C H S

Did you know that the H C H S was organized in 1967 and has published a quarterly bulletin since 1968 ... that our dues are only \$3.00 per year and each Bulletin is worth \$1.00 ... and that you are getting at least \$4.00 worth of Bulletins for your dues of \$3.00 plus the fringe benefits of interesting meetings complete with delicious refreshments? Can you find a better bargain?

H C H S

CHARLES ALLEN HARGRAVE - ANNETTA. PEARSON HARGRAVE

In 1879 Robert Spear Pearson sold his farm on the National Road, south of Clayton, and moved to North Tennessee Street in Danville for the purpose of putting his two daughters in school at Central Normal College. Robert was a native of this county and his wife, Elizabeth Meeks was born in Champagne County, Ohio. Their two daughters were Julia and Annetta or Nettie.

Julia married Dr. Howard C. Jones, who practiced medicine in Morgan County. Their children were Dr. Rilus Eastman Jones who practiced medicine in Clayton for many years, moving to California at retirement; Lloyd, who died at the age of twenty; Irwin, who was employed at VanCamp Hardware, Indianapolis; and Mamie, a graduate of Central Normal College in the Scientific Class of 1910. She became a teacher and later married a classmate, Orville Wade Nichols, of Danville, a graduate of Indiana University and the Harvard Law School. They moved to Knox, Indiana, where he practiced law. Their four sons were graduates of Indiana University: Orville Wade Nichols, Jr., an attorney at Knox, Indiana; Robert Nichols, M. D., radiologist, Vincennes, Indiana; Thomas Nichols, M. D., Clermont, Florida; and Harold Nichols, M. D., psychiatrist, South Bend, Indiana.

Nettie Pearson graduated from Central Normal College in the Scientific Class of 1881 as well as the Classic Class in 1883. It was here that she met Charles Allen Hargrave, who was to become her husband.

Charles Allen Hargrave was born in Parke County, Indiana, the son of William Henry and Jane Bishop Hargrave, in 1858. He entered Central Normal College in 1880, also graduating in the Scientific Class of 1881, as well as the Classic, 1883. On the eve of the 1883 graduation, he and Nettie Pearson were married at her home and, with the wedding party, repaired to the graduation exercises at the college. They established a home on North Indiana Street, Danville.

He became a regular member of the college faculty, filling at intervals all the offices of the institution. He taught higher mathematics, the sciences, physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, surveying (he was a favorite addressee of the State Surveyors Association). Finally, as the school grew, he preferred to serve as the school secretary-treasurer, which position he held until his death in 1927, and it was a well known fact that his remarkable memory enabled him to call by name most of the 40,000 or more students who enrolled at his desk.

Charles A. Hargrave, was, without a doubt, the Grand Man of Central Normal College. Rarely is found in an individual the many qualities that were characteristic of Charles Hargrave. He was at once the master teacher and the profound student. He absorbed information, classified it, and generously gave it out. Although Central Normal College was the only institution of learning he attended, it would have been difficult to find among his peers his equal in education. He was always kind ... always gentle. If to be a gentleman is to be a gentle man, he was surely that.

Nettie Pearson Hargrave was, in her way, a most remarkable person, too. First of all, she was a devoted help-mate to her husband and a devoted mother. But beyond that, she had the time, the ability and the energies to do many other things. She was always active in student affairs at the college as well as in community activities. She was a member of the Danville School Board, an honorary member of the Danville Commercial Club, a patroness of the Psi Chi Omega sorority at the college. Reunions of her college classes were held in her home, and she issued a printed booklet for each event. She wrote the words of the song, "Long Live the C.N.C." sung to the tune "Auld Lang Syne". At the commencement exercises in 1940, Mrs. Hargrave was awarded an honorary LL.D. degree.

To Charles and Nettie Hargrave were born four children: Ralph, who died in infancy; Hazel, who was a blind, arthritic invalid who died in 1940. She was, however, an intelligent, patient, lovely person, who wrote, among other things, a tribute to Hendricks County, a beautiful poem printed in the Centennial Booklet of 1924; Kate, who married Charles Roy Smith; and Homer Pearson Hargrave.

Charles and Kate Smith were parents of two children. Kevin Hargrave Smith, who received his education at the University of Washington, at Seattle, and is now Organizer and Executive Vice President of Education Development, Inc., Boston, Mass., and Sheila Katherine Smith, who married D. Angus Cameron, Editor of Alfred Knopf Publishers, New York City.

Mrs. Smith, who has spent her life in Danville, is one of the most brilliant and talented women in the community. A gifted pianist and a most articulate speaker, she has given of her talents to many cultural and civic endeavors.

Homer Pearson Hargrave was for many years resident partner and manager of the Chicago office of Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith. He also served as president of the Chicago Stock Exchange. He married Colleen Moore, famous film actress, and they are the parents of two children, Homer P. Hargrave, Jr., a broker in Chicago, and Judith Hargrave, who married Jackson Coleman, associated with the Chicago office of Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith.

H C H S

We continue to be amazed at the number of distinguished - but unassuming - people who belong to the H C H S. For instance, Ruth Hall, one of the tiniest but best informed members, who gallivants alone all over the United States, compiled an historical pamphlet for distribution during the week end Lizton celebrated its 125th anniversary in conjunction with the bi-centennial. The townspeople thought enough of her chronicle to pay for it with contributions. Ruth, besides being mother of five and grandmother of (we don't have the latest count) is also Town Clerk of Lizton.

Pittsboro had their own paeen to the bicentennial the week end of the 4th, and who do you suppose led the parade? None other than our own Dr. Malcolm Scamahorn, who was the Grand Marshall, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fisher who were the King and Queen. Now we have rubbed elbows with these fine people many times and have never felt awed in their presence, but we can think of no one who so richly deserves the aura of royalty than they.

H C H S

The year 1847 saw the beginning of journalism in Hendricks County. In that year The Danville Weekly Advertiser was established. In size it was a six-column folio, composed almost entirely of reading matter. Very little advertising found its way into the sheet. Politically, the paper was Whig. We have room for just one article from that paper. Headed Wonderful Discovery, dated Nov. 27, 1847, it read thus:

Henry Burger, of Danville, Indiana, having secured letters Patent of the United States, for the above improvement, would hereby inform the public that he is ready to dispose of rights, either for the State or County, or usual terms.

Persons wishing to enter into this useful speculation, would do well to give him a call. He may be found at his residence in Danville. He would invite public attention; as his Machine for Sawing Wood and Stone is unequalled - a machine that two men can carry with convenience - will cut off a log three feet in diameter - a boy 12 years of age can saw one cord of wood suitable for any stove in one hour.

His machine will show for itself. Call and examine.

Caution: I wish to warn all persons from purchasing of any Agent, as I have not quthorized an agent since July last - therefore, I have no authorized agent.

P. S. Agents that may be appointed from and after this date, will have their names affixed to the advertisement.

Henry Burger

H C H S

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