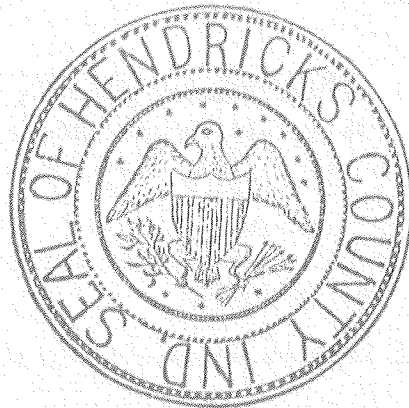


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# HENDRICKS COUNTY

## HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME XXII NUMBER II

MAY, 1991  
PUBLISHED BY

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

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Danville, IN 46122  
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Tel. 745-2604

Plainfield Public Library  
Guilford Twp. Hist. Col  
1120 Stafford Rd.  
Plainfield, IN 46168  
Attn: Susan Miller Carter  
Tel. 839-6602

Hendricks County Hist. Museum  
Danville, IN 46122  
Open Tues 9:30 - 3:30  
Open Sat 1 - 4  
For Further information call  
(317) 745-4055 or 852-2810

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Though we travel the world over to  
find the beautiful, we must carry it  
with us or we find it not.

- Ralph Waldo Emerson

## FEBRUARY MEETING

The Hendricks County Historical Society met on Sunday, February 4, 1991 in the Circuit Court Room in the Hendricks County Court House. Our president, Judy Pingel, welcomed the group numbering about forty-five. Betty Bartley gave a eulogy on the war in the Persian Gulf. The meeting was videotaped by Brandi Wallace of Danville Community High School. The secretary's report was given and after correction was approved. The treasurer's report was read and accepted. The group honored Blanche Wean, our long-time treasurer, on her ninetieth birthday, with a birthday cake and a planter of flowers. Our president Judy commented on the many contributions Blanche has made to the historical society. Dorothy Kelley gave her museum report. Docents are still needed for the museum. The museum board was introduced.

The essay contest that was so popular last year has been expanded to include an open class for adults who write. At the May meeting the charter members still active will be honored. The Indiana Historical Society is having a drive for new members. Any one sending in a new membership of \$20, and is a member of a historical society in this state, \$5 will be returned to the historical society of that person's county. The drive lasts until May 30, 1991. President Judy talked about the cook-book that's being planned. Advance orders at \$3 to \$5 range will be taken at the August meeting. The book is to be ready for November. The Blanche Wean award will be presented at the May meeting. Nominations of candidates for the award will end on March 15, 1991.

Betty Bartley introduced Virgil Hunt, a former president of Central Normal College. He came to Danville from Oakland City, IN in 1937. He told many amusing and interesting stories about his tenure at the college. Central Normal College graduates were recognized. We all went to jury room where we sampled the birthday cake and other goodies.

Meeting adjourned  
Judy Pingel, pres.  
Jewell Bell, sec'y

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## THE MAY MEETING

Awards and winners will be featured at the next meeting of the Hendricks County Historical Society, May 5, 1991, at 2:00 P.M., at the Brownsburg Public Library, 450 S. Jefferson.

The first annual Blanche Wean Award for the preservation of local history will be presented at this meeting. We will also be announcing the winners of the second annual Local History Essay Contest.

There will be other surprises and important announcements so be sure to attend!

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

As this issue of the BULLETIN was being compiled, Betty Bartley phoned to tell me that Ida Mae Good Miller had passed away. Ida Mae was a long-time resident of the county and a charter member of the HCCHS. She and her husband, John, were present at most society programs and they did more than their fair share of organizing and cleanup duties before and after the meetings.

Perhaps common to such situations, Betty and I prolonged our telephone conversation, sharing expressions of disbelief amidst moments of silence. Betty had just talked with Ida Mae a few days previously about the arrival of a new grandchild. I spoke with her several weeks ago after a Guilford Township Historical Society meeting. In her usual forthright manner, she asked what I was accomplishing. My reply must have been satisfactory, for I received a quick nod of approval before she moved off to interrogate another.

There is little we as friends can offer to her family except our heartfelt sympathy and our memories. Ida Mae Miller was a wonderful lady and she will be sorely missed.

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The Hendricks County Historical Society sponsored a slide presentation in conjunction with the "Diners, Ducks, and Drive Ins" exhibit featured in the Court House rotunda during March and April. The speaker was Joan Hostetler, who prepared the exhibit. She outlined the variety of roadside architecture that has lined Indiana's highways. A catalog, featuring some of the photographs from the exhibit, as well as a 1991 calendar published by the Indiana Historical Society are available for sale at the Hendricks County Museum's gift shop. There will also be copies for sale at the May meeting.

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#### IN THE WORKS

The Indiana Historical Bureau is conducting a survey of historical markers in conjunction with a new state Historical Marker Program. Indiana's County Historians have been asked to serve as County Marker Coordinators. Historian for Hendricks County is Susan Miller Carter of the Plainfield Public Library's local and Indiana History Department.

The first task is to identify and record existing state format markers in Hendricks County. "State format" refers a standardized blue and gold cast aluminum roadside marker with a raised outline of the state of Indiana in a half circle at the top and raised letters one and one half to two inches high. Text is repeated on both sides of the marker. The marker measures 30 x 42 inches and is mounted on a four foot post.

To date, the only state format marker identified in Hendricks County is the one marking the Western Yearly Meetinghouse on East Main Street in Plainfield.

If HCHS members know of additional state format historical markers, Susan Carter would like to be notified as soon as possible as to their exact locations. She may be contacted at the Plainfield Library, 839-6602, or by writing c/o Plainfield Public Library, 1120 Stafford Road, Plainfield, IN 46168.

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#### NAME THAT PLACE

During a recent HCHS Museum Board meeting, a lively discussion ensued concerning place names and obscure road names in the county. Are you familiar with the Dead Sea Road? Can you direct a weary traveler to Joppa? The board members have decided to make an informal attempt to collect the road and place names and we need your help. So make a list of any unusual or little known places or roads in Hendricks County

(be sure to include their locations) and send them to the BULLETIN editor, bring them to the May meeting, or drop them by the museum. The submissions will be printed in future issues of the BULLETIN.

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The Hendricks County Historical Society Museum is in desperate need of docents to staff the building during the summer months. The museum houses a wonderful collection of artifacts and it is imperative that it remain open to the public. If you are interested in joining the museum staff, please let Dorothy Kelley, Betty Bartley, or any of the society officers know. Your commitment of a few hours a month can make a difference!

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IN MEMORIAM

It is with sadness that we note the passing of Nancy Baird. She was a long-time Danville resident and many will remember her presence in the Central Normal College Bookstore. Our sympathies rest with her many friends.

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FACETS OF LOCAL AND INDIANA HISTORY

The Plainfield Public Library's Local & Indiana History Department, under the directorship of Susan Miller Carter, is hosting a series of informative programs during 1991. The lectures will be held at the Plainfield Public Library, 1120 Stafford Road, Plainfield. Preregister for the lectures by calling 839-6602 or visiting the library's circulation desk.

Tuesday, June 18 - 7:00 p.m.

HISTORIC ARCHITECTURE IN HENDRICKS COUNTY - Ann Davis

Ms. Davis is with Historic Landmarks Foundation of Indiana and served as coordinator for HLF's architectural survey of our county in 1990. Using slides of historic and contemporary photos, she will illustrate architectural styles from various periods of the county's history. Books will be available for sale

Tuesday, June 25 - 7:00 p.m.

THE HISTORY OF YOUR OLD HOUSE - Joan Hostetler

Owners of older houses may need tips to help track down the history of their homes. Ms. Hostetler, a staff member of the Indiana Historical Society, will offer ideas for sources of information in her slide-illustrated program. There will be a period for questions and participants are invited to share their own stories of research success. Bring a photo of your house if you wish

Tuesday, September 24 - 7:00 p.m.

CAMPAIGNING WITH SHERMAN: HOOSIERS MARCH TO THE SEA - Tony Trimble

Mr. Trimble is a popular presenter at Civil War Roundtables throughout the state and beyond. His slide talk will center on an area of particular interest to Hoosiers and is based on a published article he authored.

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Special thanks to Harriet Hadley Whicker for providing the following history of the Hadley house located in Clay Township at 3888 W. 200 S.

#### SUNNY SLOPES

Mrs. Hannah Hadley built this house in 1889. She and her husband, Tilghman Hadley, had planned the house before his death in 1888. Grandma Hadley lived long enough to think he had died from appendicitis. The homestead was called Sunny Slopes.

The bricks for the house were fired next door by Jimmy Harlan in Hadley.

The house is basically the same except for the fire in the early summer of 1941 and the tornado in March, 1948.

The fire destroyed the summer kitchen in 1941. The kitchen had three large kettles on the north side of the room set in concrete, and they were raised about two feet from the floor so logs could be placed under them for heating wash water, butchering hogs, or making apple butter. The woodshed was attached to this wooden structure, and also a small shed with a drive through enabling one to unload the wood. There was a walk running along the east side of these wooden buildings. A breezeway was between the house and the summer kitchen. There was a stairway leading into the cellar in this breezeway. The fire damaged the kitchen and the pantry and burned the door that led into the dining room. The kitchen and pantry were redone into an entry, bath, and kitchen. The doors in one small closet in the entry are walnut saved from the pantry after the fire. The ceilings in this area are now eight feet and the floors are hardwood. Father replaced the burned door and windows with glass blocks.

The ceilings in the rest of the house are eleven feet and all floors are wide poplar boards except at the end of the stairway: apparently they had two or three oak boards left and just used them in the floor.

The wide baseboards and woodwork are oak. Most doors have transoms. There are three bedrooms upstairs, a hallway, and a small area at the end of the hallway. The three rooms are about the same size--about 15' x 15'. A walk through closet was made in the southwest bedroom making it smaller. This was done after the tornado in 1948--the tornado took off the roof, one wall and windows upstairs. There is still glass embedded in the closet door of the northwest bedroom that I left for future generations to see.

The roof shingles are slate from the W.C.T.U. School for Girls across the road.

The downstairs consists of a hallway with a closet underneath the stairs, a parlor, a living room, and a dining room--all about 15' x 15' except for the two smaller rooms off the living room with a walk through closet in one of the small rooms. The kitchen is also in the downstairs area.

This home had electricity early because Father had a battery operated system for this. The wiring had to be put in a metal tube because the walls are solid brick; 10" - 12" in width.

About 1928, a group of men, one was my father Seth T. Hadley and the other John Shelton, got enough money to build an electric line from Clayton down road 350 West to road 200 South to provide electricity for the area farms and the town of Hadley. The electricity had to be purchased from a man by the name of Evans of Clayton, who owned Evans Electric which was a subsidiary of Mooresville Public Service.

A hot water heating system was installed in 1945. The boiler being fired with coal--a stoker--later was switched to oil.

The tornado took off four porches. The front porch and one side porch on the southeast side were not replaced. The porch at the kitchen was enlarged and screened for eating, etc. The dining room porch was enlarged. Both porches have the original steps.

The structure attached to the north of the house was built after the fire which consisted of a large room and the shop. Our son, Michael R. Whicker, who died from a fall from inside the 80' silo in September, 1989, put the extension onto the roof on the back of the shop in 1985 so he would be able to work on large farm equipment-- combines, tractors, etc.

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AN HISTORICAL ESSAY, Continued  
by Ralph Morgan Townsend

My grandfather and grandmother Townsend lived on center street in Plainfield. One of my pleasures when visiting them was to sprinkle the street with water each evening to keep down the dust. At that time the houses did not have garages but had barns to keep their driving horses. My grandfather was known to have the best horses. There were 60 acres sold off of the back section of the farm and I heard it was so my grandfather could buy good horses. He had a heart problem and carried cloves in his vest pockets for when he felt an attack. I can remember the odor of cloves when I sat in his lap. Alonzo H. Townsend born in 1852 passed away in 1921 when I was seven years old.

The last year we were on the farm we had a watermelon and cantaloupe patch in the orchard and peddled them in town along with sweetcorn and other vegetables. We had planted pumpkins in one of the cornfields and in the late summer brought them into the barnyard and made a huge pile. They were sold to the Pittsburg Pie Co. I felt rich when my father gave me \$5 for my summer's work.

My mother's father was Frank B. Morgan, who during my life time always lived in Mooresville, Indiana. He was the son of Wil Morgan. My grandmother Alice Hadley Morgan had passed away before I was born. My grandfather remarried and his wife Laura was the grandparent I knew. She was very nice and I always liked her.

Alice Hadley was the daughter of Zimri Hadley whose ancestry has been traced back to Simon Hadley who lived in Kings County, Ireland and was born about 1640. He seems to have been the first of the family to have joined The Society Of Friends.

Alice Hadley had four sisters and two brothers. They were Oren, Ollie, Emma, Ruth, Ella, and Pallina. Their marriages produced 23 children which were my mother's first cousins. Among one of these cousins was Ollie Hadley's daughter Dolia, who married Furr Draper and they were the parents of Donal (spelling is correct) and Kenneth.

My grandfather Morgan had a brother Pleasant and sister Dora whom I knew as aunt Dode. She was married to Frank Sheets. They had no children. Anna Jane Stiles is the daughter of Pleasant and Emma Morgan. Frank and Alice Morgan were the parents of my mother, Lura, Mary and a boy Lester who died in infancy. Mary Morgan married Wallace Hadley, not a descendent of Zimri Hadley, and had a daughter Mary Elizabeth, my first cousin.

Family gatherings at grandfather Morgan's were always happy occasions when Mary Elizabeth, Anna Jane and I got to play together. We were very near the same age. The girls were gigglers and I did my part to make them giggle. The family get togethers followed the usual pattern of birthdays, Christmas etc.

My grandfather had a grocery in the west end of Mooresville, uncle Pleas farmed and Frank, aunt Dode's husband was a trader, an orchard tender and kept a donkey to breed mares to produce mules. He had one arm, having lost one with an encounter with a saw. We liked to play in his barn located in Mooresville, but on some occasions when some one would come with a horse, we for some unexplained reason were asked to leave for a while. Uncle Wallace Hadley taught school and did various jobs in the summer.

My grandfather Morgan was a very kind man. I would visit them for a week each summer when I was of grade school age. He had a comforting smile and made me feel so welcome. His greatest gift and his greatest problem was that he trusted every one and thought them to be as good and honest as he was. People charged their groceries with him running up large bills, many of which were never paid. They would spend their cash at the chain stores. He had a very firm religious faith and was a faithful member of the Mooresville Friends Church. I always liked to go with him early in the morning uptown to get his daily supply of bread from the bakery. He used a child wagon, which I used during my visits to coast up and down the sidewalks.

In the early 1920s the gasoline fired engines and their use for power was just getting started. We had a gasoline engine at the barn that powered a milking machine by mechanical means to air pumps along the stalls for the cows. We used this when we had large numbers of cows to milk. Most of my experience was hand milking. Of course the cats waited for their pan of milk but while doing so received a few squirts in the face. One of the memories of milking in the summer time is to get swatted in the face by the tail of a cow brushing the flies away just after relieving itself. The milk was stored in 5 and 8 gallon cans overnight in a tank of cold water and was picked up each day by a truck that hauled it to Indianapolis. The gasoline engine also could power a feed grinder for the usual Saturday morning chore.

Hay was cut by a mower pulled by a team of horses. It was allowed to cure in the field. A horse drawn hay wagon pulling a hay loader behind the wagon was quite an improvement over hand loading with pitch forks. The load of hay was then taken to the barn where it was unloaded by a hay fork being placed in the hay and by a series of ropes and tracks a horse hooked to the rope would lift the hay and deposit it in the mow at the right time by a trip rope. One of my early jobs was to drive the horse. A chain of commands were yelled from the mow to the wagon to the driver of the horse. Many a barn burned due to putting up wet hay and spontaneous combustion starting a fire. The hay got packed down and was difficult to put down to the horses and cattle.

We had a large silo which was filled each year by cutting stalks of green corn, putting them on a wagon and taking the corn to a waiting machine. The machine cut it into small pieces and blew it into the silo. It would stay warm and steam all winter. There were no corn pickers and all the field corn had to be shucked by hand after it had cured. A goal was to have the corn shucked by Thanksgiving.

Very often the Duesenberg testers would go by our house. They were manufactured in west Indianapolis. After the engines were produced they were strapped to an open chassis and drivers in white coats would take them for a test run. Other cars made in Indianapolis at the time were Mormans, Cords and Stutz to name a few.



Small airplanes were beginning to appear. On two occasions light single engine planes came down in neighbors fields trying to fly coast to coast. There were no airports as such. A good field was used. Both of the down planes I saw ran into fences. Ernest Cutrell a member of our church had a plane and became involved in aviation early. A recent history of Plainfield stated, "Ernest Cutrell, nationally known pilot and pioneer in instrument landing, was born of a farm south of Plainfield and attended Central Academy".

Farming, as has other ways of life, been made easier by the use of gasoline or diesel powered equipment and electricity. There is no other industry that is more dependent on the weather and the amount of rainfall whether it be too much or too little. It has always been so. I decided early in life I did not want to be a farmer but this was not the end of my working on a farm.

My father passed away on January 7, 1924 prior to my tenth birthday in April. He was 42. His cause of death was listed as pernicious anemia for which there was no cure at that time. Liver products were later developed for such patients and were to those with this problem a life sustaining product, as insulin is to the diabetic.

He was, when in good health, a large well built man six feet tall who played football at Central Academy. As I grew up I was proud to be told by those who knew him what a nice person he was.

Soon after his death we had an auction sale and sold all the farm equipment and animals. I had been given a calf which sold at the sale for \$78. We moved to 308 S. Shaw Street in Plainfield. At that time we faced open fields across the street, which now is the sight of the Van Buren Grade School. Our financial situation was not good. My mother was left with a \$2000 insurance policy and some debts that I do not know the details. I am sure my father could not get more insurance. Ella Wilson, one of Zimri Hadley's daughter's and her husband Cal, spent a few winter months with us. They lived in Colorado. We played a lot of games, mostly Rook, since playing cards were thought to be evil and never in our house.

We had a dog named Teddy that we brought with us. There was no restriction on letting him run loose. Teddy thought our block to be his protective territory and so did the Rosemary's dog. They had some real dog fights and Teddy seldom won. We had to keep him tied, which was quite a let for a farm dog.

My mother got a job as cook in Gates Restaurant. She worked from 6 A.M. until 8 P.M. with two hours off between 2 and 4 P.M. She was off after 2 P.M. on Sundays. She made \$12 a week and her and my meals. She had a friend who thought she could get my mother a job at Eli Lilly and Co., then a small company employing less than 200 people. She said she did not want to leave town each day where she was out of touch with her boys. I realize now the sacrifice she made, and the importance to my growing years. I would go to the restaurant for each meal and be on hand to walk home with her at night.

Hildon was then 15 and at the age to break away. He was not bad but wanted to quit school and in general was difficult. My mother talked to the High School principal, who was also superintendent of schools. Through him and the basketball coach, who took a special interest in him, they kept him interested. He became student manager of the basketball team and he played baseball.

Plainfield at this time was a town of 1800 people and remained that population during all the time I was there up to 1936. In this size town you knew everyone and besides that they knew you. The schools were run by the township. Besides Plainfield

there was a one room school at Friendswood in the southeast corner of Hendricks county, Guilford township.

These first few years in town were adjustment years for us. My mother's working gave me many hours of fending for myself. The Prays, who lived up the street told mother I was always welcome at their house and I did spend a lot of time there. John Pray was two years older than I and wore a leg brace due to polio. We flew homemade kites made from iron weed braces, newspapers, string and paste made from flour. Ardyth Pray was one year older than John and Gladys was my age. Our minister was Herbert Huffman who had a son by the same name. The son later married Ardyth Pray and became our minister in Indianapolis and were the parents of Johny and Mary Huffman.

I got a new pair of roller skates and became proficient at skating after tearing holes in my long black stockings. The stockings with knee length trousers were worn by boys until they were 12 years old when they progressed to long trousers. Hobbs hill across from where we lived was a gathering place for kids all over town to slide on sleds when there was snow. There were no radios, TV or organized activities for kids. We made our own. There were scrub baseball games in vacant lots when someone was fortunate to have a baseball. We would knock the cover off and then use tire tape as a cover until we knocked the stuffing out of it. All sorts of basketball goals were on garages and barns and we all learned the art of alley ball.

There were no really affluent families at the time. The nearest to being rich were the C. M. Hobbs family who ran the landscaping nursery at the county line near Bridgeport. They donated the shrubbery around the Western Yearly Meeting grounds of the Society of Friends. This nursery is still in operation by his descendents.

Each Friends Meeting has its own monthly meeting for business. A group of Meetings formed a Quarterly Meeting and all met in August for a Yearly Meeting. Plainfield was the home of Western Yearly Meeting. The grounds covered ten acres next to the old Central Academy. Yearly Meeting lasted one week and Friends from all over Western Yearly Meeting came and spent the week in business and devotional sessions. The last day, Yearly Meeting Sunday, was one of the largest gatherings of people of the times in rural areas. Back of the church were rows of hitching pipes where people hitched their horses in the shade of huge maple trees. The large Yearly Meeting room was used just during Yearly Meeting. It was used for school activities such as baccalaureate, graduation ceremonies or other large community gatherings. It was the largest room in town. The Plainfield Friends had a permanent room and a tent was also set up in the church yard. All three places had services at the same time, to hear the leading ministers from all of Quakerdom. People came from long distances to visit with relatives and friends. Many of these were not affiliated with the church but used the event as a yearly opportunity to visit.

One Saturday night in 1924 my grandfather Morgan had closed his grocery about 10 P.M. as was the custom. With his days receipts in his pocket he went uptown in Mooresville to get a haircut where the barber shop stayed open until 11 P.M. on Saturdays. As he was going by the Christian Church corner a person jumped out from under the wood fire exit steps of the church and hit my grandfather over the head with a railroad spike. My grandfather resisted and the robber pulled a gun and during the struggle the gun was fired into the air. The robber got scared and ran away. The heavy straw hat worn at this time was thick enough to have protected my grandfather from being killed. However he was injured and needed assistance which did not come immediately since the neighbors thought it to be a drunken brawl. My grandfather gave the Masonic distress call of the lodge and people came to his aid. A few minutes later John Dillinger told people in the pool hall that he heard someone had killed old man Morgan. This gave him away and he soon admitted the robbery attempt and was taken to jail at Martinsville, the county seat. The next morning he

was brought to my grandfather's bedside where he was identified as the attempted robber.

My mother and I went to Mooresville where she visited him in his room but I was asked to stay outside.

Dillinger was given a stiff sentence of 14 to 20 years in the state prison at Michigan City and a fellow hiding in a barn nearby by the name of Singleton, was given 2 to 10 years and was never on the scene.

While I was in the 5th grade we played the 6th grade in basketball as a curtain raiser to a High School game. This was to be the most important event of my life so far. When I was sent in the trunks I had been given, which were too large, fell down and I ran to the bench where by some means we got them fastened so I could play. I thought the whole world saw me but I guess it practically went unnoticed. While in the 6th grade the whole school gave the operetta Cinderella and I was the Prince. The script read that at the end I was to kiss Cinderella. I did not want to kiss her during practice and the teachers pleaded for me to do it at the performance. I did not, but later would have thought it a good opportunity, during practice as well as at the performance. She was a beautiful girl, Myra Atkinson Swift.

Just at the time I went to Junior High School the High School building that was the old Central Academy was condemned and all upper six grades were housed in the Junior High building. I doubt if there were over 200 students in all. While in the seventh grade I started taking trumpet lessons from Chester Drake who was quite an influence on me in my formative years. He had in earlier years played in one of the large circus bands. He was an accomplished musician on all instruments. By the end of the seventh grade I was practicing with the High School Band. We also had an orchestra. Band practiced before school on Thursday's and the orchestra on Friday's. Mr. Drake had an orchestra at our church where he directed and played violin. The school supported instrumental lessons. He was a good influence and spent as much time talking as working on my lesson.

One of my first jobs was to go about a mile out of town to a dairy farm run by Elza Almond, a cousin of my mother's. I would help bottle milk into glass bottles, eat supper with them and then help deliver the milk in town in the evening. In those days pick up trucks had fenders and running boards. I would sit on a fender and then run and deliver the milk to the customers.

My mother, cooking in the restaurant, was working hard and I knew it was hard for her to make ends meet. I tried as much as I could to make my own spending money and buy my clothes. I would mow yards and do odd jobs. When I was twelve I was hired to sweep and keep clean a Variety Store and in the winter to keep the coal fire fueled and going. I would go at 7:30 in the morning, come in at noon and after school. I guess I did more than required or expected for I had soon established going in the morning, in at noon and from 4 P.M. to 6 P.M. after school and all day Saturday from 8 A.M. until 10 P.M.

The owner of the store was a jeweler and had the jewelry store in the back. He repaired watches and clocks. There were no electric watches then and fairly few wrist watches. The men's watches were large, heavy and spring wound. He taught me to clean clocks and I soon took over that job. My salary --- \$3 a week, which worked out to about ten cents an hour.

The store had the usual five and ten cent items but we were the only store in town that handled toys, fireworks and small household items. Fireworks of all kinds were permitted then. We would take orders and package them for release on July third.

Spit devils, large 4 inch firecrackers, snakes and round balls thrown high or at something all made for huge noises and smoke. The entrance to the store was a walkway between two show windows and the scene of many a large firecracker shaking these windows.

Mr. Earnest Newlin, the owner of the store lived in Indianapolis and seldom got to the store until just after noon. Florence Newlin, a cousin of the owner was the only clerk except for my helping. I would, during school months, eat my lunch and go to the store while Florence went to lunch. We caught the noon candy trade that way. When I had to go back to school I would lock the door and Florence would take her full hour. One day there were a bunch of gypsies in their usual dress going up and down the streets. They had a reputation of taking things so Florence waited in front of the store with the door closed until they left town and then found that I had closed the door but not locked it. How fortunate I was.

I was not so fortunate on another experience that I will never forget. Mr. Newlin had worked hard to get his watch repair work caught up by the first of December so he could wait on the Christmas trade. All of the watches in for repair were wound and hung in a case each morning where they could be checked to see if they were running correctly and then they were taken off the rack and put in the locked safe each night. There was a magazine table under this rack where newspapers and magazines were stacked. Late on a Saturday night I had just taken down the watches and was just about to place them in the safe and due to the uneven stacking of the newspapers and magazines the metal box with all the watches slipped off the table and crashed to the floor. Broken crystals, backs of watches and what remained of watches were scattered all over the floor. Mr. Newlin scolded me for it seemed like an hour but probably more like 15 minutes. He was a gentleman enough to not use one swear word. I was crushed. I couldn't sleep or eat and thought my world had ended. On Monday when he came in he asked if the boy came back, which I had, and he said I should not have scolded him so much.

In this part in time people did not do their Christmas shopping until the last week. We were selling toys and Christmas items up until Christmas eve.

In this period of 1927, 1928 and 1929 the economy was not good in Plainfield. Mr. Newlin closed the store, the Citizens Bank closed with my heifer money and a little more that I had saved. Over the years the receiver paid back 80% of the investment.

Those three years working in the variety store at the age of 12, 13 and 14 was a great training area in being responsible and in meeting the public and learning how to deal with people from the easy to difficult personalities. At this time no work permits were required and there were no age restrictions on driving a car. I have always believed that children should work as they are growing up and the restrictions of today put on those under 16 years of age rob them of valuable experiences and provide too much idle time.

My brother, Hildon, worked in the Watson Drug Store. During these times most drug stores had a soda fountain. He was in charge of the soda fountain and was an apprentice pharmacist in that he was accumulating years of experience but no classroom work. He made \$18 a week which was the going wage at the time. Sodas, sundaes and milk shakes were 10 cents and cokes, cherry-lemon etc. were 5 cents. The one pharmacist besides the owner had Sundays off. Hildon would work the drug side and I worked the soda fountain. I worked the drug store in the winter when I was not working all week on a summer job. I made \$2 for the day, 8 A.M. to 10 P.M.