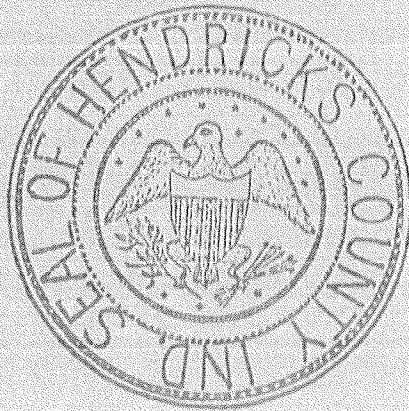


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# HENDRICKS COUNTY

## HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME XX NUMBER IV  
NOVEMBER 1989  
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THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

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Hendricks County Hist. Museum  
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When I want to understand what is happening today  
or try to decide what will happen tomorrow,  
I look back.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

This is my last message to you all as President of the Historical Society. As the leaves out my window here in the Courthouse are beginning to turn red and gold and fall is about to break its beautiful colors upon us, I think back to the time when Mrs. Wean asked me if I would be President of the Historical Society. I want you all to know how much I have been honored by your vote of confidence. The time has gone so quickly. It just seems like yesterday.

To all of you who have been so nice to me and my family, I send you sincere thanks. Judy Pingel has been a tremendous help and always there when needed. You all know that Margaret Baker and Libbe Hughes have contributed so much to working on the history bulletin and we certainly couldn't get along without Jewell Bell.

We have had some exciting programs in the past and look forward to a super 1990. Our November meeting will have an encore performance by John J. Newman at the Brownsburg Public Library on November 5, 1989. Our nominating committee will present a new slate of candidates to lead the Historical Society.

For all of you who have been so nice to me and my family, thank you so much. To the new friends we have made and to the old friends that the Historical Society allowed me to renew friendships . . . you have made this past two years a time I will always remember.

As they say at the beginning in the Indianapolis 500 Mile Race, "till we meet again . . . good luck and God speed."

J. V. Boles, President

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AUGUST MEETING

The Hendricks County Historical Society met on Sunday, August 6, 1989 at the meeting room of the Plainfield Public Library. Approximately 65 registered. The meeting was presided over by our vice president Judy Pingel. The secretary's report was read and approved as read. The treasurer's report was read and accepted. The museum report was given by Dorothy Kelley, curator of the museum. She told of effort being made to have a telephone installed. She had approached the commissioners for more room in the museum.

New business: The Society voted to raise its dues to \$5.00 effective immediately. Judy Pingel reported on the landmarks project. The flag (from our contest) will cost approximately \$25 to \$30. We're not positive about the cost. A get-well card was signed by all for Frances Fisher who sustained an injury. Lynn Hopper told that September 9, 1989 was designated "Happy Birthday, Plainfield" day. She told of activities connected with the festivities. Judy Pingel thanked everyone who contributed to the success of the meeting. Mary Jeanette Winkelmann, Carolyn Kellum, and Blanche Wean were appointed to be the nominating committee for officers for the coming year.

Judy Pingel introduced Lynn Hopper, of the Hendricks County Flyer, who talked about "antiques". She brought along a stack of reference books she called



her "experts" that she used during her talk. Many beautiful objects were brought in with as many fascinating stories. She checked every item with her reference books. One item used to shoe horses was used up to the Civil War but was not used afterward.

The meeting was adjourned. We moved to the refreshment table to partake of the assorted goodies furnished by Guilford Township ladies.

Judy Pingel---Vice pres.

Jewell Bell---Sec'y.

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DUES ARE DUE! DUES ARE DUE!  
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#### NOVEMBER MEETING

The next meeting of the Hendricks County Historical Society will be held Sunday, November 5, 1989, at 2:00 pm at the Brownsburg Public Library. Former State Archivist John J. Newman will give another presentation on photography and related materials. Those members who attended Mr. Newman's program last November will surely agree that he is an informative and entertaining speaker. So make plans to attend. The library is located at 450 S. Jefferson Street.

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#### MUSINGS FROM THE MUSEUM

The museum sees many classes of school students enter its door. If there are many, the group will be divided and part will tour other places as well. That way the tours last quite a while. The teachers require the students to write "thank-you" notes. That way it is learned what they were really interested in. Everything is "neat".

Among items the museum received are two American Flags. One has 45 stars and the other has 48 stars. There are dishes, a pair of very old ice skates made of wool and iron. There is a trustee's record book dated 1913; newspaper clippings and school pictures; and a World War I army uniform.

The museum was open both days of "Swap and Shop", a street fair. We had fine Indian Summer weather, and several visitors turned out.

The flower bed is still a blaze of bloom in spite of the frost and freeze. The Hendricks County Garden Club members really do a great job of fixing us something pretty to look at. Thanks, ladies!

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DUES ARE DUE!!  
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Start Your Christmas Shopping Early!

The HCHS has the answer to all your Christmas gift-giving worries. The HISTORY OF HENDRICKS COUNTY, 1914-76 and index makes a perfect Christmas gift

for friends and relatives nearby and far away. Books of this nature increase in value as time passes, so don't be surprised if the price increases next year. There are several copies left, so contact any of the society officers if you are interested. You can finish your holiday shopping early and benefit the society at the same time.

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DUES ARE DUE!!  
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#### IN THE WORKS

The County Seat Genealogical Society has passed along the following request. Any information HCHS members may have would be greatly appreciated by the County Seat members.

The County Seat Genealogical Society has embarked on a project of obtaining and recording burials in Hendricks County, Indiana. Since many records are no longer available, and since many of the stones have deteriorated to the point they are no longer legible, or have been "removed", we would like to invite everyone who has knowledge of such burials to assist us with this project. If you know of family cemeteries that are no longer active, or if you have records or knowledge of burials that may not be listed in any cemetery or mortuary records, we would appreciate very much hearing from you. Such information may be given to Jim Cummins, 220 So. Jefferson St., Danville, IN 46122; Eloise Latshaw, 112 Parkridge Dr, Danville, IN 46122; Betty Hadley, 172 S. 225 E, Danville, IN 46122; or Patricia Cox, 310 Urban St., Danville, IN 46122. We are also planning to record information on mortuaries and stone cutters, since the inception of Hendricks Co.

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DUES ARE DUE!!  
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Special thanks to Mary Ann Moore for the following glimpse of Christmas Past. And best wishes to all of our members for a safe and merry holiday season!

#### CHRISTMAS 1932

Today, in 1989, I compare what I see with what I had. TV commercials play toy ads before the autumn leaves come tumbling down or the goblins and black cats make their departure.

Store shelves are loaded and lists grow longer and costlier.

At garage sales the dollies are topsy-turvy in boxes and plastic laundry baskets. Their curls are tangled and dresses wrinkled; a smudge may mar a little pink cheek - but mostly from being tossed aside, not played with. How many dolls does a little girl own? or stuffed bears, dogs and such?

Was there ever a doll so treasured as Gracie was? She needed a mother so badly. Not every little girl would have welcomed her. She was somewhat like a welfare child.

Times were so hard in 1932, in the town of North Salem, that the merchants decided to give each child a gift. The line of children crept forward ever so

slowly. How many? Perhaps fifty, more or less. The night was clear and cold. Chill bumps added to the excitement and anticipation. I surely can't remember what anyone else received, not even my little sister. But finally I was handed an orange, a stick of candy and a doll - Gracie!

We only got new dolls every few years. I had 2, Virginia and Dottie Lou. Mother loved to sew, consequently my babies were properly outfitted.

Now this new doll was really a "cheapie". She had painted on eyes and hair and legs that couldn't bend, however she became a real member of our play house family. She meant just as much as if she were porcelain dressed in satin and lace.

Gracie lived in the corner of the living room, behind the leather davenport. She usually slept in the wicker doll buggy and left the little white bed for the others.

A couple of years passed and some toes wore off. Inside she looked like a gingersnap cookie. Eventually the sawdust filled tummy broke loose and Gracie had to go.

In 1936 a real life-size rubber doll baby took her place. Delores was my last childhood doll.

When I think back I realize Gracie taught me some lessons about life. As I look around our museum, at the many dolls cherished by mommies and kept down through all these years, I'm so glad they weren't garage sale surplus.

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DUES ARE DUE!!  
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The following is a continuation of an article from the August BULLETIN. These reminiscences of several prominent Plainfield families was written by Otis Webster Green in 1950.

#### NOTES OF THE GREEN--CARTER--HADLEY FAMILY

He often told about how he became a banker; he and his brother Edwin had a business there and the farmers nearby would bring him their money whenever they had sold cattle or produce and had large sums of money which they did not wish to keep in their homes overnight, as farms were far apart and everyone knew when sales had been made. Finally the burden of carrying all this became too great, so they chartered a bank, which he carried on alone for many years, as his brother died as a young man. He was a generous man and made many loans throughout the state to farmers who were in need, which he never intended to collect even as he made them. He often said, "You cannot collect money from people if they will go hungry without it."

They moved to Irvington because his daughters, Gertrude and Emma and son Arthur would be near Butler College, to continue their education. The two girls had been enrolled at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College in Indiana for a high school course, but only Gertrude remained for the two years, as Emma did not like it and refused to remain. Her mother, who was ill in Florida, had to return to take her out of school and back home. Their cousin May, daughter of Edwin Johnson, was also a pupil for a time at St. Mary's.

Mr. Johnson had one share of stock in Butler College, May 1, 1805, assigned from George W. Snoddy, a minister, and the Father of his wife Mary Ellen Snoddy.

I have my father's Civil War Diary, a small book he kept when on the battlefield. It is hardly decipherable now, but contains references to his cousins and notes about equipment he had issued to them; he was Company Clerk for a while. There are references to his cousin Giulia, to whom he and the cousins wrote, and "to Miss R. R. for T. B. Fultz", a comrade who could not write, "On Monday May 2, Colonel Loomis made a brief, pathetic speech." On April 24 he "Burlesqued Dan Sheets." And "rec'd Comfort Bags from Mary Wooley" (his niece.) On one sheet, now gone, he had written after the war was ended, "Up all night singing and rejoicing." The case of the little book is worn out. I also have a small carving of a castle made by a fellow prisoner at Libbey Prison, carved from horn, something he made to pass the long hours of imprisonment.

My father once told of lowering an old fishing net from the window of the prison (how they got it I do not know) and in it the townspeople would put as much as they could of their own very small food stores, because they knew the men of both sides were near starvation. This was, as I have written, something he did not like to talk about, but it was typical of his attitude toward the "Johnny Rebs".

I had one sister, Dorinda, who married Ralph Morgan of Plainfield; he died after two years, and she had one son, James Green Morgan, whom she brought up by teaching English Literature and Latin in various high schools, including Shortridge in Indianapolis. Her son died when in his 25th year, without issue.

My father had a drug store in Plainfield for many years, and also owned several farms at various times. Once he had five farms, including a large stand of black walnut trees.

I turned over to the Indiana State Library several deeds signed by various United States Presidents, granting land to members of both mine and my wife's families. Elias Hadley, one of my ancestors, was a great land owner all his life. He was a Quaker by birth but he liked to sing, and was known for his big, powerful voice, which he used whenever he had a chance. The Quakers did not approve of singing, nor of any music in church (at that time), and they had a church divided down the center so that men sat on one side and women on the other. Sometimes I was taken there as a small child by my Grandmother. I remember one time when no member of the group "was moved to speak". The Presiding Elder rose, and after an hour of silence, dismissed them. Anyone with "a message" might "speak in meeting", unless silenced by the Presiding Elder, but I am told that these times of complete silence were not uncommon.

Elias Hadley was finally dismissed from the Meeting by the Elders who disapproved of his singing too much, but he met the group sent to inform of this, at the door, and sang "Rock of Ages" so movingly that there were many tears shed and he was instantly invited to return to the Meeting as a full member. I was told by my grandparents that he did so for a time but never again became a member in full standing as he really held it against them that he had once been dismissed for what he considered "a trifle and an old-country (meaning England) form." Later my parents found the old notebook in which the records of the Meeting were kept for many years, and there were so many disputes in it that my Mother was moved to destroy it, a proceeding she and I later regretted. The "no music" idea continued for some time, but was finally overcome. One of the Presiding Elders, I recall, always spoke of "the Pasetree" meaning the Psalter.

His ideas were a mixture of what his English parents of different faiths had brought to this country, plus his own. He also spoke of the "P-sams" until his daughter finally induced him to say Psalms. Why he mentioned these words I do not know, but I heard my parents speak of it several times, with amusement but not mockery. As they said, "It was then a new country with all the lack of comforts but the strong faiths of a hardy pioneer people. It was no longer a real pioneer district, but it was still a pleasant, rural community."

My parents were "Uncle Lindsay" and "Aunt Jennie" to everyone. After my Mother's death, when she had lived in Indianapolis for several years, away from all those she had known during her adult life, we were astonished at her funeral because chairs and chairs and extra chairs had to be brought into Flanner and Buchanan's Fall Creek Mortuary room, as people came from far and wide to pay their respects to "Aunt Jennie", people we knew and many we did not know. For a quiet, shy, retiring old lady, it was a remarkable outpouring of affection.

As my Father grew older, he developed a very tender skin, so he allowed his beard to grow to avoid shaving. The beard at his death was very long, white, and silky, so that the children used to say "Uncle Lindsay looks just like Santa Claus, and he always has a pack of candy to give us, too."

The "Hadley Hair" was famous in those parts; it turned pure white rather early in life, and was very silky, sometimes, in one of the very old Hadleys, like a thin, silvery halo. Elias Hadley's hair was said to be like that; I have heard it mentioned many times by my elders, who always called it "The Hadley Hair". I do not know whether this was a local term or not.

Jane Hadley (12/16/1845) ninth child of Elias and Lucinda Hadley, and grandchild of Jeremiah and Mary Hadley, married in 1884, Hiram Andrew Lindsay Green (whose father had dropped the final e from his surname for some unknown reason). Father's dates were (3/8/1841-1/30/1913).

Jane Hadley, my mother, was one of several children born to Elias Hadley (8/5/1809) and Lucinda Carter (5/5/1814-4/9/1899). She was the daughter of Mordecai and Ann Cox Carter of Guilford County, North Carolina.

Elias Hadley (8/5/1809--12/8/1884) was the third son of Jeremiah and Mary Hadley.

The Carters moved by various stages to Butler County, Ohio, as "progressives" went Westward. They had 16 children, of whom 12 lived to maturity; Sophronia, Hiram, Nancy, Jane, Mary, David, Susan, Enos, Emma, Addie (Adelaide), Oscar and Arthur were their children.

There were many Pennsylvania Dutch living in Ohio, and all the Carter girls were famous cooks, who said they "cooked part Carolina and part Pennsylvania Dutch", as they took on "receipts", their word for recipes, from every place they had lived. I remember some of the excellent Pennsylvania-Dutch cooking my Mother made; I was very fond of "egg gravy", which consisted of soft-fried eggs on biscuit, covered with cream gravy made from bacon drippings. Also my mother took on the Dutch idea of sweets for every meal, and often served two kinds of pie with breakfast, one a fruit pie and the other a cream pie, because my father had been so starved for sweets during his Civil War days that he could never get enough of them again. He did not smoke nor drink, but he always carried a small sack of candy in his pocket, which he would dole out to all the children he passed on the street or who came to the drug store. I never remember a time when he did not generously give me candy, but one thing he had



never had himself was a balloon, so he thought them a foolish waste of money and never bought me one. I always wanted one more than anything else, so when my children were small, they never passed a balloon-man without getting one apiece.

My Mother also made the famous sweet pickles the Dutch women loved, and so did all who tasted them. But I do not remember that she ever served the traditional Dutch seven sweets and seven sour, although she did serve three or more kinds of jellies and preserves at one time, and always two cakes, one a pound cake of which she was justly proud. She always saved the pieces left from making piecrust to make small jelly tarts. They consisted of a ring of crust placed on a flat crust circle, with bright red jelly in the center. My own children liked these quite as well as my sister and I had when we were little.

Mother had a special version of the Dutch "Shoo-fly pie" (a name she thought vulgar and would never use) called "Molasses Pie", that we liked as children but my Father liked apple or old-fashioned cream pie best, so we had those most, of course. He was a gentle, quiet man, but we obeyed him without question, as people did in those days. He liked to study architecture, and traced many famous buildings for hours at night during the winter when we would be sitting before the fireplace in the "sitting room". His friends all said, "Lindsay should have been an architect; he would have made a good one." He always answered, "I would have had to go to England to study, and by the time the war was ended, I felt grown and had a family."

My Aunts Susan, Addie and Mary were equally good cooks. In fact "The Carter girls" were always called on to make special dishes for any big gathering in the community.

One of the great favorites made by all the "Carter girls", Jane, Addie, Susan etc., was Hickory Nut Cake. It was a very delicate white cake of two or more layers, in which they used ground hickory nuts as part of the flour, as well as chopped hickory nuts in the fluffy white icing. Naturally this took a great deal of gathering of many nuts, picking out the nutmeats and preparation before the actual cake baking. I cannot remember how many times I have spent hours preparing those nutmeats, but the finished cake was a great delicacy and much prized in the community. I do not know that this was part of their Pennsylvania Dutch heritage. It sounds more like their equally-noted Southern cooking. But whatever it was, the Carter girls were proud of it and had every right to be.

When my wife and I were married, she had learned to cook by watching the "hired girl", Molly York, an English girl who taught her how to bake and roast meats. But my mother agreed to show her how she cooked, because she always said, "I can't tell you but I can show you." So she taught her to make pies and cakes and the "Hadley green beans" that everyone so liked. But as my Mother had lived on farms all her life, with all sorts of produce to use, my wife said, "She always starts every item with something like this: take a dozen eggs, a pound of butter, two pounds of sugar and a quart of whipped cream!" This was not quite true, but it really was true that all the people of the community in those days had plenty of good food all the time unless some unusual misfortune had befallen them, then they were cared for by their neighbors as a matter of course.

My Mother was Father's second wife. He married a very young girl soon after his return from the war, who lived only a year, dying of tuberculosis. I do not recall her name. Tuberculosis or "consumption" as they called it, was rampant in those days, carrying off many people in their early lives.

Elias Hadley was the son of Simon Hadley. One of his sons was Joshua, and Joshua's son was Jeremiah Hadley (10/16/77---6/15/1846) Jeremiah and Mary Hornaday Hadley (1/13/1780---6/26/1863) were the first of the immediate family in Indiana, and the fourth generation of their family in the United States. Their children who lived to maturity, Ruth, Jonathan, John and Elias, all born in Guilford County, N. Carolina, were the fifth generation in America, and the second in Hendricks County, Indiana. They came from the Village of Hadley, Chatham County in what is now Guilford County, North Carolina. Quakers, they abhorred slavery, so moved Westward because of increasing difficulty of competing against their slave-owning neighbors.

My Father loved poetry, and wrote some himself, which he asked my Mother to "destroy when he died." He copied many poems in his small Civil War Diary and also in his regular account books. One page would have accounts and on the back would be poems he had copied or written himself. My cousin, Nancy Hadley (Eickhoff) gave one of these account books to the Indiana State Library; it was the Hadley and Green Drugstore Account Book, but it had been kept and made by my Father.

When Lucinda Hadley was widowed and elderly she came to live with my parents. I remember her sitting in the Sitting Room, before the fire, wearing her pale gray Quaker clothes, and her bonnet over a lace frill about her hair. She was exceedingly "fixy" in my Mother's term, and had to have every single bit of her costume just so. The Quakers were "Plain People" according to their own way of thinking, but I recall the women as being "fixy". She had a bible which she read constantly. And by her side, on a small table, was a glass jar with a fancy top, filled with horehound and licorice and sassafras drops, which she would hand to all the children when they pleased her. If they did not please her she would give them a tap on the head with her thimble..not a hard blow but a sure sign of annoyance.

My wife's Grandfather Jeremiah Johnson was not so mild. A stern Englishman who was listed always as "Jeremiah Johnson, Esq." or "Jeremiah Johnson Gentleman". He once struck her when she was only four years old, across the leg with his cane because she walked between him and the fire. He kept riding horses and made many trips across country on horseback. He kept indentured servants, bringing over several from Ireland. Among these were the O'Toole Family, Johnny, Ann, and their children, who stayed with the Johnsons for years. But the Quaker Hadleys and Greens and Carters did not approve of servants, so had none except "hired girls and hands", which somehow they did not equate with the word servants, although often they were.

My cousin Nancy Hadley (Eickhoff) told me that since her mother was unwell she grew up "for all intents and purposes motherless." As a child, she frequently felt in need of petting, so would come to our house where Grandmother Lucinda Hadley would take her on her lap, rock her, and give her some sweetmeats. After that Nancy felt able to face the world again.

I do not recall that sort of treatment, but I do remember that she often taught children to tell the time by the Seth Thomas clock on the mantel, which

my daughter now has. She was very proud of that clock, and brought it with her when she came to live with us.

My wife's family was brought up on "good old English porridge" for breakfast, with salt mackerel for Sunday breakfast. I do not remember eating either until I was grown, as it was very different from our type of food. We had chicken and fresh pork and sausage and cider and maple sugar and vegetables all from our own farms, country food of a fine taste, we all thought. I do not now see how my parents ever managed to grow and can and handle all that food, but everyone around them did it, too. I can remember my Mother stuffing sausage into casings in the summer kitchen, a large room attached to the rear of the house where all the rough work of the kitchen was done. There were hams hanging there, and strings of dried apples, and there were all sorts of jars and jugs and bottles full of foods stored for winter.

My Father was always amused because my daughters, having never lived in the country, were unable to tell the difference between a horse and a mule, calling all of them, including ponies, horses. He liked to drive to Indianapolis to buy supplies for the store and farms. China came from what is now "The Mutual China Company". Once, when I was four, he took me there and the manager or owner picked me up and told me to choose anything I liked to take home as a gift. I chose a small house of English Staffordshire ware, which I still have. It stands on our mantel across from another Staffordshire piece, an English Spaniel, given to my daughter by her Uncle, Benjamin Marshall Davis. It was his only toy as a child; orphaned, he lived with grandparents, who were very good to him but did not realize that as a child he had no companions nor playthings in their home. He acquired the dog much as I did the little house, and it stood on his desk after he became a Professor of Science at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, one of Ohio's four great state universities. These "toys" meant so much to us that we both kept them carefully all our lives. My Father brought my daughter the ornaments from Germany he bought at the Mutual China Company and Charles Mayers', Indianapolis; and a six foot tree from one of his farms, for her first Christmas...a tree so tall we had trouble standing it in the house after it was fastened to a box he had brought, that Mother had covered with red cloth sprinkled with stars. When I was a child we made our own ornaments, and I remember Grandmother Lucinda stringing cranberries for wreaths to ornament the mantelpiece. It was not a Quaker custom, but she did it anyway.

I hope I have all the dates right, but it was a long time ago. However, I remember my home and my parents with affection and respect.

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