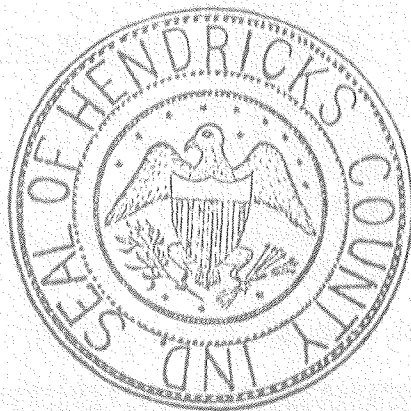


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# HENDRICKS COUNTY

## HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME

XXI

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NOVEMBER 1990

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THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

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For further information call  
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The Hendricks County Historical Bulletin is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. It is distributed without charge to members of the Society and to Hendricks County School Libraries. Individual copies of \$2.00. Communications concerning back copies or individual copies should be addressed to our secretary. Contributions or suggestions to The Bulletin should be mailed to the editor.

Libbe K. Hughes, Editor  
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"We pay for the mistakes of our ancestors, and it seems only fair they should leave us the money to pay with."

-- Don Marquis

Dear Friends,

This isn't an easy President's message to write. As most of you know by now my son Rick (the one who always referred to himself as "slave labor for the Hendricks County Museum") was killed in a farm accident August 2nd. I want to thank all of you who have sent cards, contributions to his memorial fund and prayers for our family. Your caring and concern has been a great help, but I know there are many more difficult days ahead and I ask your patience when I just don't quite get everything accomplished. Don't worry though---Betty, Libbe, Dorothy and Jewell are taking on more than their share and the Historical Society and the Museum are still moving ahead. I appreciate their support more than they will ever know.

Judy

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AUGUST MEETING

The Hendricks County Historical Society met on Sunday, August 5, 1990, in the Pittsboro Christian Church. The meeting was attended by approximately 50 members and friends. HCHS vice president Betty Bartley announced that society president Judy Pingel's son, Rick, was killed a few days previously. Rick spent many hours at the Hendricks County Historical Museum with his mother moving furniture and suggesting improvements for the collection. In his honor, the society will collect donations to purchase display equipment for the military room at the museum as military history was a special interest of Rick's. Flowers were also sent to the Pingel family from the members of the society.

No business meeting was held. A scrapbook concerning the life of long-time Hendricks County resident Virgil "Doc" Foster was displayed. The scrapbook, compiled by Owen and Lucille Stamper and Margaret Baker, has been donated to the Museum.

Mr. John Copeland, Clayton, arrived at the meeting in a reproduction 1862 Civil War uniform of a Union soldier. Mr. Copeland explained the various aspects of his uniform and demonstrated loading and firing procedures for the Enfield rifle that completed his costume.

Vice president Betty Bartley introduced our speaker, Mr. Bill Compton, a history teacher at Tri-West High School. Mr. Compton presented an informative discussion on Indiana and the Civil War. He discussed the causes of the war, the advantages and disadvantages facing the 23 northern states and the 11 confederate states, and the attitudes of the combatants involved.

The meeting was adjourned. Refreshments were served and discussion continued around the display tables prepared by Mr. Compton and Mr. Copeland.

Betty Bartley, vice president

Libbe Hughes, acting secretary

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NOVEMBER MEETING

"A Primordial Monument Superceded" is the intriguing title of the next program to be given at the Brownsburg Public Library, Sunday November 4, 1990, at 2 P.M. The speaker will be Stanley Shartle, who has been working as a surveyor since 1936. According to Mr. Shartle, there is a spot in Hendricks County which holds a unique place in the history of the Northwest Territory. Be sure to attend this meeting and find out what the mysterious location is all about. The Brownsburg Public Library is located at 450 S. Jefferson Street.

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Annual dues for the Hendricks County Historical Society are payable in November for the coming year. Please renew your membership at the registration table at the November meeting or forward the \$5.00 dues to the society at PO Box 128, Danville, Indiana 46122. Please make check payable to the Hendricks County Historical Society and be certain to include your name, address, telephone number, and township. Memberships that are not renewed before the February meeting will be dropped from the mailing list, so please renew promptly.

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It is with great sadness that we record the passing of the following society members: Rick Pingel, Lillian Miller, Randall Joseph, and Vincin Helton. The society extends its deepest sympathy to the families.

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MUSEUM LOOKS TO THE FUTURE

Representatives of the Museum and the Historical Society met recently with John Harris of the Field Services Division of the Indiana Historical Society. This meeting was the first step in putting together a long range plan for the Museum. Mr. Harris spent the day at the Museum, gathering information on its collections and procedures. From this information he will issue a preliminary report with suggestions on ways to improve the Museum and streamline its operation. The Museum Board will use this report to establish goals and the steps needed to reach them.

Mr. Harris will hold a Museum Management Workshop at a later date to bring staff and Board members up to date on the latest museum practices, with emphasis on preservation techniques.

NEW DOCENT ON STAFF AT MUSEUM

Joan Ott of North Salem has recently joined the Museum staff as our newest docent. She has already been "initiated" by a group tour from Mill Creek schools.

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More docents are needed to help with school tours. The size of the school groups can be from 40 to 80 students. These groups must be divided into smaller groups for tours, and it sometimes takes four docents to handle such tours. A docent's guidebook is in preparation to help acquaint volunteers with the Museum and its collection. Anyone interested in working as a docent, please contact Dorothy Kelley at 852-2810.

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HCHS secretary is recuperating nicely from a bout of ill health that caused her to miss the August meeting. The society officers send her best wishes for a speedy return to her rightful place at the registration table at all future meetings.

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Long-time society member Grace Cox is recovering from recent cataract surgery. Society members can send their get well wishes to her home at 494 W. Clinton Street, Danville.

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HCHS members have donated a total of \$355.00 to the Pingel Memorial Fund. This money will be used to purchase display equipment for the military collection at the Hendricks County Museum in honor of Rick Pingel. Members who wish to make a contribution but have not done so at this time may forward their donation to the fund in care of Betty Bartley, 1223 S. 450 W., Danville, Indiana 46122. Please make payment to The Hendricks County Museum.

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#### CNC/CANTERBURY MEMORIAL DEDICATED

A memorial to Central Normal College and Canterbury College was dedicated at Ellis Park in Danville on Sunday afternoon, September 30, 1990. A number of alumni and friends gathered at the southwest edge of the park, where the path leads up the hill to the site of the former college campus. A bronze plaque, inscribed with the names and dates of the colleges had been attached to a boulder at the edge of the path. Park officials had placed a split rail fence border and a flower bed to accent the site.

Wilbur Richards, acting as master of ceremonies, told how the project began, and how, with the help of the Park Manager, Brad Andrews, it turned into reality. Kenny Baird related his early days at the college, working in Housman's restaurant. He estimated that 85 to 90 per cent of the students found jobs in town to help defray the cost of their education. In his job, he became acquainted with people like Ned and Hazel Herrington, who managed the eatery. He said he could still recall how Prof. Hightower would come into the restaurant and order a cup of hot water, proceeding to pull a tea bag out of his pocket. They finally had to start charging him a nickel for the cream and sugar he consumed.

Virgil Hunt, former president of Central Normal, told of arriving in Danville 53 years ago. President Griffey took him to a luncheon at the Lions Club to celebrate a recent basketball victory. A typical Hoosier welcome. Hunt soon found himself appointed Dean of Men, and found it to be an easy job. He allowed there were a couple of times when he had to help escort a student to jail for intoxication, but he added, "no one present here."

Mr. Hunt said that during his six years at CNC, the students seemed like part of a large family. "They don't get any better," he stated, "The best people in the world." He said that students were encouraged to be licensed in three or four subjects to provide a better chance for placement. "Everybody wanted Central Normal graduates," he remembered, "because they were good teachers".

World War II marked the beginning of the end, according to Mr. Hunt. If not for that, he said, "we'd still be having college up on the hill". He reflected, "Perhaps if I had been two years older and two years smarter, I could have figured out a way to save it".

Blanche Wean was asked to say a few words, but declined. As usual, she had little to say, but everyone present knew she had much to do with the project. It has been said that Blanche believes that when a couple of CNC alumni get together, they can accomplish the impossible. The alumni know, as we do in the Historical Society, that it is Blanche who gets things done. With her soft voice and quiet manner, she manages to make the most difficult task seem simple.

At the end of the ceremonies, J.B. Bowen led the group in prayer, asking everyone to reflect on what the college meant to them.

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The following article by Pearce Relander is a continuation from the August issue of the BULLETIN. Thanks to Betty Bartley for this interesting contribution.

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MONOGRAPH ON MY BROTHER, CLICK RELANDER  
By PEARCE RELANDER

Part II

There was also a large copper kettle not to be confused with the iron one for in the copper kettle one could make spicy apple butter and a boy is the perfect instrument to constantly feed the fire, add cider or more apples as the mass boiled down-oh yes and stir, stir, stir with the many-holed paddle. The apple sauce of today is a far call from the apple butter of those days.

Hog-killing was always an important event. And took some time. The slaughtering, trimming, and rendering of the lard, grinding and seasoning the sausage. Always to be sure that these deeds were not done at the same time as most of nearer neighbors so they could receive a small supply of fresh meat. This custom was almost invariably reciprocated. Then the curing and smoking of the meat in a building used only for this purpose. The wood must always be hickory and then was as good a time as any to also cut a supply of staves of various lengths to be stored in one of the barns to be seasoned for later use as handles.

By the way, before we go on let us mention that the aforementioned soap would never be an entrant in the environmental "no potash" contest. This old Hoosier soap was lethal at from ten to twenty paces.

Then in the house was the library, an entire room of books accumulated largely by the efforts of an aunt who was the product of three colleges and spent much of her money on good books as she loved to read. She taught school for many years until she was forced to retire in order to care for her invalid mother. That was always almost required, a very acceptable practice in those days. This library gave my brother and I ready access to the magic of Kipling, Dana Stevenson and many other great writers. Many we understood thoroughly and those that we did not comprehend fully, we still got a lot out of. Add to all these volumes the weekly Saturday Evening Post (then it really came out on a Saturday), the monthly National Geographic, the Chatterbox and many others, it opened vistas in young

minds. There is a lot of knowledge in this world. The only trouble is many minds lack the proper sponge of absorption. Of course this took a lot of kerosene for the old lamps so you also had to take newspapers for the only proper way to achieve the daily flue cleanings is by old newsprint.

Still of interest to the young boy were the fields to be tilled for food and profit. This included the orchard and gardens which served the same purpose. The barns held various animals which were also raised for food and profit. That was common on all farms and left little to the sentiment of adolescent imagination. The possible exception were the horses, many of which held memories still recalled due to their use as transportation to and from wherever we had to go. There was also one incident around the barns which caused me constant amusement for some reason or other. When a young calf only a few days old was turned out into a barnlot to test his legs, he found that he could run and did so very exuberantly. Somehow it was very humorous to see him hit a wire fence while going at full tilt. His infant eyes never saw the impediment and he folded up as compactly as an accordion, only what seemed like inches in length. Befuddled, he backed in perplexity but soon regained his natural length only to repeat the performance over and over.

This leaves but two primary points of interest, the pond and the woods. The pond was a man-made depository used primarily for the watering of farm animals and was fed by small tributaries and boasted a concrete dam and spillway. But to young boys it was a place of more than passing interest. Of course there were fish, catfish and sunfish only, but easily caught particularly just before a storm. There the water teemed with turtles, both the small terapins and the larger nasty-natured snappers. Did you ever see a barrel of turtles? Well, we boys had one which certainly needed sanitation of some sort once in a while. They were the normal kingfishers, plover, mudhens and herons, as well as many transient wild ducks, occasional wild geese. We were able to bag a wild duck or goose once in a while but we never bothered any of the other birds and were careful to do nothing to frighten the timid woods duck which used the pond from time to time but nested very un-duck like in a nearby tree.

The domestic ducks and geese used the pond but not enough to scare away many of the wild fowl and our main work here was to rake the edges of the pond with regularity at certain seasons for these tame birds seemed to have little principle at all as to where they laid their eggs. This was a very usual trait of the domesticated duck who also boasted one of the most voracious appetites one could find anywhere. In this respect, had he not feathers, he could easily have made a hog of himself.

While we boys were none too adept at ship-building were able to construct a sturdy raft from which many further explorations were made upon the pond. In the winter traps could be set in the muskrat burrows and quite a few pelts were obtained and other small animals could be caught in the surrounding woods. Very few rinks were ever captured and never a wily fox. These skins added to our spending money and during much of the winter we could skate on the pond's surface on skates that clamped more or less securely on our clumsy shoes or boots. The frozen pond was never very smooth so we did all we could to keep from falling but often that did not help much.

The days the huckster came were always important ones for us boys but we saw him only in the summer when we were not in school but his visits were always something to anticipate - his regular stock, new items, or something we had ordered the week before. He always had a galaxy of articles and we never did seem

to understand just how he could carry so much around with him at all times.

Then there were the woods, vast reaches of areas that seemed in some way apart from the farm proper. Of course the sugar maples, many of them near the house were tapped in the spring and the sap boiled down on the back of the old kitchen stove. There was wood to be cut for that kitchen stove and the fireplace and logs to be cut and hauled to the sawmill for lumber usually used directly on the farm and animals from the barn fed and grazed there, but here the practical use began to cease and the vast reaches began to be a place of imagination.

There huge oaks, hickories, elms, walnuts and beeches in it's boundaries some of which bore nuts that could be harvested, wild berries and fruits to be picked but this always seemed some what slightly apart from the regular farm routine. Wild things lived here that did not exist only in similar areas afar and sheltered places where the flowers first bloomed in the spring and the shadows of long gone and displaced indians could almost be seen. There was always a spot where a boy could be absolutely alone to meditate and dream of things gone by, of the present and of events to come. Only in the woods could such a place be found. Geographically it could not be placed or a name put upon it, but it was always there somewhere that spot, "the spot in the woods".

Later just after I was of high school age my father remarried and I returned to California, this time to Visalia in the heart of the great Central Valley. My stepmother came from the Baker family and the family ranch of theirs lay with it's thousands of acres at the foot of the mountains hosting the giant California Sequoias. We did not live there but visited often and learned a lot about life on a big western ranch. Down in Visalia there was the usual high school life, a smattering of athletics and other school activities but I soon began to be such a bother at one of the town papers that I was often allowed to help with things both in the front and back shops and the seeds of journalism were sown.

When my brother reached high school age we drove back to Indiana and returned my brother to Visalia and high school where his interests were in the school and the neighboring reaches of California's vastness. An auto trip across the country in those days was only a few steps above that in a covered wagon but we made it safely and in the dizzy whirl of growing up quickly in a new world, Indiana was almost forgotten, but not quite. California did not have farms, it had ranches, and there were no woods, only forests. While there were still "spots in the woods" there I did not often visit them. I was too busy growing up.

Strangely enough at that time my brother did not show the avid interest in activity on one of the local town papers but I continued to do so even to extent of doing some work for them part-time. This culminated in the editorship of my high school paper in my senior year and changing the format of it to such an extent that it was adjudged the best of it's class in the state.

When I left for college in Los Angeles my brother seemed to take up where I left off and continued an interest in journalism but confined it mainly to one of the downtown papers, working for them until he finished high school. He did not go on to college but entered the Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles where he studied sculpture under the well known Julia Bracken Wendt and exhibited great aptitude. However he soon discovered that a young sculptor, no matter how good, was not self-sustaining and he returned to Visalia and steady newspaper work which he kept to the rest of his life.



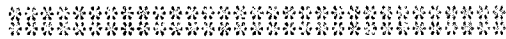
My college was set in the midst of the old Hollywood of those days and what a Hollywood it was. It was easy to get into the movies for extras showing only in a scene or two, were paid \$7.50 per day and lunch, and what place was better to hire extras than right off the campus. There was the usual plethora of college activities centered mainly on the school daily paper and annual yearbook on both of which I became departmental editors. The campus was always aswarm with the old time movie stars and then they were easy to meet. Dr. Ralph Bunche, whom I recalled then only as an excellent basketball player, and a very nice guy. I guess he was good at basketball, and why not, at a college which soon moved to Westwood, then an environs of Los Angeles, and became the great UCLA. As for me I began working on one of the downtown newspapers and was just getting a good start when it suddenly folded. I then began my travels which were to take me all over the United States of that time and large parts of Old Mexico and Canada. A multitude of jobs included a stint on the old Indiana farm where I did manage to find that "spot in the woods" again. Always I kept up with a little writing, mostly short stuff and pulps, even "ghost writings", but never anything that will be remembered forever.

My brother stuck with his newspaper work and rose rapidly in the profession with it's progress. He even found the time at a fairly early age to produce some reproduction of busts of the pre-historic Yekut Indians which were good enough to be accepted by the Smithsonian Institution in Washington D.C. He also did many other bits of sculpturing at this time not so noteworthy but it served to keep his hand in for his later and more noteworthy work. The Yekut busts also sowed the archeology seeds which were to sprout and grow in him later. It also proved to be a spring board for his intense interest in Indians, their past and present. In the Pacific Northwest where he compiled his long newspaper career at Yakima, Washington. He became real friends of the Indians. They accepted him as a brother and he authored several books about them and whetted his appetite for history, research, archeology and the true facts of the American Indian. He became a member of the Washington State Historical Society, on the board of directors of numerous museums and was in constant demand as a speaker or to aid in restoring many ancient historical sites over this large area. All the while he was the news editor of a paper which put out both a morning and evening edition as well as one on Sunday.

In between he somehow found time to return to real sculpturing and some of his best work in this was done just prior to his sudden death in 1968. He had ridden the old horse too far at too fast a pace and had ignored the health dangers of such a fast pace. Still the Pacific Northwest is covered with his works and research. He was buried, as he wanted, by the Indians in full ceremonies on a cliff high above the mighty Columbia. There is a large museum nearby containing many of his works and collections. There is also a large memorial mural of his life.

My brother had a lot left in him and had he not ignored health warnings he could have produced much more. It was not my fortune to spend much of my time with him but I was fortunate enough to spend some and to learn a lot about the Indians, their life, beliefs and customs. I, too, have the same health problem but I have learned to call laziness "voluntary inertia" to make it sound better, and excellent care has kept me alive. The trivia I have written over the years was never of great note and the words I put into the typewriter do not seem to come out in the same way in which they are inserted.

However, I do have one thing going for me - "the good die young". Also, who knows, I may some day rediscover that hidden and private "spot in the woods". It might be almost like going to church.



This contribution comes from Susan Carter, historical librarian at Plainfield Public Library. It provides a detailed look at rural life in this county in the early part of this century.

AN HISTORICAL ESSAY  
By RALPH MORGAN TOWNSEND

For some time I have wished that my parents and grandparents had made a record of their genealogy and given some history of their accomplishments and struggles of making a living and raising families.

Having reached an age in the early seventies, my life span has seen in that period of time a complete change in the way we live and the way we make a living. My purpose in writing this is not to write an autobiography per se but to record for my children and grandchildren some historical information. Since most of this writing will come from my memory with help from a few references from various sources I will start by saying I was born on April 20, 1914, on a blustering snowy day, at our farm home located southeast of Plainfield Indiana. Today the farm may be found on the north east corner of Ind. 267 and 550 south. In those days child delivery was always in the home. Our doctor, Dr. C. B. Thomas, was the attending physician and I do not know whether he was there or not. However at birth, I am told, I weighed 11 (eleven) pounds. I am also told that I weighed more when I was born than I did when I was six months old. At that time there were no baby formulas. I was tried on goat milk, mares milk and any thing that might work but I still could not tolerate food. My Aunt Mary Hadley later told me my fingers and toes were like bird claws. I can imagine my constant crying and my parents worrying.

The farm that my parents lived on belonged to my grandmother Townsend inherited from her parents by the name of Jessup. My father Ralph Wallace Townsend met my mother, Lura Morgan, at Central Academy in Plainfield. The Society of Friends, Quakers, established academies in Indiana as boarding schools. My mother attended two years at the academy and attended Mooresville High School. After graduation from High School she taught school one year before marrying father. At that time, good High School graduates could go right into teaching. I don't know where she taught but it was some rural school, probably a one roomer. The bell that my boys know so well that we used on Christmas mornings to announce the time to open our Christmas presents, was used to call her students into the school building.

Of course the first few years of our life we do not remember. We grow up to accept our early child life as that which is normal for every one. However, I was made aware that my father was not in good health. Later, I learned that as a boy he had what we would call today rheumatic fever. By the time I was six years old he was becoming an invalid and my brother and I were having to do a major part of the farm daily chores.

At the time I was 4 years old, my grandfather Alonzo Townsend and grandmother Alice Townsend had retired and moved into Plainfield. This left my father to run and support his family and the grandparents. My father had a sister Flora who was married to Irvin Woodard who lived on a farm near Clayton, Indiana.

We lived as well as other farmers in the neighborhood but it was always a struggle to make ends meet. In those days there was no electricity on the farms. All of our water came from a pump on the back porch for household use and from a pump at the barn for the animals. One of my first memories is that of constant

pumping of water. In the winter time we used the wood range stove in the kitchen. It had a reservoir to hold water. One of my jobs was to keep it full, so we would always have hot water. It was cold on the back porch on a zero day. The pump had to be primed each time so it was always necessary to keep some water in the house from freezing.

The house I lived in was the main house and the trees still stand but the house is gone. Where the house stood is now a park for the residents of an addition of homes which has been built as a housing development on the farm. My mother and father lived in the house with my grandparents the first year and then my father built, with his own labor, a house on the east end of the farm. This house is still there and being lived in and appears to be in good repair. This first year of my parents marriage must have been very difficult for my mother, for my grandmother was critical of my mother's way of doing things. Lura was extravagant, she used two tea spoons of baking soda instead of one in her biscuits. The house on the east end of the farm was always occupied by someone either as share croppers or, as we called them, "hired hands".

As there was no electricity our source of light was kerosene lamps for the house and lanterns for the barn. The lamp chimneys had to be washed each day and the wicks trimmed. I am glad to be rid of such sources of light and a lamp with a chimney is of little joy to me. The lamps were moved from room to room as we moved about.

We had a "Florence Hot Blast" stove in the living room which burned either coal or wood. The only other room in the house that had a stove was in the kitchen. The house was built and we lived in it long before insulation and storm windows. On cold wintery nights we would get our night clothes on next to the stove. Our front was almost burning hot and our backs cold. I can remember getting as warm as I could stand and running through a hallway to my bedroom where I jumped into a featherbed, pulled the covers over my head and shook till I got warm.

The house had a dining room between the living room and kitchen. It was large and the site of many a harvesting dinner. It housed the telephone which had a crank on the side. Each party had its own ring such as three longs, or two longs and a short etc;. Of course the rings could be heard by other people on the line, of probably six customers, and you knew that your conversation was being listened to by other people. You could hear them come on the line because the volume would get lower and lower. Sometimes, depending who was talking, someone on the line might come on and enter the conversation. You had to go through the telephone exchange to talk to people not on your line. You could tell by the ring on your phone when it was a call coming through the exchange. There were nice people on the line and there were busy bodies. It may be noted that the telephone companies came to the country before the electric companies.

The house had a cellar, not a basement. It was just a dug out space below one part of the house, which had a very small window. It was dark down there, and I remember I always dreaded to go because there were spider webs and I would take something like a stick and clear them out before they struck my face. We kept all of our canned vegetables, fruit and meat stored there as well as our potatoes. As dark as it was I never understood how the potatoes knew the time of year to sprout. In the front of the house there was a room we called the parlor. At one time, I remember, my grandmother Townsend living with us after my grandfather's death. My parents occupied one bedroom, and one day I decided to go in, at what age I do not remember, and I was told never to go in that room. Many years later, my mother said she never undressed before her five year younger sister.

Cold winters were naturally followed by hot summers. Refrigeration was nonexistent and food was kept in the cellar. Windows were covered with mosquito netting. Due to the animals on a farm, flies were plentiful and always a problem. Ladies fanned the flies away while men ate their harvest dinner. There were fly sprays for the cattle, none of which were very effective.

We always had large gardens and harvested practically all our food. My Aunt Mary, mother's sister, often came to help can and I am sure we shared with her. I know they would can at least a hundred quart Mason jars of corn, peas, green bean and fruits of many kinds. These were cold packed into jars and placed in a steam canner where they were cooked and the lids sterilized and placed on the jars. The canned goods were then moved to the cellar. We had an orchard that had a dozen apple trees and peach trees. When this fruit was ripe it had to be canned.

Since there was no water supply in the house, we (as all farmers) had to have an outhouse for toilet purposes. It was a long walk on a cold winter day, but in the fall when the grapes were ripe on the arbor and it was cool you would pluck off a bunch of grapes and eat them while in route or returning, spitting out the seeds on the way. We canned a lot of grape juice. My brother and I would sneak some out to the barn and act as if we were drunk. My mother found out about it some way, as mothers do, and said we could have all we wanted. It was more fun the other way.

In addition to the vegetable canning we would butcher cattle and hogs to can. This was cold packed into jars and cooked in the steam canner. The beef was cut into chunks and I can still remember putting chunks of beef in my jaw and heading to the barn to do the chores.

My mother and father were both of Quaker ancestry and a few little things reveal some of their basic concerns. My little doll which most children have at an early age was Topsy, a character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin". It was a doll with black face and hands. I still have this doll as old and worn as it is. I remember appearing on stage between acts of a minstrel show the Ladies Aid Society put on for some reason. My parents did not at that time think it was correct to make fun of the colored and chose to be part of the entertainment but not in making fun of the colored. There was no Santa Claus at our house because it was not the way it happens. My mother told me that she and my father never had an argument. She said they may not have always agreed but were always able to settle differences amicably.

My brother, Floyd Hildon, was six years older than I, having been born on May 28, 1908. It became his and my responsibility to do a large part of the farm chores as my father could do less and less. The farm consisted of 280 acres. There was an 80 acre woods on the east end of the farm and a west woods which was joined to the barn lot with a fenced lane. The west woods was fenced by the old style rail fences. In this woods was a log cabin where a hired hand at times was given housing. It was also common practice to provide the hand with a driving horse.

(To be Continued)

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