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HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



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THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
DANVILLE, INDIANA

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ORGANIZED 1967

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H C H S

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Autumn

"...there is no such thing as a bad autumn... It becomes possible to walk softly in the shadowed woods, an inquisitive collie now in front and now behind. You pause to pick up an acorn from the forest floor. The acorn cracks; and buried within the ivory flesh one sees the infant beans, the ribs of unbuilt ships. Walnuts emerge damp-black from spongy wombs. These are not days of death in the woods; these are days of conception, the seed dropping, the wet mold covering, the earth enfolding in winter's slow gestation."

From The Foxes' Union by James J. Kilpatrick

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H C H S

Hail and Farewell from Our Great President!!!

(Editor's Words)

It hardly seems possible that another year of our Hendricks County Historical Society is almost at an end. It has been a most enjoyable year. The programs have been outstanding. We are most grateful to Carolyn Kellum and her committee: Vyenne Chandler, Grace Cox, Gloria Higgins and Darlene Lynch.

We are so proud of our Hendricks County Museum. We thank Mildred Hosier, president and the members of the board, the docents and the many volunteers and especially Dorothy Kelley, executive vice president. She gives so much of her time and talents. We are so fortunate to have such interested people working together to make the museum the appealing place that it is. We thank Jewell Bell for her informative publicity, which appears regularly in the county papers, concerning the many interesting gifts and loans to the museum. We are looking forward to "Christmas at the Museum" the first two weekends in December. It is always such an enjoyable time, and it promises to be even better this year.

I especially thank the other officers, the editor of the bulletin and the volunteers who assemble and mail the bulletin.

I wish to thank all of you for your inspiring help and cooperation during the past two years. It has been a joy and a privilege to serve you. It has given me an opportunity to know you more intimately and I certainly treasure these friendships that I have made through my association with the Hendricks County Historical Society. Best wishes for the coming years,

Mary Jeannette Winkelmann

H C H S

Thanks to the Winkelmanns!

As this year comes to a close, we would be remiss not to say a heartfelt "thank you" to the Winkelmanns, Mary Jeanette, aided and abetted, sustained and supported by that wonderful Ed, has done a terrific job, not only for the HCHS, but for the Museum Board. We have made great strides together, and as she most modestly thanks every one else for their contributions...and they have been great... let us join in a rousing vote of appreciation for the Winkelmanns. Mary Jeanette and Ed!

The August Meeting

A perfect August day brought 46 members to the beautiful Methodist Church in Pittsboro, the 13th, for a most interesting meeting. Hazel Rains gave the devotions and after reports from officers, the nominating committee presented the following slate of officers for the coming year: President, Randall Joseph; Vice President, Marian Worrell; Secretary, Mildred Smith; Treasurer, Blanche Wean; Historian, Dorothy Templin; and Publicity, Jewell Bell. These officers will be duly elected at the next meeting.

The fascinating program consisted of a show and tell talk and exhibition program during which many members displayed and explained the historical significance of unusual articles, most of which were family heirlooms. Member participation was rewarding and another such program would be popular another year.

The social hour was in charge of the ladies of Eel River, Union and Middle Townships.

H C H S

The November Meeting

Our next meeting will be held at the Carinth Church, north of Brownsburg. Instructions to get there are to go north on S. R. #267 to Road 1,000 North, turn west a short distance and you're there.

Mrs. Darlene Lynch is chairman of the hostess committee which consists of the ladies of Brown, Washington and Lincoln townships. Those members with perfect attendance at this year's meetings will be recognized.

Gloria Higgins, a member of the program committee, has announced that Mrs. Vici Weaver, of Danville, will review the book, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." Mrs. Weaver has quite a reputation for her delightful book reviews and, in the humble opinion of the editor, ranks right up there with the professionals. Coincidentally, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" was written by Edward Eggleston, a Hoosier author and a "circuit rider" of the Methodist Church. In case any of you don't know it (and how could you help but know it with your editor harping on it for months!), The Danville United Methodist Church is just now recovering from its exciting and inspiring week of Sesquicentennial Celebrations.

H C H S

Museum Musings

By Jewell Bell

At the time of the last bulletin the tulip bed at the museum was in full bloom. After the tulips finished blooming, the Hendricks County Garden Club set out ageratum and petunias. The flower bed has been a pleasure all summer. The shingle oak the D.A.R. set out is growing nicely.

Clubs are finding the museum a great place to hold meetings and some intend to have one a year or more if they can manage. A guided tour is always on the agenda.

There is quite a collection of Indian artifacts, including arrow-heads of various sizes, a plow and an axe. If one didn't look twice, he'd declare they were rocks. Then there is an Indian type costume with real eagle feathers, and real bear teeth. We'd just as soon see them as part of a costume as to come face to face with the living thing.

There is material concerning Central Normal College and Canterbury College. We have some school pictures of days long gone. There are lots of pictures of groups from Central Normal that do not have any other identification except from the school. If any one who went there has the time to spare, we'd like some help. Surely someone knows who the subjects are.

We have received lots of books, some very old. We thought when we got some published in the 1850's we were going back a ways, but the other day there was one, an arithmetic book, that was surely in the late 1700's and early 1800's. We had to go by some of the examples. The leaf that would tell exactly was missing. The example included a date of 1799.

Recently we received a beautiful old melodeon that was originally in the Judge George Brill home.

Mr. Charles Brunson of Plainfield has been busy putting all those small hand tools on peg-board and hanging them on the wall. He's doing a fine job, too!

There is also the printing press that was used at Central Normal way back when Dr. J. A. Joseph was the president. The college printed all of its business forms and letterheads.

And clothes! Silks and velvets with lots of bead-work. It is hard to imagine a taffeta apron with a velvet ribbon trim in the kitchen, but we have one. Didn't things get spilled then?

Then there is the craft shop! Right now Christmas things are making their appearance. There are tree decorations in needlepoint, crochet, and stuffed toys. We noticed a noobile of owls up in the corner just daring the little shell mice to start something. There are cardinal refrigerator decorations, also a bunch of black cats and Schnauzer dogs lining the steam pipe. We had about a dozen turkeys, but they all found new homes. One wall plaque shows about the contrariest looking donkey ever created, eating a bouquet of flowers and just daring anyone to do anything about it. Oh, yes! There is some nifty note-paper with the logo of the museum. Done by our own Florence Obenchain, Pittsboro. It would make nice Christmas gifts.

H C H S

What Happened to the Storm Cellar

by Zona Walker

Do you remember going to the storm cellar? Many were the summer nights when we would rouse to hear Mama saying, "It's storming and Papa thinks we had better go to the cellar." Wrapped in blankets we would stumble barefooted down the stairs and assemble in the lamplit kitchen while Papa was about the serious business of the evacuation. Windows and doors and every possible fire hazard had to be checked.

When everything was deemed in readiness, Papa marshalled his little forces to the shadowy, vine-covered back porch.

Ah, the delicious excitement of it! Black clouds rolling in the sky, swaying trees and flattening grass brought into momentary visibility by the crackling jagged flashes of lightning, the almost constant rumbling and crash of thunder. If you counted between the flashes of lightning and roar of thunder, you could tell how many miles away the lightning would strike. "That one was pretty close," Papa would warn ominously.

There was usually some brief delay on the porch while Papa made a trip or two back into the abandoned house to get his pipe and tobacco or a supply of drinking water in the event that we had to hole in for an indefinite stay when the moment was right. Papa would dash the few feet from the back porch to the storm cellar and open the door, and wait for the little charges. The stone steps were cool under our feet. At the foot of the musty flight was another door which entered into the circular stone subterranean cave. The air down here was always cool, dank. Wooden shelves lined one side where Mama stored her canned goods. Papa ceremoniously lit the lantern that always hung ready for just such an emergency as this. On the floor below the lantern stood an axe in the event that should debris be piled upon the door, we should have a means of hacking our way to freedom. Wide awake, cosily wrapped in the blankets we perched on the wooden planks that formed a seat against the dew-dropped walls, thoroughly enjoying every minute of the imminent danger pounding away above our heads, and the adventure of being up in the middle of the night.

Sometimes Mama told us old beloved familiar tales of her girlhood. Sometimes Papa regaled us with stories of the time he and Uncle Henry blew up the powder can or the time he saw one of the "little people" in the woods that Mama was rather firm about the latter sort of tale, not believing that children's minds should be filled with such nonsense. Usually Papa was too restless to sit still long. Every few minutes he would venture forth to reconnoiter and return with a report of the storm's progress. "It looks like the main part is moving to the south." "Clearing a little, but we had better wait a while longer." "Bad looking cloud moving in from the west."

Sometimes he even went back into the danger-filled house and brought back thick slices of heavily buttered homemade bread for us.

Then would come the final foray, and Papa would report all was safe, and we would troop back in the house to nestle sleepily into bed, safe in the knowledge that once more Papa had pitted his wits against the elements and had brought us safely through the crisis.

H C H S

The following article, lifted from the recently published History of the Danville United Methodist Church, is of interest not only to Methodists, but to all Hendricks County folk, if only for the fact that colored citizens, as they were then called, now Blacks, have been so few in our county.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church

"Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Hebrews 13: 1 and 2

We have not been able to learn much about the African Methodist Episcopal Church of Danville, but we do know that we were friendly neighbors for a number of years. The first reference to the A.M.E. Church, as it was called, appeared in a Danville paper dated November 3, 1881: "The Colored M. E. Church of this place have bought of Stewart and Roberts a lot adjoining Wm. Wollens green house on the north and will proceed to build thereon a church for worship and a lodge room above." This would put their church just west and perhaps a little south of our location at that time so that our back yards were maybe adjoining.

As good neighbors should, the two churches visited each other occasionally. In November, 1888, the following notice appeared in The Republican: "On next Sabbath evening Rev. D. M. Wood will give a lecture at the Methodist Church on 'The New Africa - Its Discovery and Destiny.' A special invitation is extended to the colored people of Danville and vicinity."

The ladies of the A.M.E. Church gave ice cream socials and festivals on the Court House lawn. They served suppers for business men in a room formerly occupied by Bell's restaurant on West Main Street. The Crescent Literary Society was a busy group giving entertainments and sponsoring other money making projects. In 1889, we read, "The ladies of the Crescent Literary Society will have a grand entertainment consisting of readings, declamations, essays, dialogues, instrumental and vocal music. Miss Effie Fossett, one of Indiana's best elocutionists will take part in the entertainment. Proceeds to be used for plastering for the A. M. E. Church."

As with most churches, money, or rather lack of it, was always a problem. In September, 1888, this plea appeared in The Republican: The A. M. E. Church to the citizens of Danville: By the labors of their pastor, the trustees William Johnson and Abner Fouce have received a deed for their church property and there is a balance of about \$70 to be paid in 2 installments as follows: half the amount by January 4, 1889 and the rest by July 4, 1889. As the pastor will go into Conference in a few days, and as it is uncertain whether he will return here, he has made a last appeal to the good people of Danville, and hopes they will continue to help the struggling brethren of the A. M. E. Church until the last dollar is paid. Mrs. Anna Reynolds is the authorized collector of the church at this place." In January of 1889, there was still a balance of \$38.95 unpaid.

Dr. Wesley Prettyman, a presiding elder in a colored conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Alabama, visited the Danville church in 1889. His special aim was to present the colored question as viewed by the Methodist Church in the southern work and to make a plea for funds for Rust Normal School of Huntsville. The Elder received donations amounting to \$35.00.

About thirty members of the Danville A. M. E. Church attended the Quarterkt Conference at Plainfield in August, 1889, and in the same month, visitors to the A. M. E. Sunday School were the Rev. Hull, one of our former ministers, and W. A. Clark. The two were given a hearty invitation to return.

Pastors mentioned during these years included the Rev. D. M. Wood, the Rev. J. R. Perfusion, P. R., The Rev. Charles Stewart and the Rev. Nathaniel Jones.

We do not know how long the little church continued to exist. It is a comforting and an inspiring chapter in our story to learn of the mutual love and genuine respect the two sister churches felt for each other. They walked hand in hand in their common quest for righteousness and they had no need to be told that, in the eyes of God, all hearts and all souls are the same color.

Sidelight From a Board Meeting

by Marian Worrell

Sometimes interesting little historical facts come to light in conversation with others, as did this little story. I was telling it as the result of a conversation with Museum board members at the close of our October meeting and someone said, "Why don't you write that up as an item for the Historical Bulletin?"

In 1976 there was a little difference of opinion as to where the actual boundary line lay between two properties across the road from our farm. It was decided to have the area surveyed and put an end to all doubt. In order to do this it was necessary to find the cornerstone from which to start. In researching to find how to find the stone it was described as being X number of feet directly east of the center cedar tree, 14 inches in diameter in the front yard of the Kiger farm.

Luckily for all involved the cedar tree was still mostly alive and after careful calculation for the difference in size, the modern surveyor marked the spot and dared to drill a hole directly through the middle of the black-top road and--do you believe it--he hit the cornerstone the first time!

The Kiger family was the ancestral family of Fred Worrell and through whom he was the owner of a farm still held by a direct descendent of the original homestead.

The surveyor who surveyed in 1898 was Fletcher Franklin, father of Margaret Baler and the conversation arose when someone asked why Margaret had surveyor's tools to present to the museum.

H C H S

The Brown School

By Jewell Bell

The old Brown School House, District No. 1, Center Township, stands in the south-east corner of the intersection of County Roads 200 North and 200 East. It has seen generations come and go. Many are heard to say, "I went to school there!" "Is the mark I scratched in the concrete on the window sill still there?" One fellow might say. And upon visiting the building after several years are apt to say: "And the blackboard is still there!" Yes, the old cotton-wood trees that used to stand just outside the south windows and the old wood-house near the road are gone, as is the old wood-house, and one of the three maples that stand on the west of the yard. One is wont to hear some pretty funny stories that came out of the old school days.

Mr. Will Templin of Daville tells us that the first school in the neighborhood was a subscription school. It was a log structure that stood about a quarter mile east of the present building on land now owned by the Bell family. The building burned.

On December 14, 1855, William Skillman of Highland County, Ohio, deeded one-half acre off the northwest corner of his land to be used for a school. The trustees were Enion Singer, Abraham Bland, and Abraham Estes (Eastes). The deed was recorded on January 12, 1856.

A frame school house was built by John Bousman. It was named "Brown" after John Brown (grandfather of Vena Mitchell Hughes) who lived near, and who also paid \$30 for the one half acre of ground.

Charley Foley was the first teacher, and Dr. W. T. Lawson, well-known Danville physician, was one of its first pupils.

"The following is a report of the first quarter of the evening Sabbath School at BROWN SCHOOL HOUSE: Average attendance 61, number of visitors 126. The prizes offered by our Supt. S. B. Ensminger were won by Miss Anna Smith and Miss Alice Green. The whole class labored hard and their teacher thought they all deserved a prize, so made each a present. Number of verses recited by each was as follows: Anna Smith, 1609; Alice Green, 1378; Mary Green, 1197; Elizabeth Green, 1115; Francis Hughes, 749; Jane Swank, 735; Emma Swank. James D. Smith--Sec'y"

Taken from Hendricks County Union
August 8, 1872

After some years the school house burned, and another frame building was erected.

The latter part of August, 1893, neighbors wakened one morning to find the school had been destroyed by fire during the night. Immediately plans were made to build a brick school house. It was finished in December, 1893.

George Robbins was the first to teach in the new building.

On August 29, 1900, Sam Ensminger, trustee of Center Township, bought one-half acre of land from Byron Skillman of Putnam County for \$75. This purchase would make a square acre for school purposes. The deed was recorded on September 1, 1900.

Bertha Christie was the last teacher. It was closed due to consolidation of the Center Township schools. Several generations have attended school at Brown and if the building could talk, what stories it could tell!

The building stood empty from 1928 to the early 1930's. It was used as a rental and was sold to Carlos Mackey on November 25, 1933 for \$130. It was used as a rental until April 19, 1937, when the White Lick Home Economics Club and the White Lick Community Club bought it for \$550. The clubs had been meeting in homes of members for several years and the old school house looked like it was just what they wanted for a club house. After several years the White Lick Home Economics Club disbanded and the White Lick Community Club continued alone. The club still has monthly meetings and card parties. It rents the building for reunions and other family activities.

A tornado in 1948 that leveled Coatesville, damaged the building severely. In the remodeling process, the looks of the building was changed somewhat, but one doesn't have to look very long before he will recognize that it is still the Old Brown School House.

Information and exerps taken from the minutes of the first Brown School Reunion, and from the Hendricks County Union Newspaper, and Mr. Will Templin.

Brown School Teachers

Charles Foley	Flora Swank Mitchell	Lillie Bain
George Herron	Hattie Mitchell Jones	Charles Parker
Mell Ensminger	Mollie Mitchell	Robert Shirley
William Stover	Rebecca Demsey	Charley Templin
Lucy Gosney	Jennie Hill King	Earl Comer
Cy Ball	Sam Ensminger	Ruel Walls
James Lambert	John Hays	Elva Blaydes Bandow
Miss Hufford	Evan Estep	Frank Jordan
Will Ragan	James Darnell (2 times)	Mary Grooms Comer
Frank Fergerson	James Ogden	Eula Lawson Clifton
Sam Ensminger	James Hurst	Marie Mitchell Lowe
Pauline Garrett	George Robbins	Mary Winternheimer
Dr. W. T. Lawson	Martha Lawrence Stephenson	Clarice Barts
Sowers	Luke Tharp	Bessie Broyles Barlow
Hurst, Sr.	Andy Wishard	Pansy Mills
James Demsey	Joe Norman	Roy Harrison
Liza Green	Charles Parker	Evangeline Harrison Shockency
Rill Gorrell Monday	Maude King Mitchell	Bertha Christie
Frankie Hughes Mitchell		

Note: This was copied as Vena Hughes copied it from the records. She put in the married names even though the ladies married after they had taught here.

H C H S

Is Anyone in the Market for an Epitaph?

If anyone is concerned about what to have put on your tombstone, here are a few suggestions. Now I'm not saying that Grace Cox and Ruth Pritchard have been working too hard on cemetery records...no, I am not implying that at all. I am, in fact, not even implying that they had anything to do with the following or that these little gems were found in Hendricks County. But these do seem to fall into their line of work, wouldn't you think?

In the old days, by the time you got through reading some of the epitaphs, you felt that you knew the person buried there. Some were brief and to the point, as this message, "I expected this but not so soon." Another, apparently authored by one whose faith must have wavered at times, read, "Gone to see for myself." Another, by a poor, suffering soul who obviously didn't receive much sympathy from his wife read, "See, Elizabeth, I told you I was sick."

Poets waxed, although not so eloquently, and often in a not-so-complimentary way. Consider this masterpiece:

"Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who, on the 24th of May
Began to hold her tongue."

And this:

"Here lies the man, Richard, and Mary, his wife,
Whose surname was Pritchard. They lived without strife,
And the reason was plain - they abounded in riches,
They had no care nor pain and his wife wore the britches."

Another takes a pot shot at funeral directors, or undertakers as they were then called (but who are used to it by this time!):

"Here lies one who, for medicines, wouldn't give a little gold,
And so his life was lost.
I fancy now he'd wish to live, could he be told
How much his funeral cost."

The most popular, which originated in the 14th Century reads:

"Stranger, stop and read.
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now so shall you be,
Prepare for death, and follow me."

But one independent thinker added two lines:

"To follow you, I'll not consent,
Until I know which way you went."

Now, I will rather belatedly, relieve Grace and Ruth of all responsibility of this foolishness. These were copied from an article by Barbara Craig in The Indianapolis Star Magazine printed recently. None of these are on Hendricks County tombstones, as far as we know, for our sturdy forefathers were much too sensible for such frivolities.

H C H S

The New I.O.O.F. Hall

By Ruth Pritchard

Eighty years ago (1898) the sound of hammers, saws, trowels, wheel barrows and other construction noises were heard in Clayton, Indiana. The Edmondson Brothers were erecting a new brick "block" on Kentucky street.

The officers of Clayton Lodge, No. 205, I.O.O.F. appointed a building committee on July 25, 1898, to construct a new lodge hall, to occupy the second floor of the Edmondson Building. The members of this committee were: E. J. Smith, Ora F. Martin and M. F. Jones.

By January 23, 1899, the committee submitted their complete and final report to the officers and members of the Clayton Lodge No. 205, I.O.O.F.

This report contains a list of names of contributors who donated cash and labor in this project. These might be of interest to H.C.H.S. members.

Aaron Acton	Ed Cope	A. H. Fitchett	George A. Harvey
John Burns	John Cox	Finley Franklin	Garah (?) Hayworth
Theo Burns	J. W. Doty	V. L. Glover	Jehu Jackson
J. T. Busby	William East	Washington Gregg	J. S. Jones
Eugene Clawson	J. S. Edmondson	John H. Hall	M. F. Jones
Charles F. Cline	R. A. Edmondson	William Harbaugh	Samuel Jones
Walter Coble	Edmonson & Wills	O. W. Harrison	Charles M. Lane

Frank Lane	S. R. Peck	George G. Rynerson	Presley Stone
W. F. Lane	John Pounds	Merlin Rynerson	R. D. Stone
Frank Martin	Allen Powers	G. W. Shelton	Charles M. West
J. F. Martin	Reid & Martin	E. J. Smith	Milton West
Frank McCormack	Aaron Reitzel	Harvey Smith	William West
Milo McCormack	D. A. Reitzel	E. J. Staley	M. P. White
Orlie McCormick	Leroy Rhoades	George Stone	D. B. Wills
Wm. A. McCormack	Pat Riley	Harvey Stone	Hubert Wills
Wm. E. McCormick	J. S. Ryan	Leslie Stone	Oliver Winsted
William Noel			

The brick layers received forty cents an hour while most of the others received fifteen cents an hour. Washington Gregg put on the roof and V. L. Glover did the plastering.

The I.O.O.F. papers, from which this material was taken, are in the Plainfield Public Library.

H C H S

Wedding Bells (Which have been ringing for many years.)

Golden Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Pritchard will celebrate the fiftieth wedding anniversary of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy H. Pritchard, with an open house on Sunday, the third of December nineteen hundred and seventy-eight, from two o'clock to five o'clock at the the First Christian Church in Mooresville, Indiana, 525 North Indiana Street.

The above announcement needs a bit of expanding. I don't know how anyone could be a member of the HCHS and not know that Ruth and Roy are charter members, that they have been most Active (with a capital A) in every HS endeavor. Ruth served as secretary for so many years we have lost track, and if it weren't for Ruth and her contributions, the Bulletin, at times, would have been pretty scimpy. Their interests are many and varied and anything they undertake is characterized by the word "thoroughness." Here's to Roy and Ruth on their 50th, and as young as they are (they had to be under age when they married!), we look forward to their enjoying many more anniversaries.

H C H S

The Davidsons Also Celebrate

October 22nd marked the 62nd wedding anniversary of Joe and Mabel Davidson of Coatesville, but Joe almost spoiled it by falling and breaking his hip a few weeks before. (Could he have been kicking up his heels too high as he might have been doing 62 years ago?) But the good news is that he bounced right back and was home before the anniversary.

There are no two couples who have contributed so much to the HCHS than the Pritchards and the Davidsons. How can we thank them? How can we say what is in our hearts?

The following lovely poem by Robin St. John came to us on our 42nd anniversary, but it is appropriate on the first or the 62nd:

"In love" is a way of seeing a world of bright and sunny skies...
"In love" is a way of meeting each day as a beautiful surprise...
"In love" is a treasure of pleasure and dreams the passing of time endears...
"In love" is a matter of mind and heart that has little to do with years.

Our wish for all couples, whether they have passed or are approaching an anniversary is expressed beautifully this way:

"With each anniversary may you find
More beautiful days than you've left behind...
More joys and pleasures than ever dreamed of...
And may you remain forever "in love."

H C H S

Central Normal College

The year 1978 is the centennial of Central Normal College's move from Ladoga to Danville.

The Danville Methodist Church had purchased the Hendricks County Seminary property in 1858, had conducted school there ten years and from 1868 to 1878 had worshiped in the chapel. When their new church on Washington Street was occupied, the Methodists conveyed the campus to Professor William F. Harper for \$2,500 ("raised by divers citizens").

By the year 1880 - 1881, one hundred ninety-two students were enrolled from one hundred twenty-six towns from sixteen states other than Indiana. There were six hundred fourteen students from two hundred sixty-eight towns in sixty-four counties in Indiana. This gives some idea of Central Normal's rapid expansion in student enrollment and territory represented.

Ruth M. Pritchard

H C H S

In Memorium

A great sadness fell upon our society October 11th, when Miss Mabel Joseph passed away at Hendricks County Hospital. It was difficult for us to accept, for at the May 21st meeting at the Fairfield Friends Meeting, she and her sister, Naomi, gave such an interesting program on customs and practices of the early schools. She seemed well at the time, but shortly afterward, she was admitted to the hospital and has been seriously ill since.

She had led an active and most productive life. She had studied at Central Normal College, Indiana State University, The University of Colorado and Indiana University. She was an excellent and greatly loved teacher and principal. She and Naomi had served our organization as secretary, and her contributions to the world can never be measured. We extend our sincerest sympathy to Naomi and Randall and Virginia and the other members of the family.

H C H S

Irma Lee Edwards White has quite a collection of poems written by her grandfather, Roscoe L. Edwards (1869-1947). The following poem was written for his son, Kenneth, father of Irma White.

Men

Men are only boys grown tall
Got the start of us that's all
Think to see some of them though
That they never had to grow
Think that the way they look at us
Raisin such an awful fuss
Over things we do and say
That they clean forgot the day
That they was boys' for after all
Men are only boys grown tall

Then there's others they'er the sort
that I call a dandy sport
They remember when they went
Campin in a carpet tent
How when summer days was hot
They went swimin quite a lot
And green apples tasted good
Better than the ripe ones would
They remember that after all
Men are only boys grown tall

And they seem to realize
Where a fellow really tries
And they say go on old man
Do the verry best you can
And they make you feel that you
When you'r grown to manhood too
Want to be like they have been
And you feel like startin in
Trainin now for after all
Men are only boys grown tall

Roscoe L. Edwards

H C H S

Students of the former Central Normal College are marking the Centennial of the establishment of CNC in Danville, in 1878. This ties in with the Danville United Methodist Church's Sesquicentennial, for the building which housed the first classes of CNC was bought from the Danville Methodists. This money was used by the Methodists to build a "fine edifice" at the corner of Washington and Broadway Streets, a lovely landmark which still stands.

Ruth Pritchard has amassed, through the years, an enormous amount of information about CNC and we quote only a part of her large volume.