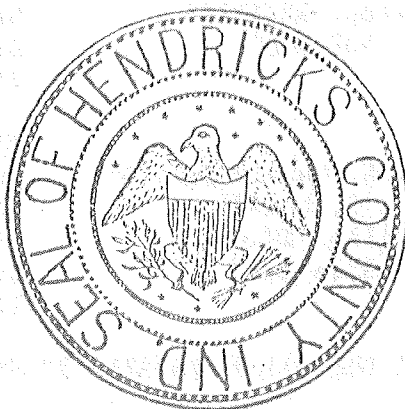


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HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME XV

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THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

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HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

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EVERY GENERATION ENJOYS THE USE OF A VAST HOARD BEQUEATHED TO IT BY ANTIQUITY, AND TRANSMITS THAT HOARD, AUGMENTED BY FRESH ACQUISITIONS, TO FUTURE AGES.

Thomas McCaulay

FROM OUR PRESIDENT.....

TO HONOR OUR DEAD

It's May again. . . the month when we remember those who have gone before. Already we're thinking of just how we'll decorate the graves of our loved ones. This is a once . . . or maybe twice or thrice-a-year exercise for most of us. And it's a good thing to do.

I think there's a way of remembering that is even better. It is to put into practice on a daily basis those good and true principles that our parents and grandparents followed. Not one of us has even one perfect ancestor. Not everything in the past is to be emulated. But we do have a rich heritage from which we can choose whatever is appropriate in our present dilemma. Just one of many possible examples: the national debt. Imagine what would happen to it with a sustained application of hard work, thrift, and self-reliance (the much maligned Puritan ethic)! Happily, it is no longer disgraceful to be a conservative . . . one who would save whatever is good in our past and apply it for the solution of our present problems.

Our Historical Society, I hope, isn't looking at our past as just a curious collection of dry bones. Rather, it aims to breathe life into names, dates, and events so that they may serve as a weathervane for today and tomorrow. What better way to honor our dead? It is a way to give them a special kind of immortality here on earth.

Lois Crayton

FEBRUARY MEETING

Approximately 50 members and guests of the HCHS gathered at the Danville United Methodist Church, February 5th, for the first meeting of the year. The Rev. Alan Rumble, pastor of the host church gave the devotions, and Robert Carter, with Margery Clay at the piano, led us in a sing-a-long.

Dorothy Kelley reported that during December, 310 visitors to the museum had registered. She also told us that Robert Castetter and Randall Joseph had cleaned and painted two basement rooms (one of which had been a coal bin!) making ready for the long-awaited books from the Court House, which had just arrived. Organizing them was to be the next big project for our faithful Museum workers.

Mr. John Selch of the Indiana State Library gave a comprehensive history of newspapers. He bought with him a large number of papers from the collection at the State Library and those, together with Betty Bartley's display, gave us an opportunity for much interesting browsing.

Grace Cox and her committee of Center Township ladies served refreshments during the social hour.

MAY MEETING

Mr. Robert Lawson of Dublin, IN, will be the speaker at the May meeting which will be held at the Stilesville Baptist Church. The church is located a block south of the stop and go light in Stilesville. THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL ROAD will be the subject of his talk and he will emphasize the Hendricks County section. We will hear, also, a discussion of the McHaffie House which is an old landmark that is in the process of being restored, and those who wish may visit the lovely old home. RISING HALL MANOR is the name given the house by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Prosser. More information on the house and the McHaffie family follows in THE BULLETIN.

Mrs. Irene Clark will give the devotions and a brief history of the Stilesville Baptist Church and ladies of Liberty and Franklin Townships will furnish refreshments. We just know that this will be an outstanding meeting, so don't miss it!

MUSEUM MUSINGS

If the museum building hadn't been so sturdily built, it would have shivered in every brick this past winter! How do we know that it didn't? My, the stories the building could tell if it could talk!

Several clubs have held meetings with us this past winter, and many individuals have visited us also.

How time flies! Surprising how mobile our society has become. Some of us will be spinning a few yarns telling what used to be where this is now, and we'll get a blank stare and the answer that they didn't know there was anything like that here. Now, do we tell all, or do we stop right there? Most of us tell all! The other day an older lady visiting the museum didn't know there was ever a high school at Pittsboro. Oh, my dear, just ask any of the many graduates! They'll be glad to tell about it.

Now it can be told! Remember all the moving and shaking we talked about? All the converting coal bins, boiler rooms, laying of new concrete floors, clearing out stuff and clouds of dust? It certainly looks like a different place now! Bob Castetter and Randall Joseph went home many times so covered with dust that they had to be swept before they could be identified! Among the books we received from the court house were tax and tax duplicates from the area of 1840. There are deeds. There are assessments from 1887 to circa 1900. There are 1888 reports of trustees as well as 1832 deeds. All these are in the south room of the basement. The reason we didn't say much was because some researchers might have poked their heads in and asked: "Where's the books?" It would have been kind of embarrassing to have to admit that they hadn't come yet. Some came with the metal shelves, and others had to be made on the spot. Saws and hammers were busy for a while. While you are down there, it would be a good idea to keep an eye on "Abdullah", the Mynah bird, who keeps tab on the goings-on from his/her perch close to the ceiling in the north-west corner. As you know, Mynahs are not considered a close-mouthed bird. So----sees all, tells all!

Jewell

Our COUNTY HISTORIAN, Susan Miller Carter of the Plainfield Library, sends the following:

"Black Women in the Middle West" is the title of a documentary heritage project directed by Darlene Clark Hine of Purdue University. Ms. Hine has asked the cooperation of several professionals and volunteers from Indiana in gathering information and documentation of the lives of Black women in the Midwest.

The project's purpose is to recover the heritage of Black women by collecting, cataloguing, and permanently preserving their photographs and documents. These documents will include everything from official birth and death certificates to family scrapbooks, private letters, pamphlets, obituaries, wills, souvenir booklets, minutes of club meetings, and newspaper clippings. The recovery of this heritage is vital not only for scholars but also for the general public.

Hendricks County residents who wish to help with the project are asked to contact Susan M. Carter, Hendricks County Historian, c/o Plainfield Public Library, 1120 Stafford Road, Plainfield, IN 46168, telephone 839-6602.

NOTICE

The Plainfield Public Library has a limited quantity of The Sophisticated Lady: The Battleship Indiana in World War 2, a 50-page paperback publication, for free distribution to interested persons.

The books were made available to the library by a Plainfield resident. Numerous black and white photographs illustrate the text.

To obtain a copy, come to the library during regular Historical Collection hours: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday from noon until 5 p. m. or on the last Saturday of the month (April 28) from 9 a. m. until noon and 1-5 p.m. The library is located at 1120 Stafford Road, at the corner of Stafford and Simmons Street (telephone 839-6602).

Susan Miller Carter

Our thanks to Betty Bartley of the Danville Public Library for the following articles:

MELVILLE F. McHAFFIE--A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

Melville F. McHaffie was born in Knox County, Tennessee, December 27, 1826, a son of Andrew E. and Nancy (Woods) McHaffie. He came to Hendricks County with his father in 1832, his mother having died in Tennessee. Andrew McHaffie bought 640 acres of Government land. They settled upon a farm west of Stilesville. At first, the family lived in a tent, and later put up a log house.

Melville F. McHaffie was married to Mary Ann Thomas on August 15, 1850. He moved to a cabin, near the site where he would later build a large, brick house. At the time of his marriage, he owned no land, his cabin being on his father's land. He later became one of the largest landowners in Hendricks and Putnam

counties, owning more than 2,500 acres in the two counties.

McHaffie raised mules on his farm, and reportedly received a personal commendation from President Lincoln for providing the Union Army with the largest number of mules during the Civil War.

Melville F. and Mary Ann McHaffie were the parents of ten children. Mrs. McHaffie died in 1897, and Mr. McHaffie died in 1914. Both are buried in the Stilesville Cemetery.

ON NATIONAL REGISTER

The Hendricks County Jail and Sheriff's Residence, now the Hendricks County Historical Museum, and the McHaffie House, located near the Putnam and Hendricks County border, are two of the recent additions to the National Register of Historic Places. The following article about the history and purpose of the National Register was taken from "Hoosier Landmarks", a booklet published by the Historic Landmarks Foundation of Indiana:

In 1935, the U.S. Congress passed the Historic Sites Act and thereby established a policy of preserving historic resources of national significance for public use and inspiration. The 1935 act gave the Secretary of the Interior the power to survey, document, evaluate, acquire, and preserve archeological and historic sites throughout the U.S.

This policy was expanded in 1966 with the passage of the National Historic Preservation Act, which authorized the creation of the National Register of Historic Places. The National Register is the official list of districts, sites, buildings, structures and objects throughout the country that are at least fifty years old and considered to be of local, state, or national significance in history, architecture, archeology, or culture. Listing in the National Register:

- gives the property prestige and publicity
- provides protection for the property from adverse effects of federally-assisted projects
- enables owners who rehabilitate certified historic structures to take advantage of federal tax benefits
- allows property owners to apply for federal grants-in-aid (if funds are made available) for preservation projects.

Listing in the register does not mean that the federal government wants to buy the property or place restrictions on its appearance or function, or on the way a private owner (using private funds) may choose to alter it.

There are more than 560 individual sites and structures and fifty historic districts in Indiana listed in the National Register. Eleven of the state's sites have been named National Historic Landmark, a designation reserved for properties of national significance.

NEWS FROM THE INDIANA ROOM

BY BETTY BARTLEY

DANVILLE PUBLIC LIBRARY

We have some good news for genealogists who will be visiting the Indiana Room in the near future. Libbe Hughes has embarked on the task of indexing the 1870 census for Hendricks County. She completed an index to the 1850 census last year. No, we didn't forget 1860--the Indiana Historical Society has started a computerized census project for that census year.

Work is continuing on our obituary index for the Danville newspapers. Our index is now complete through 1895. These names are also made available to the Plainfield Public Library, and are added to the obituary index there.

We have recently started to add some Putnam County cemeteries to our cemetery file. We now have listings for several of the cemeteries in Putnam County that are located in townships adjoining Hendricks County.

We have received a notice from the National Archives advising us of a change in processing requests for copies of veteran's records and passenger arrival records. Details on this new procedure are available in the Indiana Room.

The Central Normal College Alumni will hold a reunion June 23, 1984. The Indiana Room staff will be there, with displays of photos, yearbooks, and other CNC memorabilia. We will be accepting donations of CNC materials for our Central Normal College Collection. We hope to see some of the Historical Society members there.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR RECORDS AVAILABLE

Microfilm of Revolutionary War records of the National Archives are now available for rental at the Danville and Plainfield Public Libraries.

Three types of records are available:

- General index to compiled military service records
- Compiled service records of Revolutionary War soldiers
- Revolutionary War pension and bounty-land-warrent application files

Contact the Danville Public Library or the Plainfield Public Library for further information on the rental of these Revolutionary War records.

Ruth Pritchard has done enough research on Stilesville and its vicinity and inhabitants to fill a book, and we thank her for the following articles.

Apology to S. W. Gillian -- the poet and lecturer

"Ever been to Stilesville?
Only half a day--
Out from Indianapolis
Staggers me to say

I was out to Stilesville
Not so long ago,
Stopped with Mr. Burgess--
Mrs. called him Joe

Meet a heap of people--
Best you ever see,
Them folks out to Stilesville
's good enough for me

Little town of Tailholt
Hope that ain't you
Little town of Stilesville
Beats ye black and blue.

Why out there at Stilesville
Folks all treat ye white
Best folks a livin',
Take 'em day or night.

Hearts of Stilesville people--
Big as 'ole Phil Kreigh
People out to Stilesville
's big enough for me.

Some folks think the city
's the place they'd like to be
But living out to Stilesville,
's the place to live for me.

If ye ain't ne'er been there
Why, ye orter be,
Going out to Stilesville
Is trip enough for me."

As remembered by

Lesta Buis Tibbs

May 30, 1958

First written by S. W. Gillian about 1889 or 1900

DOOM AVERTED FOR U.S. 40 LANDMARK

by Charles Niehaus

Every preservationist feels relief when he sees an important building saved from a seemingly inevitable doom brought on by neglect and indifference. That was certainly my feeling when I learned recently that a majestic old farmhouse which I had known since a boy, and which had stood empty and decaying for many years, had been purchased by someone who intended to preserve it. I was downright elated to hear from the new owners that in fact they are embarking on a long and carefully planned restoration project.

The house is on U.S. 40, the old National Road, in the eastern tip of Putnam County. A large brick, Italianate structure, it is similar to a number of others which used to be seen along the route from Indianapolis to Terre Haute. Now only a very few remain, and most of them are in some stage of serious decay. Built by prosperous farmers in the heyday of traffic along the National Road after the Civil War, they are important as architectural achievements and as a visible link with a vital and dynamic period of our history.

The builder of this house was Melville F. McHaffie, a member of a Scots-Irish family who migrated from Virginia to Tennessee and then to Indiana. McHaffie, whose grandfather witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, was six years old when his father brought his family to Putnam County, Indiana, in 1832. McHaffie grew up on the National Road, helped to clear the way for the road, prospered at farming, banking, and livestock breeding. He became nationally known for his mules, but he also bred high quality race horses on his farm, where he maintained his own track. He also accumulated hundreds of acres of land in other states.

In 1870, McHaffie built his new house in the Italianate style popular at the time. Foursquare and solid without unnecessary frills or ornamentation, it was the fitting expression of the success and prosperity he had gained through hard work on the land. It cost \$12,500, a considerable sum for that day. The bricks for its construction were made on the farm, and the wood—poplar and cherry—was cut there. The brick walls, both interior and exterior, are fifteen inches thick.

Ten rooms, each sixteen feet square, are connected by a massive central stairway made of cherry. Because of this stairway, the new owners have named the house "Rising Hall Manor." The house still has its original slate roof. Three porches have disappeared but will be replaced. A most unusual feature is the brick barn, built in the same style, with three lots, a dozen stalls, and a slate roof.

The new owners are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Prosser of Indianapolis. Mr. Prosser is senior vice president of the Langsenkamp Company. With considerable experience in metal fabrication, house building, and woodworking, he is unusually suited to take on this challenging project. He and his wife June, who collects antiques, will do much of the work themselves. Their plans call for placing the house on the National Register, completing its restoration within five years, and within another five years completing the restoration of the barn, walks, drives, and gardens. The Prossers are to be much commended for recognizing the significance of this property, and for having the dedication and energy to undertake the restoration it deserves.

ACROSS THE ROAD FROM THE McHAFFIE HOUSE

Research by Ruth Mitchell Pritchard

In Hendricks County just across the road from Melville F. McHaffie's big brick house, is land once owned by George H. Keller. On this land George H. Keller laid out Georgetown.

George H. Keller purchased from Thomas Barker the E $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 20 T14N R2W -- in the district of lands subject to sale at Crawfordsville, Indiana -- number of certificate 14781. The date of this transaction December 21, 1833. The price was \$150.00. Deed Record Book 3 page 40.

George H. Keller bought from Absalom Snoddy the W $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec 20 T14N R2W. This eighty acres cost \$400.00. August 6, 1836 Deed Record Book page 335.

A plat of Georgetown is recorded on page 499 of Book #6. It is dated July 26, 27, 28th, 1837. Surveyed for George H. Keller eighty lots of ground in Georgetown on the National or Cumberland road in the W $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ and E $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 20 T14N R2W. -- Cumberland Street 80 feet wide -- Harrison Street 72 feet wide -- Public Square 240 feet -- North Street and South Street 40 feet wide.

Alleys numbered 1 are twelve feet wide -- no. 2 14 feet wide -- no. 3 are 16 feet wide -- no. 4 are 15 feet wide -- All whole lots are 72 feet in front and 144 feet back -- Lots no. 2 & 43 are 108 feet in front. Nos. 12 & 13 are 60 feet in front -- no. 22 is 45 feet in front no. 66 is 108 -- no. 23 is 96 -- no. 67 is 38 -- no. 41 is 200 -- no. 40 will average 88 back -- no. 39 will average 124 back -- no. 81 is 112 feet on the alley -- no. 80 will average 58 back -- no. 79 averages 86 -- no. 78 averages 140.

James McAchran, Surveyor

The proprietor of Georgetown was George H. Keller

The plat was recorded August 2, 1837.

KELLER TO KELLER

Research by Ruth Mitchell Pritchard

Know all men by these presents that I George H. Keller of the County of Hendricks and State of Indiana for and consideration of the sum of five hundred dollars to me in hand paid by William M. Keller of the County and State first aforesaid the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged have bargained sold and delivered and do by these presents bargain sell and deliver unto the said William M. Keller the following goods and chattles, so bargained and sold (to wit) Eight feather beds and all the bed clothing thereunto belonging, three fancy bedsteads, nine common bedsteads, one bearow (bureau), three dining tables, two stand tables, two patend mantle clocks, one safe, one cooking stove, one carroam table, one large four-horse wagon, two yoke of cattle, one sorrel mare, one brown mare, three milk cows, and three calves, nine head of sheep, one Rusia sow, and nine pigs, and also sixty head of asst. hogs, three pair and irons, three dozen plaits, three sets of knives and forks, eight dishes, one Cary plough, one patend plough,

all the corn now growing upon my three different fields ungathered, four haystacks, one sugar chest, thirty-six chairs, two set of harness, two crubing (grubbing) hoes, one lock (log) chain, to have and to hold the said goods and chattles so bargained and sold to the said William M. Keller his executors administrators and assigns to his and their own proper use and benefit and behoof forever.

And the said George H. Keller do hereby covenant and agree to and with the said William M. Keller that I and my heirs executors and administrators will warrent and forever defend the said goods and chattles so bargained sold and delivered to the said William M. Keller from and against the rightful claim of all persons whomsoever, of all which goods and chattles I the said George H. Keller have put the said William M. Keller in full possession by delivering to him all the said goods and chattles at the time of the sealing and delivery of these presents, In witness whereof I the said George H. Keller have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty third day of September in the year of our lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty seven.

George H. Keller

The above bill of sale was this day sealed and delivered and the goods and chattles therein mentioned were delivered by the said George H. Keller to the said William M. Keller and full possession thereof given in presence of us.

James C. Smith Witnesses
Wm. P. Robards

The above Bill of Sale recorded 25th September 1837.

COMING CELEBRATIONS

PITTSBORO SESQUICENTENNIAL 1984

NORTH SALEM SESQUICENTENNIAL 1985

UNITED METHODIST IN AMERICA BICENTENNIAL 1984

SALLIE ROSE DAYTON

Sallie Rose was born July 14, 1878 near Stilesville, Indiana. She was the daughter of Allen Rose and Louisa Barnes Rose.

Her education was in the Franklin Township common schools of Kay and Greenwood and a short time at LaClair in Liberty Township. Her high school work was at Stilesville where she was in the first graduating class. Her teacher training was at the State Normal School at Terre Haute.

She taught intermediate grades at Stilesville, finishing there in 1907. Her next teaching was in South Dakota.

She had a long, eventful life. She died in 1972.

A SCHOOLROOM OF SIOUX

By Sallie Rose Dayton

What does a young teacher do first--get into their heads or into their hearts--or just give up and go back to Indiana?

"Everyone must work out his own salvation in the teaching of Indians," was my sole bit of advice when I, on a bone-chilling Monday morning in January, 1909, sought some guidance for instructing the intermediate pupils of the Cheyenne River Boarding School of South Dakota Sioux. The agency was located not too far from the present-day Gettysburg across the Missouri.

"I merely want to know my duties as teacher," I assured the principal who had so rebuffed me.

"You will soon become acquainted with your duties, and although you do not appear to be physically able to assume them, remember you are to ask no favors," was his rejoinder as he walked away.

I was standing in a hallway into which a group of dark-skinned children of various sizes was being ushered by a man I soon learned was the disciplinarian. It was he to whom I was to report any misconduct.

When all were seated, he, too, left and I was alone with thirty pupils who seemed intent upon ignoring my presence. As I stood beside my desk and surveyed the lowered heads of these stoic children, there came to me a somewhat jesting remark of a friend. He had said that all I would have to do would be to tell them stories of Teddy Roosevelt, whom they admired because of his ability as a rider of broncos.

However, not so much as one story of their hero could I recall, so I told them a short fairy tale at which my former all-white pupils in far away Indiana had laughed and clapped their hands. Not so with the children I was expected to teach.

Consequently, in an effort to assert some authority, I asked them in a firmer tone to bring forth their third-grade readers, which they did, but left them closed as though defiant of further orders. I picked up one on a desk directly in front of my own. I read the name, Paul Spotted Dog, on the inside leaf and promptly said, "Paul, read a page for the class."

Paul selected a page near the front of the book and read it without stumbling over a single word, but every syllable, regardless of emotional intent, received the same emphasis.

Nevertheless, I congratulated the boy on his pronunciation and called on the next in the row. He also selected a lesson in the front of the book; so hoping to test them further I asked another to show me the page of their last lesson. He replied, "No remember."

Not wishing to embarrass the class as well as myself, I then permitted each pupil to read a page of his own selection. The ease of their pronunciation of words was surprising, but I was displeased at the monotone which prevailed throughout the recitation period.

"Put away the readers and bring out your arithmetics" was my next order and when I again inquired as to their last lesson, no one would volunteer to inform me. Consequently, I gave a test to learn if they could add, and led on up to long division. Their accuracy was quite good in what we teachers considered the four distinctive elements in number work--addition, subtraction, multiplication and division.

I was satisfied that these pupils were ready for simple fraction problems, but when I tried out Paul Spotted Dog by giving him a simple addition of them, he could not proceed. The starting place for this class had to be that part of their arithmetic book known as fractions. They were not pleased, as the illustrations of fractional parts of most of the objects meant no more to them than the U.S.I.D. brand of their horses and various other things meant to me.

To break the stalemate I passed out drawing paper and pencils and asked every member of the class to illustrate some things to be seen on the prairie during their summer vacation.

On the papers I collected were pictures of trees, limbs loaded down with choke cherries; scrubs bearing edible currants; and large sycamores beneath which there might be a tiny tributary of the meandering Missouri River. But the most pleasing to me was a lifelike picture of a medium-sized, riderless horse, with an attitude of expectancy for its owner. And as I picked up the papers, Louie Duchneaux informed me that his drawing was that of his own horse, miles away in his father's pasture. I told Louie that I too had a small riding horse on my father's farm in Indiana. From that moment Louie and I were friends.

By the end of the week, I had gathered sufficient information to enable me to make a rough outline of classroom work. And on Friday noon I received an outline concerning my out-of-classroom duties. First, I was to take my pupils of the afternoon session for a walk during the last hour of school. In addition to that I was to be one of two sponsors at a party for my room. It would be held in the assembly hall. On Saturday morning I would be expected to supervise a thorough cleaning of my schoolroom. Later in the morning I might be called upon to accompany a group of girls to the store a short distance on the opposite side of the grounds.

Sunday morning I would accompany all children of Father Vogel's class to the white building about one quarter mile on the opposite side from the school buildings. On Sunday night I would be required to contribute a quartet of singers from my room as well as play the piano for group singing from three classrooms. On the following week I would, on two nights, be obligated to continue the somewhat disrupted work of a class which had been doing simple, but exacting, craft work. A remembrance of helping my mother weave willow baskets in my childhood days was my only experience along this line but as the children had several raffia baskets already started we got by very nicely.

It was thought necessary to teach these children the rudiments of converting hides into shoes and harness, timber into useful articles, cloth into dresses, and to teach them the proper way to wash and iron as well as the proper way to care for government-furnished farm animals and tools. At the close of the first day I had sixty pupils enrolled.

New pupils arriving after the first session were fourth graders. They should have been more interesting, and it was discouraging to have young people in their teens, in some instances, who could not so much as read or write a single word.

One of these was John Iron Hawk from the Black Hills. He had managed to escape enrollment until he was almost a grown man. Apparently he knew no English words. However he was a model pupil as to behavior, which was more than I could say for an equally mature girl. She somehow had mastered the art of cheating. Before the week was up I became suspicious of her ability to make a hundred in spelling with so little study, so at the close of my pronunciation of a rather difficult spelling lesson, I stepped behind her desk and saw the edge of a tiny bit of paper under her slate.

I was confident that this girl who signed her name Amy-Talks-About-Himself copied the words from the bit of paper, but as she occupied the back seat I did not think her roommates were aware of her deception. Neither of us ever spoke of the incident for which I think Amy was very grateful, as she was a model pupil after that.

At the end of the two weeks I was so discouraged that I was on the verge of resigning the enlightenment of Indian children and returning home. To think the matter over I went for a solitary stroll along a stretch of boardwalk from which the Indian farm detail had shoveled snow (which they might have enjoyed if the disciplinarian had not kept so close a guard that they dared not roll even a handful into a ball).

As I came near the end of the path I heard a crunching of boots close behind me. Almost fearfully, a cheerful voice said, "Hello, teacher of B. Room."

I returned the greeting in a rather reluctant manner and the boyish looking man at my side informed me with a smile that I was in charge of the room of Indian children which he had taught for a short time as a substitute. He was glad he said, to be back as clerk where the real boss of the Cheyenne River Agency lived.

"Louie was just telling me that almost all of the Indian children in your classes, except John Iron Hawk, are talking to you, so if you have them talking to you it is more than they did for me at the end of a month," the young man said wryly.

Then, to the sorrow of the entire school, Louie a few days later was sent home to his father's ranch and his beloved pony. Louie, like many others in our school, had symptoms of tuberculosis, and such children were sent to their homes whether their lodgings were tents, log or sod cabins, or fairly substantial frame houses. At least they were back in the wide open spaces which they loved so well, and in many instances the change did restore the youths to health--for a time, at least.

To me fell the task of ushering the visiting parents and grandparents through the various classrooms, shops, and workrooms. My embarrassment was great when one of the middle-aged visitors, a parent of one of my pupils, pointed out a mistake in a fraction on an exhibit paper. And one elderly woman refused to enter the laundry in which a power motor was humming. She was as shy as a bird.

There was a day for sports consisting of baseball and races, but the participants as well as onlookers were so very quiet that the winners received no handclapping or shouts of applause.

On the last night of Commencement Week, we honored the students by exhibiting on the stage of the large assembly hall, the best work from the shoemaker's shop, carpenter shop, and the sewing room. There was some group singing as well as an orchestra. By that time I had a quartet of girls on whom I could depend for the programs we gave on Sunday nights, and I did not think they would disappoint me that night and they did not.

But I was a bit amused at the principal who had so curtly informed me that I would have to work out my own salvation. For I was aware of the fact that for days he had been taking four of the larger girls out among the buttes and encouraging them to speak sufficiently loud that he might hear them from the butte on which they stood to one on which he sat. He had boasted of his success, but when brought to the test, only those in the audience very near the front of the hall could hear the girls' much practiced song. Nevertheless, there were many white employees of the Agency present and they made the hall ring with their applause and all was well. When the elderly Indians began their trek to the downward stairway near which I was standing, the majority gave me a friendly "How" as they passed out into the school yard and on to their cabins or tents for the remainder of the night.

On the following morning at an early hour the big gate of the school grounds was flung open. Numerous wagons to which were hitched Indian ponies, somewhat hampered by saddled ponies attached to their bridles, came to a standstill near the two dormitories.

The girls hastily climbed over the wheels or any other obstacles and took their places beside their mothers who, in most instances, were seated on prairie hay on the bottom of the wagons. The boys made a leap for the extra ponies' backs and soon our pupils were out of sight, no doubt carrying on fluent conversations in the language they had been forbidden to use for nine months.

The majority of the employees were not far behind, but they brought forth neat suitcases and placed them on the porch of the employees' building, if rooming there, if not, on the sidewalk nearby lest the mail carrier, also their transporter, overlook the baggage. They were all set for a twenty-mile, jolting ride before being checked to various hometowns in several states.

A handful of workers were left to care for the buildings, a garden, and to make some clothing for the everyday wear of next year's pupils. Since I was not entitled to enough time to go to Indiana for a visit and return, I was one of those whose eyes filled with tears as those homeward bound waved a farewell from the east side of the Missouri River.

From the February 7, 1974 issue of THE HENDRICKS COUNTY REPUBLICAN

A native of Danville, who died in 1922 at the age of 62, was elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame, last week. The local hero is Sam Thompson, brother of the late Humphery Thompson and an uncle of Lawrence (Boots) Thompson, who now lives in Shelbyville. "Big Sam" Thompson stood 6' 2" and played all but eight of his games before the turn of the century. The left-handed outfielder played for Detroit and Philadelphia of the National League from 1885-1898, then appeared in eight games with the A. L. Detroit Tigers in 1906. Thompson holds the record for RBI's per game with .923 runs per game, ahead of Lou Gehrig and Hank Greenburg and was the first National Leaguer to get 200 or more hits in one season and 300 or more total bases, with 234 safeties and 311 bases in 1887, the same year in starred for Detroit in the World Series.

Evidence of the Mastodon in Hendricks County

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While plowing to plant oats during the spring of 1961, Mr. Larry Alkire turned up a large tooth which he subsequently placed on display at the Farm Supply Store in Coatesville, Indiana. Through the agency of Dr. John Ellett, Coatesville physician, the tooth was brought to the attention of the author and the opportunity provided for making this study and report. Grateful acknowledgement is hereby made to all concerned for this cooperation, and to Dr. C. L. Bieber, Department of Geology, DePauw University, for consultations and advice.

The very large size and weight (2.75 lbs. or 1.25 Kg.) of the tooth made it at once apparent that only a very large animal such as a proboscidian could have produced it. Further taxonomic allocation of the tooth was based on structural criteria mentioned in 1792 by the Scottish naturalist Robert Kerr concerning mastodont teeth: "But the grinders are totally different, being covered uniformly with enamel, and furnished with a double row of high conic processes, like those of carnivorous animals; whereas those of the elephant are composed of alternate perpendicular layers of bone and enamel, and are ribbed transversely on their upper surfaces, like those of graminivorous quadrupeds" (Osborn, 2). Since the tooth discovered by Mr. Alkire exhibited three sets of "high conic processes," it was obviously a tooth from a specimen of *Mastodon americanus* Kerr (Osborn, 2).

The Site of Discovery of the Tooth

The Alkire farm lies in Hendricks County, east and somewhat south of Stilesville, Indiana, in Section 30, Township 14 North, Range 1 West, and is part of a general area known as "the bottoms" and "the lake country." The entire area is generally low and quite flat; there are places where elevation differences of ten feet are as much as one mile apart (4). According to older natives of the area it was once very swampy; the excavation of "public ditches" and the occasional dredging of the natural streams have been the measures that have rendered the land tillable. The Alkire farm is traversed by Mud Creek, about fifty feet from the west bank of which the tooth was plowed up; this spot may be located approximately as latitude 39° 37' 30" North, longitude 86° 33' 40" West.

The studies of Thornbury (3) reveal that the Alkire farm is land once covered by the most northeasterly arm or extension of glacial Lake Eminence, a lake that covered an area of approximately 30 square miles. It had a very irregular outline, with many finger-like extensions. One such extension lay in a northeast-to-southwest direction, generally parallel to the present course of Mud Creek, and at the level of the Alkire farm this extension was approximately one mile in width according to Thornbury's map (3). According to Thornbury's analysis, the retreat of the Wisconsin ice sheet left a morainal deposit which blocked run-off to the southwest and thus backed up the waters into Lake Eminence, which probably had a spillway into Lamb's Creek southwest of Hall, Indiana. Drainage was eventually established to the southwest by way of the present Mill Creek. The area under consideration has thus had, evidently, a long history as a swampy region, and the discovery of Mastodon remains in the area is consistent with the general experience that swamps have been the sites in which most such remains have been found (Hay, 1; Osborn, 2).

