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H C H S

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H C H S

TO BUILD A BRIGHT FUTURE, WE NEED THE BEST OF OUR PAST.

Harold Blake Walker

GREETINGS FROM OUR PRESIDENT

Hello All,

History was made last month! Yes, I know, history is made every day, but the flight of the Columbia Space Shuttle was "big" history. I heard someone refer to it as the covered wagon of space.

Sometimes those of us who have the greater part of our lives behind us instead of before us are quick to criticize great accomplishments like this - perhaps because we want things to stay as we have enjoyed them or perhaps because we look at them as too big for us to execute without realizing that some one else will do the work, while we can sit back and "watch the parade go by."

As you look back at many other history making events perhaps this one was really no greater than many other daring attempts to change the future. Many awesome events have changed the life of man on earth. A few of them have to be the voyage of Columbus which opened the seaways, the flight of the Wright brothers which opened the airways above the earth, the walk on the moon by our astronauts which proved that we could conquer space, and try to imagine the world before the discovery of electricity - I read a quip a few days ago saying that if Edison hadn't perfected a light bulb, we would be watching T.V. by candle-light. Figure that one out. And can you imagine modern living without zippers?

Some of us remember the time before we had so many things, but we really don't want to go back, do we? Let's look forward with anticipation to a future and hope that we can be here to see it become history in a way we can not imagine.

Marian Worrell, Pres.

The Hendricks County Historical Society met February 1 at the Danville United Methodist Church with 44 members present. Mrs. Earl Bonham, wife of the pastor of the host church, gave the devotions and in her remarks spoke of the importance of collecting bits and pieces and how they contribute to our culture.

After the usual business was conducted, Maynard Noland complimented Jewell Bell on her excellent reporting to many papers. It was mentioned that Grace Cox had recently given 104 items to the museum and attention was called to the interesting articles about the museum that Myrtle Barker had written for THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS.

Dorothy Kelley gave the program about fascinating articles in the museum, dwelling mostly on books, papers, post cards and old comics. She quoted from MUTT AND JEFF COMIC BOOKS OF 1913, ABE MARTIN'S ALMANAC FROM 1909, Roger Bean, Uncle Josh and others. It was a delightful talk followed by a social hour with delicious food and plenty of time to browse about the display table.

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MAY 3 MEETING

Our next meeting will be Sunday, May 3rd. (Remember? The meetings have been changed to the FIRST Sunday in our meeting months.)

The meeting will be held at the Corner Stone Christian Church in Brown Township... Know how to get there? Well, most of us passed it when we went to the Corinth Church in November. Take State Road 267 north from Brownsburg approximately two miles and there it is on the left (west) side of the road. It was formerly the Brown Township School and, so I am told, still looks more like a school than a church.

It promises to be an interesting meeting ... and different. Donald Hasket of Brownsburg, and an expert on the subject, will give a talk entitled POCKET WATCHES AND POCKET KNIVES. So bring your old tick-tocks and switch blades (Heaven forbid!) for the display table and let's learn about a little known subject (at least for most of us.)

Lincoln and Brown Township ladies will furnish refreshments for the social hour.

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Mary Ann Moore is an avid history buff and one of Hendricks County's best writers. She spends many hours at our museum helping Dorothy Kelley and has been a great help to our society. I need her often to write for our bulletin, but she doesn't co-operate too well ... she is too modest, I think. But this interesting article arrived in the mail recently, and I think it calls for more contributions in the future:

TRY READING AN OLD, OLD BOOK

Do you have any books that belonged to your parents, grandparents or perhaps, even, your great grandparents? In 1975 I inherited books from about all of the above. Gradually I have read them all. Ann Judson, A Memorial, was written by Walter Wyeth, DD and published in Cincinnati in 1883.

When I opened this slender, navy blue volume I had no idea of the contents. It had belonged to my great grandmother, Louisa Clark, who lived and is buried at Stilesville. The book had passed on to her son, John William Clark, who moved to Montclair in 1902. My aunt, Pearl Clark Cunningham, died in the spring of 1975, and I helped clean out the old homestead house. I have tintypes of Louisa and Levi, who was a veteran of the Civil War. I value old Hendricks County tax bills dated as far back as 1865.

I learned that the book is about some very famous people. Ann Judson was born in 1789, in Bradford, Mass. She married Adoniram Judson, in 1812, and that same month they departed for Calcutta, India and then on to Rangoon, Burma, as the first American missionaries. Their tongue, dress and customs were so peculiar as only to excite curiosity. They toiled, prayed, and wept alone.

Mr. Judson worked to translate the language into a Bible tract. It was seven years before the first convert was baptized. (In the years to come there were 500,000 converts reached by the pastors trained under Mr. Judson. He translated a dictionary that is used today and translated the Bible into Burmese, according to the encyclopedias.)

The book I own is the story of Mr. Judson's first wife, Ann, who was a missionary for 14 years and died at the age of 37. Her son lived eight months and her daughter died a few months after the mother, at the age of two.

The heart of the story is the long struggle during the War between England and Burma when Mr. Judson was in prison for 21 months. The book is as exciting as any modern biography and was excellent reading material.

Why don't you try reading an old, old book? It might surprise you!

Mary Ann Moore

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Elizabeth Mae (Briner) Shields

Death again visited our ranks and took a lovely member, Elizabeth Shields April 3rd. I have on my desk a beautiful tribute to her written by her husband Don, and her son, Lyndon. It is a loving testimony to a rich, full active life, filled with devotion to her God and to her family, a love of reading, an avid interest in history and genealogy and a student of the Bible.

A life such as this is sorely needed in this world and she will be greatly missed. To her husband and son, and her father, Ray Briner, as well as other relatives, we extend our heartfelt sympathy. We hope they will find comfort in knowing that the rewards of such a dedicated life are far greater than we here, in this world, can ever comprehend. Our faith tells us that she is happy and safe in His everlasting arms.

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Query: Although he did not request a query, a new member, Paul Nagel, 39727 Chaffer, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48044, is seeking info about Nathaniel S. Barron (Stilesville) and Ansalem Mason (Putnam Co.), parents of each and some descendants of certain offspring. I have sent him the name of our genealogists, but if anyone else can come up with information that will help him, I am sure he will appreciate it.

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One of my dearest and most admired friends and, without a doubt, one of the most valued members of our society, has sent this article about the old Butler College when it was located on the Irvington Campus. Although it was not a Hendricks County institution, many, many Hendricks County young people took advantage of its facilities either because of its proximity or mainly because of its exclusive and above average educational standards. Frances Fisher writes:

"This article about the old Butler Irvington Campus is dedicated to all members of the Historical Society who attended Butler, whether past or present. It is written in particular to the memory of James I. Shockley (a former president of the HCHS) who was a classmate of mine and with whom I graduated in the class of 1921. He was an alumnus of whom the college can be proud, a good athlete, active in student affairs, member of an esteemed fraternity and always maintaining an enviable status of a gracious gentleman and an excellent student.

"Our own Ed Winkleman played in the opening game at the Hinkle Fieldhouse in the spring of 1928. The game was between the Alumns and the Butler team. The Alumns won!"

This article is filled with interesting facts and history, delightful memories and a poignancy that speaks eloquently of her love of her old alma mater, of her love of learning and of her love of and exhuberance and thankfulness for life itself.

This is a beautiful tribute to a college from which, Frances rather reluctantly admits, she graduated with highest honors.

MEMORIES of a COED in a College That Was.

Most people who have attended college, have the opportunity to revisit their Alma Maters and to enjoy fond reminiscences of the years spent there, but not so for those who attended the old Butler College in the years before the late 1920's. It is with a distinct sense of regret to find no trace of the imposing buildings that stood on the small, but picturesque campus in Irvington since 1875. It is as if a giant hand had wiped away every vestige of the college which had been held in high esteem and revered by students, especially those planning to be ministers and teachers.

In 1847 the Disciples of Christ Church named Indianapolis as the site of their proposed college. In the laws of the State of Indiana can be found the charter of the North Western Christian University which was approved January 15, 1850. Stock was issued to the amount of \$75,000. On the corner of what is now College Avenue and 13th Street, then out in the country, a handsome and spacious structure, Gothic in character, was built. It became a landmark in that part of the city. School was formally opened in 1855 and classes continued to be held in that one college building for two years.

At the beginning of the Civil War in 1861, many of the boys enlisted in the service. Even President Scott Butler enlisted for three years. My grandfather was one who laid aside his books to enlist in the 51st Indiana Regiment.

Several years after the War, in 1875, the college was moved to a new site, to Irvington which was then a suburb and the name was changed to Butler College in recognition of the benefactions of Ovid Butler who had been president of the Board of directors for 25 years. Let it be remembered that many people, particularly the Butlers, gave money and ground to make the move possible. At that time Butler offered a preparatory department, corresponding to courses given in High School. On 1904-1907, the college became part of the University of Indianapolis. Many well known teachers are remembered: Hopkins, Anderson, Jordan, Burgess, Benton, Merrill, Butler, Howe.

As the years passed by, Butler remained a small, but rather exclusive college. In 1918, however, as part of the Military Student Army Training Corps, 1500 boys descended on the campus.

What a change! Barracks had been built to accommodate the influx, but after the War the barracks were taken over by the Athletic Department. At about the same time, an event of major importance took place. Attracted by an ideal location and a desire to do something for Hoosierdom, Harlan Orville Page, better known as Pat, came to Butler from the University of Chicago where he had worked and played for 15 years and for championship teams. Instilled with the spirit of both Alumni and students, he set out to build for the future triumph of the University of Indianapolis.

In September of 1920, 60 football candidates reported. The survival of the fittest still left three husky teams on the field at the end of a strenuous season. After years of disappointment and failing to win a single game, thereby earning a derisive, but sympathetic title of "Martyr Team", what an inspiring record it was to win 7 straight games and I C A L championship. In October the first homecoming game brought Butler a victory of 13 over Earlham 7, 21 victories out of 25. In March 1921 Paul (Tony) Winkle arrived from Chicago to help "Bring the Christians out of the mire."

The only negative reaction to the expansion of the athletic department and the subsequent pride in prestige and success was that many beloved professors and teachers had received such small compensation for their years of service and dedication. Now, said the old timers, the coaches and athletic department were getting it all. Dr. Thomas Carr Howe, president for many years, had received a salary of \$600 which he returned to the college. Others who had made a distinct sacrifice for the college were Dean Putnam, familiarly called "Putty", Dr. Henry Bruner, Dr. Henry Gelston, Dr. W. C. Morro, Dr. Elijah Jordan, Dr. Elijah Johnson.

Among other things that made Butler unique among colleges, was the strict enforcement of rules set by the founders and early directors. One rule which impressed freshmen early after their admission, was the one against boys and girls dancing together on the campus. If that happened, the ground would return to the original owners, the Butlers who had been most generous in their gifts. Tradition was strong and Christian principles approved by the early founder were respected. Dances were held off campus in fraternity houses or downtown hotels. With only girls as guests, dances were held in the dorm parlors or gymnasium.

One flagrant act of disobedience that lingers in the memory of those who participated, was a general walkout of students in celebration of a rare football victory over Franklin. On Monday, following Saturday's game, it was the consensus of students as they assembled for class that there was real cause for rejoicing, and knowing the usual conservatism of the faculty, the surest way was a student walkout. Boarding street cars en mass, with out fares, parading the streets of downtown Indianapolis, barging into the Circle Theater as special guests, gave a pleasant feeling of independence, but the return to campus in the afternoon was a most disenchanting experience.

Several professors were waiting for us, their usually kindly faces plainly showing disapproval. Then, as now, it was always important to be on the good side of teachers, but we felt that some of the seven woes had been pronounced on us. The worst part was that the faculty had planned a big surprise celebration for the whole student body with a big pep session, special music, speeches by several "famous" alumni. As punishment for our misdemeanor, there was a special chapel next day, with us, the students, being the performers,

voicing humble apologies for the gala of the previous day and reflections on the consequences of such misguided actions.

Another prank by the students was a protest against a series of extremely dry chapel programs which we were required to attend. About a dozen alarm clocks were provided and set to sound off at intervals of every five minutes. On this particular morning, the faculty had thoughtfully secured the services of a well known entertainer for a welcome change. LO! no sooner had the speaker started his program, than the alarms began their intermittent buzzing, bringing chapel to a shameful and hasty conclusion.

Although this was PRE-ERA epoch, great praise should be given to some of the women who were part of Butler's progress; Miss Evelyn Butler, dean of girls and professor of English, Miss Corrinne Velling, English, Miss Sarah Cotton, registrar and assistant to the president, Miss Katherine Graydon, a beloved English professor.

Miss Butler had a modest suite in the girls' Residence hall, and tried very hard to teach them to become ladies. Good table manners were very important and were a trademark of culture. If by chance one ignored the proper etiquette in eating soup, or handling a boiled egg properly, or cutting more than one small bite of meat at a time, or failing to delineate between pieces of silverware, a summons to sit at the dean's table could not be ignored. Little by little mistakes by a timid and awkward coed would be firmly, tho subtly corrected, not to mention progress in table conversation. Study hours were rigidly enforced and when fraternity boys came to serenade the girls, the halls were carefully patrolled to preserve modesty and dignity, both trademarks of "educated females."

Two French girls came as exchange students following World War I. What a delight they were and how responsible Butler coeds felt in assisting them to become better acquainted with Butler tradition. One of them, a beautiful blonde from Bordeau, was engaged to a young American soldier who had been stationed in France, so at Christmas 1920, she left for New York to become the bride of her beloved "Orville". The other girl was a graduate of the University of Grenoble and fell in love with everything American. After her year of study at Butler was over, she stayed on to tutor in French and to teach at Butler. Many times she locked the door of her dormitory room in order to have absolute privacy while she read "Bill Shakespear" and other favorites. We learned so much from them, for it was not an age of world travel.

So many funny things happened, their shopping trips down town with their dictionary, buying new "shoes" one time which turned out to be house slippers with pom-poms. They made frequent trips to the bakery in Irvington to supplement their diet with fresh bread which they loved. They often held auctions in their room selling hand painted bottles which they picked up from junk piles, or cute turbans which they fashioned from scraps of cloth and which had a real chic.

The Dorm angels were really thrilled to have as dinner guests a group of Frenchmen who had come to drive in the 500 mile race. I can't remember a single one of them except Jules Goux.

Approached by John Atherton, secretary of the college, whose eloquence presented a dream of a BIGGER and BETTER BUTLER which had been in the minds of officials and directors of the last few years, the class of 1921 unanimously voted to make a contribution. We signed notes to be paid from our first pay checks to help in the purchase of Fairview which was to be the site of the new Butler. Today Butler stands as a fitting monument to the Butler that was, but is no more.

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The following article appeared February 11, 1981 in the HENDRICKS COUNTY FLYER. It is interesting but it is also a mystery story. No final conclusions have been arrived at for the questions posed at the end of the article. Any one out there with a solution?

Library Lines

HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

On April 3, 1869, Hendricks County officials issued a receipt for \$4.55 for hair furnished to the Poor House.

"Hair?!"

Now, what would the county Poor House want with \$4.55 worth of hair? Human hair? Horse hair? Pig's hair?

The receipt was just one item that a team of Plainfield Public Library staff and volunteers have found in the thousands of old, soot-covered documents dating from the 19th and early 20th centuries that were cleaned out of the county courthouse basement several years ago.

By Indiana law, no records or documents may be disposed of without the consent of the state. This is partly to prevent the destruction of documents with potential historical value. So when the courthouse cleaned up its basement, a number of cartons packed full of old records was turned over to the Guilford Township Historical Society.

Some of the society's members, including Clark Kellum who was also a Plainfield Public Library trustee, hauled the cartons first to the old library on South Center Street, and thence to the present building where they have been stored in an overflowing closet.

These documents are seeing the light of day, albeit briefly, thanks to several volunteers working under the direction of Historical Librarian Susan Carter. The working crew includes staff member Betty Bartley, and long-time local history supporters Clark Kellum, Grace Cox, Ruth Pritchard and Jack Miller. They come dressed in blue jeans, sweat shirts or other work-a-day attire because of the clouds of coal dust that rise as the records are extracted from the boxes.

The documents are cleaned of surface grime and decomposed rubber bands, then sorted into categories such as "jail," "courthouse," "poor house," "roads," "ditches," and "bridges."

After this general inventory the records are repacked into strong, clean boxes, labelled and returned to storage.

Susan Carter beams when she tells of some of the more significant or intriguing documents that the work team has uncovered in this rich lode of historical sidelights:

Specifications for redecorating the sheriff's residence which was part of the county jail and is now an historical museum:

A petition for the incorporation of Plainfield in 1904, signed by voters, all male, of course:

A map of the Indianapolis and Plainfield Electric Railroad Company traction line, with diagrams of the cut:

Documents relating to the purchase and installation of the tower clock in the county courthouse:

Miscellaneous correspondence which adds colorful, amusing and sometimes poignant touches to the daily business of managing county affairs, whether it is contracting for a man to scrub the jail cells for \$1.50, or bills for outfitting people committed to the women's prison.

Now-back to that \$4.55 worth of hair for the county poor house. Let's test your historical savvy or your imaginations. Call the library at 839-6602 before next Wednesday, and tell us what you think that hair was used for. We'll print the names (and answers) of the first 10 people whose answers agree with the conclusions of the library team - or those answers show the most originality!

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The INDIANAPOLIS STAR MAGAZINE recently ran an interesting article about the renovation of the Danville Public Library complete with color pictures. (Wouldn't it be nice if the HC HS could afford a bulletin that could print pictures?. Your Ed then would not have to write so many words, for, they say, a picture is worth a whole batch of words...1,000, I think.)

By Debbie Burns

When the Danville library decided to expand while retaining the charm of the past, the plan offered a perfect setting for 100-year-old stained glass windows purchased at an auction.

The windows are part of the Indiana Room, a recently completed addition designed to match the architecture of the rest of the library, which is nearly 80 years old. The windows had been in a Danville church which originally was United Methodist and later held a Baptist congregation.

In keeping with the antique windows, the rest of the room is devoted to Danville area history as told in old newspapers and photographs and collections of literature and mementos.

Transformation of the library in the heart of the Hendricks County seat is the first since it was established through a Carnegie grant of \$10,000 and put in the care of the first librarian, hired at \$5 a week in 1902. When the expansion became necessary in 1976, the library board considered the options of razing the existing structure, finding a new location or adding to the existing library.

The latter course was chosen and modern architecture was rejected in favor of retaining an historical flavor in the addition. A total of 18 types of brick were reviewed in choosing one to match the old; woodwork and moldings inside and out were matched with the old. An original fireplace mantel was refinished in the adult section and a mantelpiece was used in the new children's room.

Head librarian Mary Ellen Schmidt and children's librarian Carol Flynn are guardians of books in the place which has successfully fused the old and the new, and Betty Bartley is historical librarian.

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What would we do without Betty Lane?

Another article of hers which appeared in the INDIANAPOLIS STAR MAGAZINE is presented herewith:

There are those who call the peaceful Hendricks County town of Hadley a ghost town. But it isn't, really.

Only two streets long, in the middle of rich, rolling farmland, the village once known as Hadley Station is still an identifiable community, part of the life of this once predominantly Quaker area. Tiny Hadley Friends cemetery on a hill just west of town bears silent testimony to persons who once lived in the area.

Platted in 1872 about six miles west of Danville, Hadley was simply called a railroad station in the 1885 history of Hendricks County, with a post office, store, Friends meeting house, and "but a few inhabitants." Hadley never acquired a formal town government, but Hendricks County historian Joe Davidson says it was once a "very busy Quaker community," and its general store was a large one. (The first post office was established in the name of Mimosa in 1871; the Hadley post office closed in 1932.)

At one time the village boasted a flour mill, a sawmill and a blacksmith shop. There are no businesses in the town today.

The railroad that gave birth to Hadley Station was the old Big Four and the little town provided workers to "all branches of railroad service" according to Davidson. Conrail tracks still loom above the town, with an underpass in the railroad embankment for county road 450 west. Immediately west of this road an arched, concrete railroad bridge built in the early 1900s spans picturesque Mill Creek.

Fast freights still roar through Hadley several times a day on runs between Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Hadley's greatest claims to fame have come through the accomplishments of some residents of the area. One was Addison Coffin, who lived on a farm a mile west of Hadley in the last century.

A positive man, farmer, orchardist, writer, lecturer and world traveler, Coffin was also a Friends minister who is believed to have been a right-hand man to his relative, Levi Coffin, in the Underground Railroad for fleeing slaves.

Some say Addison Coffin's tall frame house was an Underground Railroad station. Joe Davidson says "people of Hadley and Amo considered him the wise man of their day. He was short of build, bald and always wore a black silk skull cap."

Addison Hadley and his wife Martha gave their 110-acre farm just east of town to the Indiana WCTU for its Hadley Industrial School for girls.

This impressive brick school building was completed in 1894 and at one time 50 or more needy girls were housed there. They were taught domestic skills and the cultivation of fruits, plants and flowers and helped run the home's dairy operation.

The WCTU had to give up this venture in 1910 for lack of funds (an orphan's home occupied the site for a time), but descendants of some of the young women who lived there are still in the Hadley area.

An index to Hendricks County histories which date back to 1885 (a thick volume) has eight pages of names of Hendricks County residents with the surname of Hadley.

Hendricks County's Clay Township was home to many of those interrelated families from North Carolina. And some of their neat, well-built homes, such as the Charles A. Whicker home east of the village, once the home of Mrs. Whicker's remarkable grandmother, Hannah Hadley, still stand, reflecting the provident ways of these early Quaker residents.

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Myrtie Barker from the "Indianapolis News" gave a nice write-up on the museum following her visit that was mentioned last time. In fact, an article in the museum was mentioned in another piece a little later. She wrote about the lady's shoes in the parlor that no one these days can even get her big toe in. She was writing on shoes from all eras.

We noticed how advertising has affected our lives down through the years. Of course, we didn't have radio and television to keep us reminded as we do now. You know, buy this or that product and you will be sitting on top of the world! The boxes some things came in, cigars, for instance, served a purpose years after their initial use was over and the smoke cleared. Look what a similar box costs today if one can be found. Then all one had to do was speak for one. There were shoe boxes too. They make dandy storage and good place for mice nests. The younger set made dandy wagons by adding a string. Didn't matter if they didn't have wheels. And there was the fan! All kinds of fans, paper lace, cardboard stapled to a stick, palm-leaf--now that could move a lot of air. The fine satin ones milady used to complement her costume. Don't forget the make-shift--pleated newspaper. Anything to move air! How did we get on these subjects? Well, in the parlor at the museum is a long library table that is currently lined with objects used for advertising. Dorothy Kelley, our curator, noticed many in our acquisitions, and thought it would make an interesting display. There were patent medicine bottles, you know, the stuff that would cure just about anything. Liniment bottles held a sure cure from "rheumaties" to a lame horse. Sometimes one touch of that stuff and the horse was no longer lame but the fellow who tried to apply it might be. There were all kinds of

postcards with ads for clothes wringers to hosiery. There was a clothes brush that came from a ready-to wear store and from the looks of the brush, it either didn't get used a lot or the owners took very good care of it. It was like new. Several spectacle cases were there. Some from around the turn of the century and later. There were several shoe horns and button hooks that had names of stores from various parts of the county as well as Indianapolis. The shoe horns and button hooks were hung up high along with the scissors in homes with young children. The shoe horns would have made nice little shovels in the sand-pile. The button hooks would have been nice for something. The scissors would have cut more than paper, in fact, some were known to try their hand at barbering on a younger member of the family. The young operator probably did his best, but the criticism mama provided wasn't what he was looking for.

The museum has a new look! Brand spankin' new steps. Nice! The ones that were replaced were as old as the building and had been trod on countless times. They were simply wearing out.

We recently acquired a very old (1769) Bible and an accompanying prayer book written in the German language. The pages are paper as soft as cloth. Notes from a long time ago were scattered through the Bible's pages but they were in German and this writer can't read German! Notes are always interesting, but we had to forego these.

We received a very, very nice cabinet that will be used to house Central Normal and Canterbury College memorabilia. It has been placed in the library. It is made of oak, has glass doors, is equipped with a light inside, and is quite an addition to the library.

The Mendricks County Garden Club again graced the lawn by planting a tulip tree.

The tulip bed is colorful now and the new shingle oak is thriving. The squirrel that tried to climb it and fell of hasn't been seen trying it yet.

Jewell

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I am looking at an old, old letter, contributed by (whom else?) Ruth Pritchard. It is hand written, of course, on the letter head of the Clerk's office, Mendricks County Circuit Court, Enoch G. Rogate, Clerk. And I MUST compliment Mr. Rogate (if he wrote it himself) on his calligraphy. What beautiful handwriting!

(I hope you will forgive a personal comment. It was much like my father's, W. F. Franklin's. A school teacher, trained in handwriting as all students used to be, his letters to my mother were works of art! Later, when he was a poor, hurried, hard working farmer selling pure bred live stock all over the country, he dashed off a note to a Dutchman in Pennsylvania...in long hand. My father did have a typewriter which he used with two fingers, but this time he didn't take the time to type. This is the answer he received: "Next time you write, use typewriter so I can read him."_

Dated May, 1889, it was headed
Honorable Benjamin Harrison,
President of the United States.

Dear Sir:

It has just come to our knowledge that L. M. Campbell is expecting to be appointed to some Federal position. In the interest of the Republican party in the county, we respectfully but earnestly protest. It has been but a few years since the party in this county was badly split into factions until it seemed problematical, at some elections, whether the Republican ticket would be elected. The potent factor in the split was Mr. Campbell. There has not been an election in years but the question has, early in the campaign, been asked, "How will Mr. Campbell exert his influence?" "Will it be for the Republican party or will he sit still, apparently, and secretly stab the efforts being made for the party?" During the session of the Legislature in 1837 it became well known that Mr. Campbell, as State Senator, was secretly using his influence against the caucus nominee for U. S. Senator and during all which time he was meeting the Republican caucus and pretending to be for the party. In 1888 he refused to make speeches for the party until late in the campaign, alleging as a reason, that he did not know that he was in accord with the party. Finally, he made two or three speeches in the county. There can be no doubt but the Republicans of Hendricks County in 1838 were in accord with the party in Indiana as to the outcome of the Chicago convention, yet Mr. Campbell returned from Chicago after, we think, two ballots had been cast, and openly proclaimed that "Indiana delegation was acting the fool; that there was not a ghost of a chance of a show for Harrison, and the delegation ought, on the next ballot, to cast its strength for Gresham, so the State could have some influence in the outcome." This met with very general disgust from all Republicans here. We do not want anything to come along to cause trouble in the party. We think we can, to some extent, realize the importance of the victory to be gained in 1890, not only in Indiana, but to the Nation; but we say to you, with all due respect, and with all manner of good feeling to the party, that the appointment of Mr. Campbell to any Federal office would cast such an apathy in the party here that a majority of 500 would be a surprise. The former trouble would be nothing as compared to the results to follow his appointment. All differences heretofore have been rectified. The disappointment in the failure of Major Homan to receive what he asked will pass away, because he is in thorough accord with the party and its workers; but this county, from a political standpoint, had better go forever without an appointment given here than that Mr. Campbell be the favored man. We feel free in writing as we do - first, because no one who signs this letter is an applicant for an office; second, we are urging the appointment of no one, and third, because Mr. Campbell is not in accord, politically, with the party, and we have been led to believe you fully understood it. We beg you to understand that we write this only in the interest of the party and not through any personal feelings against Mr. Campbell.

Very Respectfully Yours,

Editor's note: Ruth and I do not know if this letter was ever sent, and, if it was, who signed it or what influence it had on President Harrison. As a strictly non-partisan publication all I can say, after watching, for years, political maneuvering, is: THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE MORE THEY REMAIN THE SAME.